THE VISIONS OF Dom *Francisco* de *Quevedo* VILLEGAS, KNIGHT of the ORDER OF St *JAMES*.

Made English by R. L'Estrange

The Sixth Edition Corrected.

LONDON,
Printed for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blue Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1678.

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TO THE READERS, GENTLE and SIMPLE.

THis Preface is merely for Fashion-sake, to fill a space, and please the Stationer, who says 'tis neither usual nor handsome to leap immediately from the Title-Page to the Matter. So that in short, a Preface ye have, together with the Reason of it, both under One: but as to the Ordinary Mode and Pretence of Prefaces, the Translator desires to be excus'd. For he makes a Conscience of a Lye, and it were a damn'd one, to tell ye, that he has

publish'd This, either to gratifie the importunity of Friends, or to Oblige the Publick, or for any other Reason of a Hundred, that are commonly given in excuse of Scribling. Not but that he loves his Friends, as well as any man, and has taken their Opinion along with him. Nor but that he loves the Publick too (as many a man does a Coy Mistreſs that has made his heart ake) But I paſs from what had no effect upon him in this Publication, to that which over-rul'd him in it. It was pure Spite. For he has had hard Measure among the Phyſicians, the Lawyers, the Women, &c. And Dom Francisco de Quevedo, in English Revenges him upon all his Enemies. For it is a Satyre, that taxes Corruption of Manners, in all ſorts and degrees of people, without

out reflecting upon particular States *or* Persons. *It is full of* Sharpness *and* Morality; *and has found so good Entertainment in the World, that it wanted only* English *of being baptiz'd into all* Christian Languages

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THE

PREFACE.

THE FIRST VISION OF THE *Algouazil* (or Catchpole) *possest.*

GOing t'other day to hear Mass at a Convent in this Town, the door it seems was shut, and a World of people pressing and begging to get in. Upon enquiry *What the matter was*; they told me of a *Demoniac* to be *exorcised*; or (*dispossest*) which made me put in for one, to see the Ceremony: though to little purpose; for when I had half smothered my self in the throng, I was e'ne glad to get out again, and bethink my self of my Lodging. Upon my way homeward, at the streets end, it was my fortune to meet a familiar Friend of mine of the same Convent; who told me over again what I had heard before, and taking notice of my curiosity, bad me

follow him; which I did, till with his *Passe-par-tout* he brought me through a little back-door into the Church, and so into the Vestry: where we saw a wretched kind of a dog-look'd fellow with a Tippet about his neck, as ill order'd as you'd wish; his Cloaths all in tatters, his hands bound behind him, roaring and tearing after a most hideous manner. Bless me quoth I, (crossing my self) what spectacle have we here? This (said the good Father who was to do the Feat) is a man that's possest with an *Evil Spirit*. *That's a damn'd lye* (with respect of the Company; cryed the Devil that tormented him) for this is not a *man* possest with a *Devil*, but a *Devil* possest with a *man*; and therefore you should do well to have a care what you say, for it is most evident, both by the Question and Answer, that you are but a Company of Sots. You are to understand that we *Devils* never enter into the body of a *Catchpole*, but by force, and in spight of our hearts; and therefore to speak properly, you are to say, this is a *Devil Catchpol'd*, and not a *Catchpole bedevil'd*.

And,

And, to give you your Due, *you men* can deal better with *us Devils*, than with the *Catchpoles*, for *we flye from the Cross*, whereas *They make use of it*, for a Cloak for their Villany.

But though we *differ* thus in our *Humours*, we hold a very fair *Correspondence* in our *Offices*: If *we* draw men into *Judgment* and *Condemnation*, so do the *Catchpoles*; we pray for an encrease of *wickedness* in the World, so do *they*; nay and more zealously than *we*, for it is their *livelihood*, and *we* do it only for *company*: And in this the *Catchpoles* are worse than the *Devils*; they prey upon their own Kind, and worry one another. For *our* parts, *we* are *Angels* still, though *black ones*, and were turn'd into *Devils* only for aspiring into an equality with our Maker: whereas *the very corruption of mankind is the generation of a Catchpole.* So that, my good Father, your labour is but lost in plying this Wretch with *Reliques*; for you may as soon redeem a Soul from Hell, as a Prey out of his Clutches. In fine, your *Algonazels* (or *Catchpoles*) and your *Devils* are both of an Order; only your

Catchpole-Devils wear *Shoes* and *Stockings*, and we go *barefoot* after the Fashion of this Reverend Father; and (to deal plainly) have a very hard time on't.

I was not a little surpriz'd to find the *Devil* so great a Sophister, but all this notwithstanding, the holy man went on with his *Exorcism*, and to stop the Spirits mouth, washt his face with a little *Holy Water*, which made the *Demoniac* ten times madder than before, and set him a yelping so horridly, that it deafned the Company, and made the very ground under us to tremble. And now says he, you may, perchance, imagine this extravagance to be the effect of your *Holy Water*; but let me tell you, that meer *Water* it self would have done the same thing; for your *Catchpole* hates nothing in this world like *Water*, [especially that of a *Grays-Inn Pump*.] But to conclude, They are so reprobated a sort of *Christians*, that they have quitted even the very name of *Misins*, by which they were formerly known, for that of *Algouazils*; the latter being of *Pagan Extraction*, and more sutable to their manners.

Come,

Come, come, says the Father, there is no ear, no credit to be given to this Villain, set but his tongue at liberty, and you shall have him fall foul upon the Government, and the Ministers of Justice for keeping the World in Order and suppressing wickedness, because it spoils his market. No more chopping of Logick, good Mr. *Conjurer*, says the *Devil*: for there's more in't than you are aware of; but if you'l do a poor *Devil* a good office, give me my dispatch out of this accursed *Algonezil*; for I am a *Devil* you must know of *Reputation* and *Quality*, and shall never be able to endure the gibes and affronts will be put upon me at my return to Hell, for having kept this Rascal Company. All in good time, said the *Father*, thou shalt have thy discharge; that is to say, in pity to this miserable Creature, and not for thy own sake. But tell me now, what makes thee torment him thus? Nothing in the world, quoth the *Devil*, but a contest betwixt him and me, which was the *greater Devil* of the *two*.

The Conjurer did not at all relish these wild and malicious replies; but to

me the Dialogue was extream pleasant, especially being by this time a little familiarized with the *Devil*. Upon which confidence, My *Good Father*, said I, here are none but Friends; and I may speak to you as my *Confessor*, and the Confident of all the secrets of my Soul; I have a great mind with your leave, to ask the *Devil* a few Questions, and who knows but a man may be the better for his Answers, though perchance contrary to his intention? keep him only in the interim from tormenting this poor Creature. The *Conjurer* granted my request, and the *Spirit* went on with his babble. Well, says he smiling, the *Devil* shall never want a Friend at Court, so long as there's a *Poet* within the Walls. And indeed the Poets do us many a good turn, both by Pimping and otherwise; but if *you*, said he, should not be kind to us, (looking upon me) you'l be thought very ungrateful, considering the honour of your entertainment now in Hell. I ask't him then what store of Poets they had: whole swarms, says the *Devil*, so many, that we have been forc'd to make more

room

room for them: Nor is there any thing in nature so pleasant as a Poet in the first Year of his *Probation*; he comes ye maiden forsooth, with Letters of Recommendation to our Superiours, and enquires very gravely for *Charon*, *Cerberus*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Æacus*, *Minos*.

Well, said I, but what's their punishment (for I began now to make the *Poets* case my own.) Their punishments, quoth the *Devil*, are many, and suited to the Trade they drive. Some are condemn'd to hear other mens works: (and this is the Plague of the *Fidlers* too) We have others that are in for a thousand years, and yet still poring upon some old Stanza's they have made of Jealousie. Some again are beating their fore-heads with the palms of their hands, and even boring their very Noses with hot Irons, in rage that they cannot come to a resolution, whether they shall say *Face* or *Visage*; whether they shall write *Jayl* or *Gaol*; whether *Cony* or *Cunny*, because it comes from *Cuniculus*, a *Rabbet*. Others are biting their Nails to the quick, and at their Wits end for a Rime to *Chimney*, and

dozing up and down in a brown study, till they drop into some hole at last, and give us trouble enough to get them out again. But they that suffer the most, and fare the worst, are your Comick Poets for whoring so many Queens and Princesses upon the stage, and coupling Ladies of honour with Lacqueys, and Noblemen with common Strumpets, in the winding up of their Plays; and for giving the Bastinado to *Alexander* and *Julius Cæsar* in their Interludes and Farces. Now be it known to you that we do not lodge these with other *Poets* but with *Petty-Foggers* and *Attornies*, as common Dealers in the mystery of Shifting, Shuffling, Forging, and Cheating: And now for the discipline of Hell, you are to understand we have incomparable *Harbingers* and *Quarter-Masters*: insomuch that let them come in whole *Carravans*, as it happen'd t'other day, every man is in his quarter before you can say *what's this?*

There came to us several Tradesmen; the first of them a Poor Rogue that made profession of *drawing the long Bow*; and him we were about to

put

put among the Armorers, but one of the Company moved and carried it, that since he was so good at Draughts, he might be sent to the *Clerks* and *Scriveners*, a sort of people that will fit you with *draughts*, good and bad, of all sorts and sizes, and to all purposes. Another called himself a *Cutter*, we ask'd him whether in *Wood* or *Stone*? Neither said he, but in *Cloth* and *Stuffe*: (*Anglicè a Taylor*) and him we turn'd over to those that were in for Detraction and Calumny, and for cutting large Thongs out of other mens Leather. There was a *Blind fellow* would fain have been among the *Poets*, but (for likeness sake) we quartered him among the *Lovers*. After him, came a *Sexton*, or (as he stiled himself) a *Burier of the Dead*: and then a *Cook* that was troubled in Conscience for putting off *Cats* for *Hares*: These were dispatch'd away to the *Pastry-men*. A matter of half a dozen *Crack-brain'd Fools* we disposed of among the *Astrologers* and *Alchymists*. In the number, there was one notorious *Murtherer*, and him we pack'd away to the Gentlemen

of

of the Faculty; the *Physicians*. The *Broken Merchants* we hemm'd with *Judas* for making ill bargains. *Corrupt Ministers* and *Magistrates*, with the *Thief* on the left hand. The *Embroylers* of *Affairs*, and the *Water-bearers* take up with the *Venturers*; and the *Brokers* with the *Jews*. Upon the whole matter, the policy of Hell is admirable, where every man has his place according to his condition.

As I remember (said I) you were speaking e'en now concerning *Lovers*. Pray tell me, have you many of them in your Dominions? I ask, because I am my self a little subject to the itch of *Love* as well as *Poetry*. *Love* (says the Devil) is like a great spot of Oyl, that diffuses it self every where, and consequently Hell cannot but be sufficiently stockt with that sort of Vermine. But let me tell you now, we have several sorts of *Lovers*; some dote upon *themselves*; other upon their *Pelf*; these upon their own *Discourses*; those upon their own *Actions*; and once in an Age perchance, comes a fellow that dotes upon his *own Wife*; but this is very

rare,

rare, for the Jades commonly bring their Husbands to repentance; and then the Devil may throw his Cap at them. But above all, for sport (if there can be any in Hell) commend me to those *Gowdy Monsieurs*, who by the variety of Colours and Ribbands they wear (*Favours* as they call them) one would swear, were only dress'd up for a *Sample*, or kind of *Inventory* of all the *Gew-Gaws* that are to be had for love or money at the *Mercers*. Others you shall have so overcharged with *Perruque*, that you'd hardly know the *Head* of a *Cavalier*, from the ordinary *Block* of a *Tire-Woman*: And some again you'd take for *Carriers*, by their pacquets and bundles of *Love-Letters*: which being made combustible by the fire, and flame they treat of, we are so thrifty, as to employ upon the sindging of their own Tails, for the saving of better Fuel. But, oh! the pleasant postures of the Maiden-Lover, when he is upon the practice of the *Gentle Leere*, and embracing the Air for his Mistress! Others we have that are condemn'd for *Feeling*, and yet never come to the *Touch*: These pass for a kind

kind of *Buffoon Pretenders*, ever upon the *Vigil*, but never arrive at the *Festival*. Some again have lost themselves with *Judas* for a *Kiss*.

One story lower is the abode of *contented Cuckolds*; a nasty poisonous place, and strewed all over with the Horns of Rams and Bulls, *&c.* Now these are so well read in Women, and know their destiny so well before-hand, that they never so much as trouble their heads for the matter. Ye come next to the *Admirers* of *old Women*; and these are wretches of so depraved an Appetite, that if they were not kept tyed up, and in Chains, they'd horse the very *Devils themselves*, and put *Barabbas* to his Trumps to defend his Buttocks. For the Truth is, whatever *you* may think of a Devil, he passes with *them* for a very *Adonis* or *Narcissus*.

So much for your Curiosity; a word now for your Instruction. If you would make an interest in Hell, you must give over that Roguy way you have got of abusing the *Devils* in your Shews, Pictures, and Emblems: One while forsooth we are painted with *Claws* or *Talons*,

lons, like *Eagles* or *Griffons*. Another while we are dreſt up with *Tails*, like ſo many Hackney-Jades with their *Fly-flaps*: And now and then you ſhall ſee a *Devil* with a *Coxcomb*. Now I will not deny, but ſome of us may indeed be very well taken for *Hermites*, and *Philoſophers*. If you can help us in this point, do; and we ſhall be ready to do ye *one good Turn for another*. I was asking *Michael Angelo* here a while ago, why he drew the Devils in his Great Piece of the *Laſt Judgment*, with ſo many *Monkey Faces*, and *Jack-Pudding poſtures*. His anſwer was, That he follow'd his Fancy, without any Malice in the World, for as then he had never ſeen any Devils; nor (indeed) did he believe that there were any; but he has now learn'd the contrary to his coſt. There's another thing too we take extremely ill, which is, that in your ordinary diſcourſes, ye are out with your Purſe preſently to every Raſcal, and calling of him *Devil*. As for Example, Do you ſee how this *Devil* of a *Taylor* has ſpoil'd my Suit? how the *Devil* has made me wait? how this *Devil* has couzen'd me, *&c.* which

is

is very ill done, and no small disparagement to our Quality, to be rank'd with *Taylors*: A Company of Slaves, that serve us in Hell only for Brushwood; and they are fain to beg hard to be admitted at all: though I confess they have *possession* on their sides, and *Custom*, which is another *Law*. Being in *possession* of Theft, and *Stolen Goods*, they make much more Conscience of keeping your *Stuffs*, than your *Holy-Days*, grumbling and domineering at every turn, if they have not the same respect with the Children of the Family. Ye have another trick too of giving every thing to the Devil, that displeases ye, which we cannot but take very unkindly, *The Devil take thee*, says one: A goodly present I warrant ye; but the *Devil* hath somewhat else to do, than to take and carry away all that's given him; if they'l come of themselves, let them come and welcome. Another gives that whelp of a *Lacquey* to the *Devil*, but the *Devil* will none of your *Lacqueys*, he thanks ye for your love; a pack of Rogues that are commonly worse than Devils, and to say the truth, they are

good

good neither roast nor sodden. I give that *Italian* to the *Devil*, cry's a third; thank you for nothing; For ye shall have an *Italian* will chuse the *Devil* himself, and take him by the Nose like Mustard. Some again will be giving a *Spaniard* to the *Devil*; but he has been so cruel where ever he has got footing, that we had rather have his Room than his Company, and make a Present to the *Grand Seignior* of his *Nutmegs*.

Here the Devil stopt, and in the same instant there happened a slight scuffle, betwixt a couple of conceited Coxcombs, which should go foremost, I turn'd to see the matter, and cast my Eye upon a certain *Tax gatherer*, that had undone a Friend of mine: And in some sort to revenge my self of this *Ass* in a *Lions Skin*, I ask'd the *Devil*, whether they had not of that sort of Blood-Suckers among the rest, in their Dominions (an Informing, projecting Generation of men, and the very bane of a Kingdom.) You know little (says he) if you do not know these Vermine to be the right Heirs of Perdition, and that they claim Hell for their Inheritance:

tance; and yet we are now e'en upon the point of discarding them, for they are so pragmatical, and ungrateful, there's no enduring of them. They are at this present in Consultation about an *Impost* upon the *High way* to *Hell*; and indeed payments run so high already, and are so likely to encrease too, that 'tis much fear'd in the end, we shall quite lose our Trading and Commerce. But if ever they come to put this in Execution, we shall be so bold as to treat them next bout, to the Tune of *Fortune my Foe*, &c. And make them cool their heels on the wrong side of the Door, which will be worse than *Hell* to them, for it leaves them no retreat, being expell'd *Paradise*, and *Purgatory* already. This Race of Vipers, said I, will never be quiet, till they tax the way to Heaven it self. Oh, quoth the *Devil*, that had been done long since, if they had found the Play worth the Candles: but they have had a Factor abroad now these half-score years, that's glad to wipe his Nose on his sleeve still, for want of a Handkercher. But these new impositions, upon what I pray ye do they intend

intend to levy them? For that (quoth the *Devil*) there's a Gentleman of the Trade at your Elbow can tell you all; pointing to my old Friend the Publican. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon him, and put him so damn'dly out of Countenance, that he pluckt down his Hat over his Face, clapt his Tail between his Legs, and went his way; with which we were all of us well enough pleas'd, and then the *Devil* went on. Well (said the *Devil*, and laught) my Voucher is departed, ye see; but I think I can say as much to this point as himself. The Impositions now to be set on foot, are upon *bare-neck'd Ladies*, *patches*, *Mole-skins*, *Spanish Paper*, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* more than what is necessary and decent; upon your *Tour à la Mode*, and *Spring Garden Coaches*; excess in *Apparel*, *Collations*, *Rich Furniture*, your *Cheating* and *Blaspheming Gaming Ordinaries*, and in general, upon whatsoever serves to advance our Empire; so that without a Friend at Court, or some good Magistrate to help us out at a dead lift, and stick to us, we may e'en

put up our Pipes, and you'll find *Hell* a very *Desart*. Well, said I, and methinks I see nothing in all this, but what is very reasonable; for to what end serves it but to corrupt good manners, stir up ill Appetites, provoke and incourage all sorts of Debauchery, destroy all that is good and Honourable in humane Society, and chalk out in effect the ready way to the Devil?

But you said something e'en now of Magistrates, I hope (said I) there are no *Judges* in Hell. You may as well imagine (cry'd the Spirit) that there are no *Devils* there, for let me tell you (Friend of mine) your *corrupt Judges* are the great *Spawners* that supply our Lake; for what are those Millions of *Catchpoles*, *Proctors*, *Attorneys*, *Clerks*, *Barristers*, that come sailing to us every day in *Shoals*, but the *Fry* of such *Judges!* Nay sometimes, in a lucky year, for *cheating*, *forging*, and *forswearing*, we can hardly find Cask to put them in.

From hence now, (quoth I) would you infer, that there's no *Justice* upon the face of the Earth. Very right (quoth the

the Devil) for *Astrea* (which is the same thing) is fled long since to Heaven. Do not ye know the story? No (said I) Then (quoth the Devil) mind me, and I'll tell ye it.

Once upon a time, *Truth* and *Justice* came together to take up their Quarters upon the earth, but the one being naked, and the other very severe and plain dealing, they could not meet with any body that would receive them. At last, when they had wander'd a long time like Vagabonds in the open Air; *Truth* was glad to take up her Lodging with a *Mute*; and *Justice*, perceiving that though her *name* was much used for a Cloak to Knavery, yet that she her self was in no Esteem, took up a Resolution of returning to Heaven: and in order to her Journey, she bad adieu in the first place to all Courts, Palaces, and great Cities, and went into the Country, where she met with some few poor simple Cottagers, that gave her entertainment; but *Malice* and *Persecution* found her out in the end, and she was banished thence too. She presented her self in many places, and people askt her *what she was?* She

answer'd them, *Justice*, for she would not lye for the matter. *Justice?* (cry'd they) *she is a stranger to us*; tell her *here's nothing for her, and shut the door.* Upon these repulses, she took wing, and away she went to Heaven, hardly leaving so much as the bare print of her footsteps behind her. Her name however is not yet forgotten, and she's pictured with a Scepter in her hand, and is still called *Justice*; but call her what ye will, she makes as good a Fire in Hell as a *Taylor*; and for slight of hand, puts down all the Gilts, Cheats, Picklocks and Trepanners in the World: to say the truth, *Avarice* is grown to that height, that men employ all the faculties of Soul and Body to *Rob*, and *Deceive*. The Leacher, does not he steal away the Honour of his Mistress? (though with her consent) The *Attorney* pick your Pockets, and shew you a Law for't; The *Comedian* get your money and your time, with reciting other mens Labours; The *Lover* cozens you with his Eyes; The *Eloquent* with his Tongue; The *Valiant* with his Arms; The *Musician* with his Voice,

and Fingers; The *Astrologer*, with his Calculations; The *Apothecary*, with Sickness and Health; The *Surgeon*, with blood; and the *Physician* with Death it self; And in some sort or other, they are all Cheats; but the *Catchpole* (in the name of *Justice*) abuses you with *his whole Man*; He watches you with his *Eyes*; *follows* you with his *Feet*; *seises* with his *Hands*; *accuses* with his *Tongue*; And in fine, put in your *Litany*, From *Catchpoles* as well as *Devils*, *Libera nos Domine.*

But how comes it (said I) that you have not coupled the *Women* with the *Thieves*? for they are both of a Trade, Not a word of *Women* as you love me (quoth the Devil) for we are so tired out with their importunities, so deaf'd with the Eternal Clack of their Tongues, that we start at the very thought of them. And to say the truth, *Hell* were no ill *Winter Quarter*, if it were not so overstock'd with that sort of Cattel. Since the Death of the Witch of *Endor*, it has been all their business to improve themselves in subtilty and malice, and to set us together

by the Ears among our selves. Nay, some of them are confident enough to tell us to our Teeth, that when we have done our worst, they'll give us a *Rowland* for our *Oliver*. Only this comfort we have, that they are a cheaper plague to *Us* than they are to *You*; for we have no *Exchanges*, *Hide-Parks*, or *Spring-Gardens* in our Territories.

You are well stored then with *Women*, I see, but of which have you most, (said I) *Handsom*, or *Ill-favour'd*? Oh, of the *Ill-favour'd* six for one (quoth the Devil) For your *Beauties* can never want *Gallants* to lay their Appetites; and many of them, when they come at last to have their bellies full, e'en give over the sport, Repent and 'scape. Whereas no body will touch the *Ill-favour'd* without a pair of Tongues; and for want of water to quench the fire, they come to us such *Skeletons*, that they are enough to affright the Devil himself. For they are most commonly old, and accompany their last groans with a Curse upon the younger that are to survive them. I carried away one t'other day of threescore and ten, that

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I took just in the nick, as she was upon a certain Exercise to remove obstructions: and when I came to land her; Alas for the poor woman! what a terrible fit had she got of the *Toothach*! when upon search, the Devil a Tooth had she left in her head, only she belied her Chops to save her Credit.

You have exceedingly satisfied me (said I) in all your answers; but pray'e once again, what store of *Beggars* have ye in Hell? *Poor people* I mean, *Poor* (quoth the Devil) who are they? Those (said I) that have no Possessions in the World: How can that be, (quoth he) that those should be damn'd, that have nothing in the World? when men are only damn'd for cleaving to't. And briefly I find none of their names in our Books, which is no wonder; for he that has nothing to trust to, shall be left by the Devil himself in time of need. To deal plainly with you, where have you greater Devils, than your Flatterers, false Friends, lewd Company, envious Persons, than a Son, a Brother, or a Relation that lies in wait for your life, to

get your Fortune, that mourns over you in your ſickneſs, and wiſhes you already at the Devil. Now the *Poor* have none of this; They are neither flatter'd nor envy'd, nor befriended, nor accompanied: There's no gaping for their Poſſeſſions; and in ſhort, they are a ſort of people that live well, and dye better; and there are ſome of them that would not exchange their Rags for Royalty it ſelf. They are at liberty to go and come at pleaſure, be it War or Peace, free from Cares, Taxes, and publick Duties. They fear no Judgments or Executions, but live as inviolable as if their Perſons were Sacred. Moreover they take no thought for to morrow, but ſetting a juſt value on their hours, they are good Huſbands of the preſent; conſidering that what is paſt, is as good as *Dead*, and what's to come *Uncertain*. But they ſay, *When the Devil preaches, the World is near an End.*

The divine hand is in this (ſaid the Holy Man that performed the *Exorciſm*) Thou art the Father of Lyes, and yet deliver'ſt Truths, able to mollifie

and

and convert a Heart of stone. But do not you mistake your self, (quoth the Devil) to suppose that your Conversion is my business; for I speak these Truths to aggravate your Guilt, and that you may not plead ignorance another day, when you shall be called to answer for your Transgressions. 'Tis true, most of you shed tears at parting, but 'tis the Apprehension of Death, and no true Repentance for your sins that works upon you: for ye are all a pack of *Hypocrites*: Or if at any time you entertain those Reflexions, your trouble is, That your body will not hold out; and then forsooth ye pretend to pick a quarrel with the *Sin* it self. Thou art an *Impostor* (said the Religious) for there are many Righteous Souls, that draw their sorrow from another Fountain. But I perceive you have a mind to amuse us, and make us lose time, and perchance your own hour is not yet come to quit the body of this miserable Creature; however, I conjure thee in the name of the most High to leave tormenting him, and to hold thy peace. The Devil obey'd; and the good Father

ther applying himself to us, My Master (says he) though I am absolutely of opinion, that it is the *Devil* that has talkt to us all this while through the Organ of this unhappy Wretch, yet he that well weighs what has been said, may doubtless reap some benefit by the Discourse. Wherefore without considering whence it came; Remember, that *Saul* (although a wicked Prince) prophesied; and that Hony has been drawn out of the Mouth of a Lion. Withdraw then, and I shall make it my Prayer (as 'tis my hope) that this sad and prodigious spectacle may lead you to a true light of your Errours, and in the end to amendment of Life.

The end of the first Vision.

THE

THE SECOND VISION OF DEATH and her EMPIRE.

MEan Souls do naturally breed ſad Thoughts; and in Solitude, they gather together in Troops to aſſault the Unfortunate; which is the Tryal (according to my obſervation) wherein the Coward does moſt betray himſelf; and yet cannot I for my life, when I am alone, avoid thoſe Accidents and Surprizes in my ſelf, which I condemn in others. I have ſometime, upon reading the grave and ſevere *Lucretius*, been ſeized with a ſtrange damp; whether from the ſtriking of his counſels upon my paſſions, or ſome tacite reflection of ſhame upon my ſelf, I know not. However, to render this confeſſion of my weakneſs the more excuſable, I'le begin my diſcourſe

course with somewhat out of that elegant and excellent Poet;

'*Put the Case* (says he) *that a Voice* '*from Heaven should speak to any of us* '*after this manner*; *What dost thou ail*, 'O Mortal Man, *or to what purpose is it* '*to spend thy life in groans and com-* '*plaints under the apprehension of* death? '*where are thy past years and pleasures?* '*are they not vanisht and lost in the Flux* '*of Time, as if thou hadst put water into a* '*Sieve? Bethink thy self then of a Re-* '*treat, and leave the* World *with the same* '*content and satisfaction, as thou wouldst* '*do a plentiful* Table, *and a jolly* Com-'pany *upon a full stomach. Poor Fool* '*that thou art! thus to macerate and* '*torment thy self, when thou may'st enjoy* '*thy heart at ease, and possess thy Soul with* '*repose and comfort*, &c.

This passage brought into my mind the words of *Job*, *Chap.* 14. And I was carried on from one Meditation to another, till at length I fell fast asleep over my Book, which I ascribed rather to a favourable providence, than to my natural disposition. So soon as my Soul felt her self at liberty, she gave

me

me the entertainment of this following Comedy, my fancy supplying both the Stage and the Company.

In the first Scene, enter'd a Troop of *Physicians*, upon their Mules, with deep Foot-cloaths, marching in no very good Order, sometime fast, sometime slow, and to say the truth, most commonly in a huddle. They were all wrinkled and wither'd about the Eyes; I suppose with casting so many sowre looks upon the Piss-pots and Close-Stools of their Patients; bearded like Goats; and their Faces so overgrown with Hair, that their Fingers could hardly find the way to their Mouths. In the left hand they held their Reins, and their Gloves roul'd up together; and in the right a Staff *à la mode*, which they carried rather for Countenance than Correction; (for they understood no other Menage than the Heel) and all along Head and Body went too, like a Baker upon his Panniers. Divers of them I observ'd, had huge Gold Rings upon their Fingers, and set with stones of so large a size, that they could hardly feel a Patients Pulse, without minding him of his

his Monument. There were more than a good many of them, and a world of Puny Practisers at their heels, that came out *Graduates*, by converting rather with the *Mules* than the *Doctors*: Well said I to my self, if there goes no more than this to the making a *Physician*, it is no marvel we pay so dear for their Experience.

After these, follow'd a long Train of *Mountebank-Apothecaries*, laden with *Pestles*, and *Mortars*, *Suppositories*, *Spatulas*, *Glister-Pipes*, and *Syringes*, ready charg'd, and as mortal as Gun-shot, and several *Titled Boxes* with *Remedies without*, and *Poysons within*. Ye may observe that when a Patient comes to dye, *the Apothecaries Mortar rings the Passing-Bell*, as the Priests *Requiem* finishes the business. An *Apothecaries Shop* is (in effect) no other than the *Physicians Armory*, that supplies him with Weapons; and (to say the truth) the *Instruments* of the *Apothecary* and the *Souldiers* are much of a quality: What are their *Boxes* but *Petards*? their *Syringes*, *Pistols*, and their *Pills*, but *Bullets*? And after all, considering their Pur-

Purgative Medicines, we may properly enough call their *Shops Purgatory*; and why not their *Poysons Hell?* their *Patients* the Damn'd? and their *Masters* the *Devils?* These *Apothecaries* were in *Jacquets* wrought all over with Bs ſtruck through like wounded hearts, and in the form of the firſt Character of their *Preſcriptions*; which (as they tell us) ſignifies *Recipe* (*Take Thou*) but we find it to ſtand for *Recipio* (*I Take*) Next to this Figure, they write *Ana*, *Ana*, which is as much as to ſay *An Aſs*, *An Aſs*, and after this march the *Ounces* and the *Scruples*; an incomparable Cordial to a dying man; the former to diſpatch the *Body*, and the *latter* to put the *Soul* into the High-way to the *Devil*. To hear them call over all their *Simples*, would make you ſwear, they were raiſing ſo many *Devils*. There's your *Opopanax*, *Bupthalphus*, *Aſtaphylinus*, *Alectorolophus*, *Ophioſcoridon*, *Anemoſphorus*, &c.

And by all this formidable Bombaſt, is meant nothing in the world but a few paltry Roots, as Carrots, Turneps, Skirrets, Radiſh and the like. But they have

have the Old Proverb at their finger end; *He that knows thee will never buy thee*: And therefore every thing must be made a Myſtery, to hold their Patients in ignorance, and keep up the price of the Market. And were not the very names of their Medicines ſufficient to fright away any Diſtemper, 'tis to be fear'd the Remedy would prove worſe than the Diſeaſe. Can any pain in nature, think ye, have the confidence to look the Phyſician in the Face, that comes arm'd with a Drug made of *Mans Greaſe*? though diſguis'd under the name of *Mummy*, to take off the horrour and diſguſt of it: Or to ſtay for a dreſſing with Dr. *Whachums Plaiſter*, that ſhall fetch up a mans Leg to the ſize of a Mill-poſt? when I ſaw theſe people Herded with the *Phyſicians*, methought the old ſluttiſh Proverb that ſays, *There is a great diſtance between the Pulſe and the Arſe*, was much to blame for making ſuch a difference in their Dignities, for I find none at all; but the *Phyſician* skips in a trice from the *Pulſe* to the *Stool* and *Urinal*, according to the Doctrine of *Galen*, who ſends

sends all his Disciples to those unsavoury Oracles: from whose hands the Devil himself, if he were sick would not receive so much as a Glyster. Oh! these cursed and lawless Arbitrators and Disposers of our lives! that without either Conscience or Religion, divide our Souls and Bodies, by their damn'd poysonous *Potions*, *Scarifications*, *Incisions*, *Excessive Bleedings*, &c. which are but the several ways of executing their Tyranny and Injustice upon us.

In the tail of these, came the *Surgeons* laden with *Pincers*, *Crane-bills*, *Catheters*, *Desquamatories*, *Dilaters*, *Scissers*, *Saws*: and with them so horrid an Outcry, of *Cut*, *Tear*, *Open*, *Saw*, *Flay*, *Burn*, that my Bones were ready to creep one into another for fear of an Operation.

The next that came in, I should have taken by their *Mien*, for *Devils* disguis'd, if I had not spyed their Chains of Rotten Teeth, which put me in some hope they might be *Tooth-Drawers*, and so they prov'd; which is yet one of the lewdest Trades in the World; for, they

are good for nothing but to depopulate our Mouths, and make us old before our time. Let a man but yawn, and ye shall have one of those Rogues examining his *Grinders*, and there's not a sound Tooth in your head, but he had rather see't at his Girdle, than in the place of its Nativity: Nay rather than fail, he'l pick a quarrel with your *Gums*. But that which puts me out of all patience, is to see these Scoundrels ask twice as much for drawing an *old Tooth* as would have bought ye a *new One*.

Certainly (said I to my self) we are now past the worst unless the Devil himself come next; And in that instant I heard the brushing of *Guitars*, and the Rattling of *Citterns*, Raking over certain *Passacailles* and *Sarabands*. These are a Kennel of *Barbers* thought I, or I'll be hang'd; and any man that had ever seen a Barber's Shop, might have told you as much without a Conjurer, both by the Musick and by the very Instruments, which are as proper a part of a *Barberes Furniture*, as his *Comb-Cases* and *Wash-balls*. It was to me a pleasant entertainment, to see them

lather-

lathering of *Asses heads*, of all sorts and sizes, and their Customers all the while winking and sputtering over their Basons.

Presently after these, appear'd a Consort of *loud* and *tedious Talkers*, that tir'd and deafn'd the Company with their *shrill*, and *restless Gaggle*: but as one told me, these were of several sorts. Some they call'd *Swimmers* from the motion of their Arms in all their Discourses, which was just as if they had been *Padling*. Others they call'd *Apes*, (and we *Mimicks*) these were perpetually making of *Mopps* and *Mowes*, and a thousand Antick Ridiculous Gestures, in derision and imitation of Others. In the third place, were *Make-bates*, and *Sowers of Dissention*, and these were still Rolling their Eyes (like a *Bartlemey Puppet*, without so much as moving the Head) and leaning over their Shoulders, to surprize people at unawares in their Familiarities, and Privacies, and gather matter for *Calumny* and *Detraction*. The *Lyers* follow'd next; and these seem'd to be a jolly contented sort of People, well Fed, and well Cloathed;

and having nothing else to trust to, methought it was a strange Trade to live upon. I need not tell you, that they are never without a full Audience, since *all Fools, and Impertinents are of their Congregation.*

After these, came a Company of *Medlers*; a Pragmatical Insolent Generation of men that will have an Oar in every Boat, and are indeed the Bane of honest Conversation, and the Troublers of all Companies and Affairs; The most Prostitute of all Flatterers; and only devoted to their own Profit. I thought this had been the last Scene, because no more came upon the Stage for a good while; and indeed I wonder'd that they came so late themselves, but one of the *Bablers* told me (unaskt) that this kind of Serpent carrying his Venom in his Tail, it seem'd reasonable, that being the most Poysonous of the whole Gang, they should bring up the Rear.

I began then to take into thought, what might be the meaning of this *Ogleo* of People of several Conditions and Humours met together; but I was quickly diverted

diverted from that Consideration, by the Apparition of a Creature which lookt as if 'twere of the Feminine Gender. It was a Person of a thin and slender *make*; laden with *Crowns Garlands*, *Scepters*, *Scythes*, *Sheep-hooks*, *Pattins*, *Hob-nail'd-Shoos*, *Tiaras*, *Straw-Hats*, *Mitres*, *Monmouth-Caps*, *Embroideries*, *Skins*, *Silk*, *Wooll*, *Gold*, *Lead*, *Diamonds*, *Shells*, *Pearl*, and *Pebles*: She was dreſt up in all the Colours of the Rainbow; ſhe had one eye ſhut, the other open, young on the one ſide, and old o' the other. I thought at firſt ſhe had been a great way off, when indeed ſhe was very near me, and when I took her to be at my Chamber-Door, ſhe was at my Beds head. How to unriddle this myſtery I knew not; nor was it poſſible for me to make out the meaning of an Equipage ſo Extravagant, and ſo fantaſtically put together. It gave me no affright however, but on the contrary I could not forbear laughing, for it came juſt then into my mind that I had formerly ſeen in *Italy* a *Farce*, where the *Mimick*, pretending to come from the

other World was just thus Accoutred, and never was any thing more Nonsensically pleasant. I held as long as I could, and at last I askt what she was? she answer'd me, I am *Death*. *Death!* (the very word brought my Heart into my Mouth) and I beseech you Madam, quoth I (with great Humility and Respect) whither is your Honour a going? No further (said she) for now I have found you, I am at my Journey's End. Alas, Alas! and must I dye then (said I) No, no, (quoth *Death*) but I'le take thee Quick along with me: For since so many of the *Dead* have been to Visit the *Living*. It is but equal for once, that one of the *Living* should Return a Visit to the *Dead*. Get up then and come along and never hang an Arse for the matter: for what you will not do willingly, you shall do in spight of your Teeth. This put me in a Cold Fit; but without more delay up I started, and desired leave only to put on my Breeches. No, no, (said she) no matter for Cloaths, no body wears them upon this Road; wherefore come away, naked as you are, and you'l Travel the better.

So

So up I got, without a word more, and follow'd her; in such a Terrour and Amazement, that I was but in an ill Condition to take a strict account of my Passage; yet I remember that upon the way, I told her; Madam, under Correction, you are no more like the *Deaths* that I have seen, than an *Apple's like an Oyster*. Our *Death* is pictur'd with a *Scythe* in her hand; and a *Carkass* of bones, as clean, as if the Crows had pick'd it: Yes, yes, (said she) turning short upon me, I know that very well: but in the mean time your Designers, and Painters, are but a Company of Buzzards. The *Bones* you talk of, are the Dead, or otherwise *the miserable Remainders of the Living*; but let me tell you, that you your selves are your own *Death*, and that which you call *Death, is but the Period of your Life, as the first moment of your Birth, is the beginning of your Death:* And effectually, ye *Dye Living*, and your *Bones* are no more than what *Death* has left, and committed to the Grave. If this were rightly understood, every man would find a *Memento Mori*, or a *Death's Head*

in his own Looking glass; and consider every House with a Family in't, but as a Sepulchre fill'd with dead Bodies; a Truth which you little dream of, though within your daily View and Experience. Can you imagine *Death* elsewhere, and not in your selves? Believ't y'are in a shameful mistake; for you your selves are *Skeletons* before ye are aware.

But Madam, under favour, what may all these people be that keep your Ladyship Company? and since you are *Death* (as you say) how comes it, that the *Bablers*, and *Make-bates* are nearer your Person, and more in your Good Graces than the *Physicians*? Why (said she) there are more people *Talk'd* to Death and dispatcht by *Bablers*, than by all the Pestilential Diseases in the World. And then your *Make-bates*, and *Medlers* kill more than your *Physicians*, though to give the Gentlemen of the Faculty their due, they labour night and day for the enlargement of our Empire. For you must understand, that though *distempered humours* make a man *sick*, 'tis the *Physician Kills* him; and looks

looks to be well paid for't too: (and 'tis fit that every man ſhould live by his Trade) ſo that when a man is askt, what ſuch or ſuch a one dy'd of; He is not preſently to make anſwer, that he dy'd of a *Fever*, *Pleuriſie*, the *Plague*, *Purples*, or the like; but that *He dyed of the Doctor.* In one point however I muſt needs acquit the *Phyſicians*; Ye know that the ſtile of *Right Honourable*, and *Right Worſhipful*, which was heretofore appropriate only to Perſons of Eminent Degree and Quality, is now in our days uſed by all ſort of little people; Nay the very *Bare-foot Fryars* that live under Vows of *Humility* and *Mortification*, are ſtung with this Itch of *Title* and *Vain Glory.* And your ordinary *Trades-men*, as *Vintners*, *Taylors*, *Maſons* and the like, muſt be all dreſt up forſooth in the *Right Worſhipful*: whereas the *Phyſician* does not ſo much Court *Honour* of *Appellation* (though if it ſhould rain Dignities, he might be perſwaded happily to venture the wetting) but ſits down contented with the *Honour* of diſpoſing of your *Lives* and *Moneys*; without troubling himſelf

self about any other sort of Reputation.

The entertainment of these Lectures and discourses, made the way seem short and pleasant, and we are just now entring into a Place, betwixt Light and Dark; and of Horrour enough, if *Death* and I had not by this time been very well acquainted. Upon one side of the Passage, I saw *three moving Figures Arm'd* and of *Humane shape*; and so alike, that I could not say which was which. Just Opposite, on the other side, a Hideous *Monster*, and these *Three* to *One*, and *One* to *Three*, in a Fierce, and Obstinate *Combate*. Here *Death* made a stop, and facing about, askt me, if I knew these People. Alas! No (quoth I) Heaven be prais'd, I do not, And I shall put it in my Litany, that I never may. Now to see thy ignorance, cry'd *Death*, These are thy old Acquaintance, and thou hast hardly kept any other Company since thou wert born. *Those three* are, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*; the Capital Enemies of thy Soul: and they are so like one another, as well in Quality, as Appearance, that

that Effectually, whoever has One, has All. The Proud, and Ambitious man thinks he has got the *World*, but it proves the *Devil*. The *Lecher*, and the *Epicure*, perſwade themſelves that they have gotten the *Fleſh*, and that's the *Devil* too; and in fine, thus it fares with all other kinds of Extravagants. But what's He there, ſaid I, that appears in ſo many ſeveral ſhapes? and fights againſt the other three? That (quoth *Death*) is the *Devil* of *Money*, who maintains that *He* himſelf *Alone* is Equivalent to them *Three*, and that whereever *He* comes, there's no need of *Them*. Againſt the *World*, He argues from their own Confeſſion, and Experience; for it paſſes for an Oracle; that *There's no World but Money*; *He that's out of Money, 's out of the World*. *Take away a man's Money, and take away his Life*. *Money anſwers All things*. Againſt the *ſecond* Enemy, he pleads that *Money* is the *Fleſh* too: witneſs the *Girls* and the *Ganymedes* it procures, and maintains. And againſt the *Third*, He urges that there's nothing to be done without this *Devil* of *Money*, *Love does*

much

much, but Money does All: And Money will make the Pot boyl, though the Devil piss in the Fire. So that for ought I see (quoth I) *the Devil of money has the better end of the Staff.*

After this, advancing a little further, I saw on one hand *Judgment*; and *Hell* on the other (for so *Death* call'd them). Upon the sight of *Hell*, making a stop to take a stricter Survey of it, *Death* asked me, what it was I lookt at? I told her it was *Hell*; and I was the more intent upon it, because I thought I had seen it somewhere else before. She question'd me, where? I told her, that I had seen it in the *Corruption* and *Avarice* of *Wicked Magistrates*; In the *Pride* and *Haughtiness of Grandees*; in the *Appetites* of the *Voluptuous*, in the *lewd Designs* of *Ruine* and *Revenge*; in the *Souls* of *Oppressours*; and in the *Vanity* of divers *Princes*. But he that would see it whole, and Entire, in one subject, must go to the *Hypocrite*, who *is a kind of a Religious Broker, and puts out at five and forty per Cent, the very Sacraments, and ten Commandments.*

I am very glad too (said I) that I have

have seen *Judgment* as I find it here, in its Purity; for that which we call *Judgment* in the World, is a meer mockery: If it were like This, men would live otherwise than they do. To conclude, if it be expected that *our Judges* should govern Themselves and Us by *This Judgment*, the World's in an ill Case; for there's but little of't there. And to deal plainly, as matters are, I have no great maw to go home again: for 'tis better being with the *Dead*, where there's *Justice*, than with the *Living*, where there's *None*.

Our next step was into a fair and spacious *Plain* encompassed with a huge Wall, where he that's once in, must never look to come out again. Stop here (quoth *Death*) for we are now come to my *Judgment-Seat*, and here it is that I give *Audience*. The *Walls* were hung with *Sighs* and *Groans*, *Ill-News*, *Fears*, *Doubts*, and *Surprizes*. *Tears* did not there avail either the *Lover* or the *Beggar*; but *Grief* and *Care* were without both *Measure* and *Comfort*; and serv'd as *Vermine*, to gnaw the Hearts of *Emperours* and *Princes*, feeding upon the

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Insolent and Ambitious, as their pro-
per Nourishment. I saw *Envy* the
dress't up in a *Widow's Vail*, and the very
Picture of the *Governante* of one of
your Noblemen's Houses. She kept a
Continual *Fast* as to the *Shambles*, *Pray-*
ing only upon *her self*; and could not
but be a very *slender Gentlewoman*, up-
on so *spare a Diet*. Nothing came amiss
to her *Teeth* (*Good* or *Bad*) which
made the whole set of them *Yellow* and
Rotten, and the Reason was, that though
she *bit*, and set her *mark* upon the *Good*
and the *Sound*, she could never *swallow*
it. Under her, sate *Discord*; the Legi-
timate Issue of her own Bowels. She
had formerly convers'd much with
married People, but finding no need of
her there, away she went to *Colledges*
and *Corporations*, where it seems they
had more already than they knew what
to do withal: and then she betook her
self to *Courts* and *Palaces*, and Officia-
ted there, as the *Devil's Lieutenant*.
Next to *Her*, was *Ingratitude*, and she
out of a certain *Paste* made up of *Pride*
and *Malice*, was moulding of *New De-*
vils. I was extream glad of this Disco-
very,

very, being of Opinion, till now, that the *Ungrateful* had been the *Devils Themselves*, because I read, that the *Angels* that *fell* were made *Devils* for their *Ingratitude*. To be short, the whole Place Echo'd with *Rage* and *Curses*. *What a Devil have we here to do* (said I) *does it rain Curses in this Country?* With that, a *Death* at my Elbow askt me, what a Devil could I expect else in a place where there were so many *Match-makers*, *Attorneys*, and *Common-Barristers*, who are a Pack of the most Accursed Wretches in Nature? Is there any thing more common in the World, than the Exclamations of *Husbands* and *Wives*? Oh! that *Damn'd Devil* of a *Parson*: *A heavy Curse upon that Bitch of a Bawd that ever brought us together*: *The Pillory and ten thousand Gibbets to boot, take that Pick-pocket Attorney, that advised me to this Law suit*; *h'as ruin'd me for ever*. But pray'e (said I) what do all these *Match-makers* and *Attorneys* here together; Do they come for *Audience*? *Death* was here a little quick upon me, and call'd me Fool for so Impertinent a Question. If there were

no

no *Match-makers* (said she) we should not have the tenth part of these *Skeletons*, and *Desperado's*. *Am not I here the fifth Husband of a Woman yet living in the World, that hopes to send twice as many more after me, and drink Maudlin at the fifteenth Funeral?* you say well (said I) as to the business of *Match-makers*; but why so many *Petty-Fogger's* I pray'e? Nay then I perceive (quoth *Death*) now you have a mind to seize me; for that Rascally sort of Catterpillers have been my undoing. Had not a man better dye by the *Common-Hangman*, than by the hand of an *Attorney*; to be killed by *Falsities*, *Quirks*, *Cavils*, *Delays*, *Exceptions*, *Cheats*, *Circumventions*? Yes, yes, And it must not be deny'd; that these *Makers of Matches*, and *Splitters of Causes*, are *the Principal support of this Imperial Throne.*

At these words, I rais'd my Eyes, and saw *Death* seated in her Chair of state, with abundance of little *Deaths* crowding about her; As the *Death* of *Love*, of *Cold*, *Hunger*, *Fear*, and *Laughter*; All, with their several Ensigns and

Devices,

Devices. The *Death* of *Love*, I perceived, had very *little Brain*, and to keep her self in Countenance, she kept Company with *Pyramus*, and *Thisbe*; *Hero* and *Leander*, and some *Amadis's* and *Palmerins d' Oliva's*; all Embalm'd, steep'd in good Vinegar, and well dry'd. I saw a great many other sorts of Lovers too, that were brought in all Appearance, to their last Agonies, but by the singular Miracle of self-Interest recover'd to the Tune of

Will, if Looking well won't move her,
Looking ill prevail?

The *Death* of *Cold*, was attended by as many *Prelates*, *Bishops*, *Abbots*, and other *Ecclesiasticks*; who had neither Wives nor Children, nor indeed any body else that cared for them, further than for their Fortunes. These, when they come to a Fit of *sickness*, are *Pil-lag'd* even to their *Sheets* and *Bedding*, before ye can say a *Pater Noster*. Nay many times they are *strip't*, ere they are *Laid*, and destroy'd for want of Cloaths to keep them warm.

The *Death* of *Hunger* was encompassed with a Multitude of *Avaritious Misers*, that were *Cording* up of *Trunks*; *Bolting of Doors*, and *Windows*; *Locking* up of *Cellars*, and *Garrets*: and *Nailing* down of *Trap-doors*; *Burying* of Pots of *Money*, and starting at every Breath of Wind they heard. Their *Eyes* were ready to drop out of their heads, for want of *sleep*; their *Mouths* and *Bellies* complaining of their *Hands*, and their *Souls* turn'd into *Gold* and *Silver* (the Idols they ador'd.)

The *Death* of *Fear*, had the most *Magnificent Train* and *Attendants*, of all the rest, being accompanied with a great number of *Usurpers*, and *Tyrants*, who commonly do *Justice* upon Themselves, for the Injuries they have done to Others. Their own Consciences doing the Office of Tormentors, and Avenging their publick Crimes by their Private Sufferings; for they live in a perpetual Anguish of Thought, with Fears and Jealousies.

The *Death* of *Laughter*, was the last of all, and surrounded with a Throng of people, *hasty* to *Believe*, and *slow* to *Repent*;

Repent; *Living* without *fear* of *Juſtice*, and *Dying* without *hope* of *Mercy*. Theſe are they that pay all their Debts and Duties with a Jeſt. Bid any of them, *give every man his Due, and Return what he has either Borrowed, or wrongfully taken*, His anſwer is, *You'd make a man dye with Laughing*. Tell him, *my Friend, you are now in Years, your dancing days are done, and your Body is worn out; what ſhould ſuch a* Scar-Crow *as you are, do with a Bed-fellow? Give over your Bawdy Haunts for ſhame, and don't make a Glory of a Sin, when you are paſt the Pleaſure of it, and your ſelf upon all Accompts contemptible into the Bargain. This Fellow* (ſays he) *would make a man break his heart with Laughing*. Come, come, ſay your Prayers, and bethink your ſelf of Eternity, you have one Foot in the Grave already, and 'tis high time to fit your ſelf for the other World. *Thou wilt abſolutely kill me with Laughing. I* tell thee, *I'm as ſound as a Roche, and I do not Remember that ever I was better in my Life*. Others there are, that let a man adviſe them upon their *Death-*

Beds, and even at the last Gasp, to *send for a Divine*, or to *make some handsome settlement of their Estates*, Alas, Alas! they'l cry; *I have been as bad as this many a time before*, and (with *Falstaffe's Hostess*) *I hope in the Lord there's no need to think of him yet.* These men are lost for ever, before they can be brought to understand their danger. This Vision wrought strangely upon me, and gave me all the Pains and Marks Imaginable of a true Repentance. Well, (said I) since so it is, that man has but *one life* allotted him, and *so many Deaths*; but *one way into the* World, and so many *Millions out* of it, I will certainly at my Return, make it more my Care than it has been, to Live with a Good Conscience, that I may dye with Comfort.

The last words were scarce out of my Mouth, when the *Cryer* of the Court with a loud Voice, called out, *The Dead, The Dead*; *Appear the Dead.* And so immediately, I saw the *Earth* begin to *Move*, and gently opening it self, to make way, first for *Heads* and *Arms*, and then by Degrees for the *whole Bodies*

dies of *Men* and *Women*, that came out, half muffled in their Night-Caps, and ranged themſelves in excellent Order, and with a profound ſilence. Now (ſays *Death*) let every one ſpeak in his Turn; And in the inſtant, up comes One of the *Dead* to my very Beard, with ſo much Fury and Menace in his Face and Action, that I would have given him half the Teeth in my Head for a Compoſition. *Theſe Devils of the World* (quoth he) *what would they be at? my Maſters, cannot a poor Wretch be quiet in his Grave for ye? but ye muſt be caſting your Scorns upon him, and charging him with things that upon my Soul, he's as innocent of as the Child that's Unborn. What hurt has he done any of you* (ye Scoundrels you) *to be thus Abuſed?* And I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid I (under your Favourable Correction) who may you be? For I confeſs I have not the Honour either to know or to underſtand ye. *I am* (quoth he) *the Unfortunate* Tony, *that has been in his Grave now this many a fair year, and yet your wiſe Worſhips forſooth have not Wit enough to make your*

Sciocs and your Company merry, but Tony *must still be one half of your Entertainment and Discourse. When any man plays the* Fool *or the* Extravagant, *presently he's a* Tony. *Who drew this or that Ridiculous Piece?* Tony. *Such or such a one was never well taught:* No, he had a *Tony* to his Master. But let me tell ye, he that shall call your Wisdoms to shrift, and take a strict accompt of all your words and actions, will upon the Upshot find you all a Company of *Tonys*: and in effect the *Greater Impertinents*. As for Instance: *Did I ever make Ridiculous Wills* (as you do) *to oblige others to pray for a man in his Grave, that never pray'd for Himself in his Life? Did I ever rebel against my Superiours? Or, was I ever so arrant a Coxcomb, as by colouring my Cheeks and Hair, to imagine that I could reform Nature and make my self young again? Can ye say that ever I put an Oath to a Lye; or broke a solemn promise, as you do every day that goes over your Heads? Did I ever enslave my self to money? Or, on the other side make Ducks and Drakes with it? and squander it away in Gaming,* Revel-

Revelling, and Whoring? Did my Wife ever wear the Breeches? Or, did I ever marry at all, to be reveng'd of a falſe Miſtreſs? Was I ever ſo very a Fool as to believe any man would be true to me, who had betray'd his Friend? Or to venture all my hopes upon the Wheel of Fortune? Did I ever envy the Felicity of a Court-Life, that ſells and ſpends all for a Glance? What pleaſure did I ever take in the lewd Diſcourſes of Hereticks *and* Libertines? *Or did I ever Liſt my ſelf in the party, to get the name of a* Gifted Brother? *Who ever ſaw me Inſolent to my Inferiours, or baſely Servile to my Betters? Did I ever go to a Conjurer, or to your Dealers in Nativities and Horoſcopes upon any occaſion of Loſs or Death? Now if you your ſelves be guilty of all theſe Fopperies, and I innocent, I beſeech ye where's the* Tony? ſo that you ſee *Tony* is not the *Tony* you take him for. But (to Crown his other Vertues) he is alſo endued with ſo large a ſtock of Patience, that whoever needed it, had it for the asking: Unleſs it were ſuch as came to borrow mony; or in Caſes of Women, that claim'd Marriage of him:

or *Laquais* that would be making sport with his Bauble; and to These, He was as Resolute as *John Florio*.

While we were upon this Discourse, another of the Dead came marching up to me, with a Spanish pace and gravity, and giving me a Touch o' the Elbow, *Look in my face* (quoth he with a stern Countenance) *and know Sir, that you are not now to have to do with a Tony.* I beseech your Lordship (said I, saving your Reverence) let me know your Honour, that I may pay my respects accordingly, for I must confess, I thought all people here had been, *Hail fellow well met.* I am call'd (quoth he) by Mortals *Queen Dick*; and whether you know me or not, I'm sure you think and talk of me often enough, and if the Devil did not possess ye, you would let the dead alone, and content your selves to prosecute one another. Ye can't see a High Crown'd Hat, a Threed-bare Cloak, a Basket-Hilt Sword or a Dudgeon Dagger, nay not so much as a Reverend Matron, well stricken in years, but presently ye cry, This or That's of the Mode or Date of

Queen

Queen Dick. If ye were not every Mother's Child of ye ſtark mad, ye would confeſs that *Queen Dick's* were Golden days to thoſe ye have had ſince, and 'tis an eaſie matter to prove what I ſay. Will ye ſee a Mother now teaching her Daughter a Leſſon of good Government? *Child* (ſays ſhe) *you know that modeſty is the great Ornament of your Sex; wherefore be ſure, when ye come in Company, that you don't ſtand ſtaring the men in the Face, as if ye were looking Babies in their Eyes, but rather look a little Downward, as a Faſhion of Behaviour more ſuitable to the Obligations of your Sex.* Downward? (ſays the Girl) I beſeech you, Madam, Excuſe me: This was well enough in the Days of *Queen Dick*, when the poor Creatures knew no better. Let the Men look downward towards the Clay of which they were made, but Man was our Original, and it will become us to keep our Eyes upon the matter from whence we came. If a Father give his Son in Charge, *to Worſhip his Creator, to ſay his Prayers Morning and Evening, to give Thanks before and after Meat, to have a*

Care

care of Gaming and Swearing. Ye shall have the Son make Answer, that 'tis true, this was practis'd in the time of *Queen Dick*; but it is now quite out of Mode: And in plain *English*, men are better known now adays by their *Atheism* and *Blasphemy*, than by their *Beards*.

Hereupon, *Queen Dick* withdrew, and then appear'd a large *Glass-Bottle*, wherein was Luted up (as I heard) a famous *Necromancer*, hackt and minc'd according to his own Order, to render him immortal. It was boiling upon a Quick Fire, and the Flesh by little and little began to piece again, and made first an Arm, then a Thigh, after that a Leg; and at last there was an entire Body, that rais'd it self upright in the Bottle. Bless me (thought I) what's here? A *Man* made of a *Pottage*, and brought into the World out of the Belly of a Bottle? This Vision affrighted me to the very Heart; and while I was yet panting and trembling, a voice was heard out of the Glass. *In what year of our Lord are we?* 1636. (quoth I) *And welcome, said he; for 'tis the happy*

year

year I have longed for so many a day. Who is it, I pray'e (quoth I) that I now see and hear in the Belly of this Bottle? I am (said he) the Great *Necromancer* of *Europe*; and certainly you cannot but have heard both of my Operations in General, and of this particular Design. I have heard talk of you from a Child (quoth I) but all those stories I took only for old Wives Fables. You are the man then it seems; I must confess that at first at a distance I took this Bottle for the Vessel that the ingenious *Rablais* makes mention of; but coming near enough to see what was in it, I did then imagine it might be some *Philosopher by the Fire*, or some *Apothecary* doing Penance for his Errours. In fine, it has cost me many a heavy step to come hither, and yet to see so great a Rarity I cannot but think my Time and Pains very well bestowed. The *Necromancer* call'd to me then to unstop the Bottle, and as I was breaking the Clay to open it: Hold, Hold a little, he cry'd; and I prethee tell me first how go squares in *Spain*? What Money? Force? Credit? The *Plate Fleets* go

and

and come (ſaid I) reaſonably well; but the Foreigners that come in for their ſhips have half ſpoil'd the Trade. The *Genoeſes* run out as far as the Mountains of *Potoſi*, and have almoſt drain'd them dry. My Child (quoth He) That Trade can never be ſecure and open, ſo long as *Spain* has any Enemy that's Potent at Sea. And for the *Genoeſes*, they'l tell you this is no Injuſtice at all, but on the Contrary, a new way of quitting old ſcores, and juſtifying his Catholick Majeſty for a good Pay-Maſter. I am no Enemy to that Nation, but upon the Accompt of their Vices and Encroachments; and I confeſs, rather than ſee theſe Raſcals proſper, I'd turn my ſelf into a *Bouillon* again, as ye ſaw me juſt now; nay, I did not care if 'twere into a *Powder*, though I ended my days in a *Tobacco box*. Good Sir, (ſaid I) comfort your ſelf, for theſe people are as miſerable as you'd wiſh them. You know they are *Cavaliers* and *Signiors* already, and now (forſooth) they have an itch upon them to be *Princes*: A vanity that gnaws them like a *Cancer*; and by drawing on great Expences, breeds a

Worm

Worm in their Traffick, ſo that you'l find little but Debt and Extravagance at the foot of the Accompt. And then the *Devil's* in them for a Wench, inſomuch, that 'tis well, if they bring both ends together; for what's gotten upon the *Change* is ſpent in the *Stews*.

This is well (quoth the *Necromancer*) and I'm glad to hear it. Pray'e tell me now, what price bears *Honour and Honeſty*, in the World? There's much to be ſaid (quoth I) upon that point; but in brief, there was never more of it in *Talk*, nor leſs in *Effect*. Upon my *Honeſty*, crys the *Tradeſman*: Upon my *Honour*, ſays his *Lordſhip*. And in a word, Every man has it, and Every thing is it, in ſome diſguiſe or other: but duly conſidered, there's no ſuch thing upon the Face of the Earth. The *Thief* ſays, 'tis more *Honourable* to *Take* than *Beg*. He that asks an *Alms*, pleads that 'tis *Honeſter* to *Beg* than *Steal*. Nay the *Falſe Witneſſes* and *Murtherers* themſelves, ſtand upon their points, as well as their Neighbours, and will tell ye that a *Man* of *Honour* will rather be *buried alive* than *Submit*: (though they will

will not always do as they say) Upon the whole matter, every man sets up a *Court of Honour* within *himself*; pronounces every thing *Honourable* that serves his *Purpose*, and laughs at them that think otherwise. To say the truth, all things are now *Topsie Turvie*. A good *Faculty* in *Lying* is a fair step to *Preferment*; and to pack a game at Cards, or help the frail Dye, is become the *Marque* and *Glory* of a *Cavalier*. The *Spaniards* were heretofore, I confess, a very Brave and well govern'd People: But they have Evil Tongues among them now adays, that say they might e'en go to School to the *Indians* to learn *Sobriety* and *Vertue*. For they are not really *Sober*, but at their own Tables, which indeed is rather *Avarice*, than Moderation; for when they Eat or Drink at another man's Cost, there are no greater Gluttons in the World; and for Fudling, they shall make the best *Pot-Companion* in *Switzerland* knock under the Table.

The *Necromancer* went on with his Discourse, and askt me what store of *Lawyers* and *Attorneys* in *Spain* at present?

sent? I told him, that the whole world swarm'd with them, and that there were of several sorts; some, by *Profession*; Others by *Intrusion*, and *Presumption*; and some again by *Study*, but not many of the last, though indeed sufficient of every kind to make the People pray for the *Egyptian Locusts* and *Caterpillars* in Exchange for that *Vermine*. Why then (quoth the *Necromancer*) if there be such Plagues abroad, I think I had best e'en keep where I am. It is with *Justice* (said I) as with *sick-men*; in time past, when we had fewer *Doctors* (as well of *Law* as of *Physick*) we had more *Right*, and more *Health*: but we are now destroy'd by *Multitudes*, and *Consultations* which serve to no Other end than to enflame both the *Distemper*, and the *Reckoning*. *Justice*, as well as *Truth* went naked *in the days of Old*; One single *Book* of *Laws* and *Ordinances*, was enough for the best Order'd Government in the world. But the *Justice of our Age*, is trickt up with *Bills*, *Parchments*, *Writs*, and *Labels*; and furnish'd with Millions of *Codes*, *Digests*, *Pandects*, *Pleadings*,

Pleadings, *and Reports*; And what their use, but to make *wrangling* a *Science*? and to Embroil us in Seditious Suits, and Endless Trouble and Confusion? We have had more Books publisht this last Twenty years, than in a Thousand before; and there hardly passes a Term without a New Author, in four or five Volumes at least, under the Titles of *Glosses*, *Commentaries*, *Cases*, *Judgments*, &c. And the great strife is, who writes *Most*, not *Best*; so that the whole Bulk, is but a *Body* without a *Soul*, and fitter for a *Church-Yard* than a *Study*. To say the truth, These *Lawyers* and *Sollicitors*, are but so many *Smoak-Merchants*, *Sellers of Wind*, and *Troublers of the Publick Peace*. If there were no *Attorneys*, there would be no *Suits*; if no *Suits*, No *Cheats*, No *Serjeants*, No *Catchpoles*, No *Prisons*; If No *Prisons*, No *Judges*; No *Judges*, No *Passion*; No *Passion*, No *Bribery*, or *Subornation*.

See nowwhat a Train of Mischiefs one wretched *Petty Fogger* draws after him; if you go to him for Counsel, he hears your Story, Reads your Case, and

and tells you very gravely: Sir, This is a nice point, and would be well handled; We'll see what the Law says. And then he runs ye over with his Eye and Fingers, a matter of a hundred Volumes, grumbling all the while like a Cat that claws in her play 'twixt Jest and Earnest. At last down comes the Book, he shews the Law, bids you leave your Papers, and he'll study the Question. But your Case is very good (says he) by what I see already, and if you'll come again in the *Evening*, or *to morrow Morning*, I'le tell ye more. But pardon me, Sir, now I think on't, I am retain'd upon the business of the *Fens*, it cannot be till *Monday next*, and then I'm for ye. When ye are to part, and that you come to the Greasing of his Fist; (The best thing in the World both for the Wit and Memory) *Good Lord! Sir*, (says he) *what do you mean? I beseech you, Sir*; *Nay pray'e, Sir*, and if he spies you drawing back, the Paw opens, seizes the *Guineys*, *and good morrow Country-man.* Say'st thou me so? (quoth the good Fellow in the Glass) stop me up close again as thou lov'st me then.

for the very Air of these Rascals will poyson me, if ever I put my head out of this Bottle, till the whole Race of them be extinct: in the mean time, take this for a Rule: *He that would thrive by Law must fee his Enemies Counsel as well as his own.*

But now ye talk of great Cheats; what News of the *Venetians*? Is *Venice* still in the World or no? *In the World* do ye say? Yes, marry is't (said I) and stands just where it did. Why then (quoth he) I prithee give it to the Devil from me as a Token of my Love; for 'tis a Present equal to the severest Revenge. Nothing can ever destroy that Republick but Conscience; and then you'l say 'tis like to be Long-liv'd; for if every man had his own, it would not be left worth a *Groat*. To speak freely, 'tis an odd kind of *Common-wealth*. 'Tis the very *Arse-Gut*, the *Drain* and *Sink* of *Monarchies*, both in War and Peace. It helps the *Turk* to Vex the *Christians*, and the *Christians* to Gall the *Turk*, and maintains it self to torment both. The *Inhabitants* are neither *Moors* nor *Christians*, as appears by

by a *Venetian Captain*, in a *Combate* against a *Christian Enemy*: *Stand to't my Masters* (says he) *Ye were Venetians before ye were Christians.*

Enough, enough, of this, cry'd the *Necromancer*, and tell me, how stand the people affected? what *Malecontents* and *Mutineers*? *Mutiny* (said I) is so universal a Disease, that every Kingdom is (in effect) but a Great Hospital, or rather a Bedlam (for all men are mad) to entertain the disaffected. There's no stirring for me then (quoth the *Necromancer*) but pray'e commend me however to those busie Fools, and tell them, that carry what face they will, there's *Vanity* and *Ambition* in the *Pad*. *Kings* and *Princes* have their Nature much of *Quick-Silver*. They are in *perpetual Agitation*, and without any *Repose*. Press them too hard, (that is to say beyond the Bounds of Duty and Reason) and they are lost. Ye may observe, that your *Gilders*, and great Dealers in *Quick-Silver*, are generally troubled with the *Palsie*; and so should all *Subjects tremble* that have to do with *Majesty*, and better to do it at first, out

of *Respect*, than *afterward*, upon *Force and Necessity*.

But before I fall to pieces again, as you saw me e'en now (for better so than worse) I beseech you One word more, and it shall be my last. *Who's King of* Spain *now*? You know (said I) that *Philip* the Third is *dead*: Right (quoth he) A Prince of incomparable Piety and Vertue (or my Stars deceive me) After him, (said I) came *Philip* the IV. If it be so (quoth he) break, break my Bottle immediately, and help me out: for I am resolv'd to try my Fortune in the World once again, under the Reign of that Glorious Prince. And with that word, he dasht the Glass to pieces against a Rock, crept out of his Case, and away he ran. I had a good mind to have kept him Company; but as I was just about to start, Let him go, let him go, cry'd one of the Dead; (and laid hold of my Arm.) He has Devillish Heels, and you'l never overtake him.

So I staid, and what should I see next? but a wondrous Old Man, whose Name might have been *Bucephalus* by his *Head*,

and

and the hair on his Face might very well have ſtuff'd a couple of Cuſhions; take him together, and you'll find his Picture in the Map, among the *Savages*. I need not tell ye that I ſtared upon him ſufficiently; and he taking notice of it, came to me, and told me; Friend (ſays he) my Spirit tells me that you are now in pain to know who I am; Underſtand, that my name is *Noſtradamus*. Are you the Author then (quoth I) of that *Gallimaufry of Prophecies* that's publiſht in your Name? *Gallimaufry* ſay'ſt thou? Impudent and Barbarous Raſcal that thou art; to deſpiſe Myſteries, that are above thy reach, and to revile the Secretary of the Stars, and the Interpreter of the Deſtinies; Who is ſo brutal as to doubt the meaning of theſe Lines?

From ſecond Cauſes, This I gather,
Nought ſhall befall us, Good or Ill,
Either upon the Land or Water,
But what the Great Diſpoſer will.

Reprobated and beſotted Villains that ye are! what greater bleſſing

could betide the World, than the Accomplishment of this Prophecy? would it not establish Justice and Holiness, and suppress all the vile suggestions and motions of the Devil? Men would not then any longer set their Hearts upon Avarice, Cozening, and Extortion; and make Money their God; That Vagabond Money, that's perpetually trotting up and down like a wandering Whore, and takes up most commonly with the unworthy, leaving the *Philosophers* and *Prophets*, which are the very *Oracles* of the *Heavens* (such as *Nostradamus*) to go bare-foot. But let's go on with our *Prophecies*, and see if they be so frivolous and dark, as the World reports them.

When the marry'd shall marry,
Then the Jealous will be sorry,
And though Fools will be talking,
To keep their tongues walking;
No man runs well I find,
But with's Elbows behind.

This gave me such a fit of laughing, that it made me cast my nose up into the

Air,

Air, like a Stone Horſe that hath got a Mare in the Wind: Which put the *Aſtrologer* out of all patience. Buffoon, and Dog-whelp, as ye are (quoth he) There's a Bone for you to pick; you muſt be ſnarling and ſnapping at every thing. Will your Teeth ſerve you now to fetch out the Marrow of this Prophecie? Hear then in the Devils name, and be mannerly. Hear, and learn, I ſay, and let's have no more of that Grinning, unleſs ye have a mind to leave your Beard behind ye. Do you imagine that all that are *marry'd*, *marry?* No, not the one half of them. When you are *marry'd*, the *Prieſt* has done his part; but after that, to *marry*; is to do the Duty of a *Husband*. Alack! How many *marry'd* men live as if they were ſingle; and how many *Batchelors* on the other ſide as if they were *marry'd*! after the Mode of the Times. And *Wedlock* to divers Couples, *is no other than a more ſociable ſtate of Virginity.* Here's one half of my Prophecie expounded already, now for the reſt. Let me ſee you run a little for Experiment, and try if you carry your El-

bows *before* or *behind*. You'l tell me perhaps, that this is ridiculous, becauſe every body knows it. A pleaſant ſhift As if Truth were the worſe for being plain. The things indeed which you deliver for *Truths*, are for the moſt part meer *Fooleries* and *Miſtakes*; and it were a hard matter to put truth in ſuch a Dreſs as would pleaſe ye. What have ye to ſay now, either againſt my Prophecie or my Argument? not a Syllable I warrant ye, and yet ſomewhat there is to be ſaid, for *There's no Rule without an Exception.* Does not the *Phyſician* carry his *Elbow before him*, when he puts back his hand to take his Patients Money? And away he's gone in a trice, ſo ſoon as he has made his Purchaſe. But to proceed, here's another of my Prophecies for ye:

Many Women ſhall be Mothers,
And their Babbies,
Their N'own Daddies.

What ſay you to this now? are there not many *Husbands* do ye think (if the Truth were known) that Father *more*

Children

Children than *their own*? Believe me (Friend) *A man had need have good security upon a Womans Belly*, for *Children* are commonly made in the *Dark*, and 'tis no easie matter to know the *Workman*, especially having nothing but the Womans bare word for't. This is meant of the Court of *Assistance*; And whoever interprets my Prophecies to the prejudice of any Person of Honour, abuses me. You little think what a World of our Gay folks in their *Coaches and six*, with *Lacqueys* at their Heels by the Dozens, will be found *at the last Day*, to be only the *Bastards* of some *Pages*, *Gentlemen-Ushers*, or *Valets de Chambre* of the Family; nay perchance the *Physician* may have had his hand in the wrong Box, and in case of a necessity, good use has been made of a *lusty Coachmen*. Little do you think (I say) how many Noble Families upon that Grand Discovery, will be found extinct for want of Issue.

I am now convinc'd (said I to the *Mathematician*) of the Excellency of your Predictions; and I perceive (since you have been pleas'd to be your own Inter-

Interpreter) that they have more weight in them, than we were aware of. Ye shall have one more (quoth he) and I have done.

This Year, if I've any skill i'th' Weather, shall many a one take Wing with a Feather.

I dare say that your wit will serve ye now to imagine, that I'm talking of *Rooks* and *Jack-Daws*; but I say, No. I speak of *Lawyers*, *Attorneys*, *Clerks*, *Scriveners*, and their Fellows, that with the dash of a *Pen*, can defeat their *Clients* of their *Estates*, and *fly away with them* when they have done.

Upon these Words *Nostradamus* vanisht, and some body plucking me behind, I turn'd my face upon the most meager, melancholick Wretch that ever was seen, and cover'd all in white. For pity's sake (says he) and as you are a good Christian, do but deliver me from the persecution of these *Impertinents* and *Babblers* that are now tormenting me, and I'le be your Slave for ever (casting himself at my feet in the same Mo-

Moment; and crying like a Child) And what art thou (quoth I) for a miserable Creature? I am (says he) an ancient and an honest man, although defam'd with a thousand reproaches and slanders: And in fine, some call me *Another*, and others *Some body*, and doubtless ye cannot but have heard of me. As *Some-body* says, cry's one, that has nothing to say for himself; and yet till this instant, I never so much as open'd my mouth. The *Latines* call me *Quidam*, and make good use of me to fill up Lines, and stop Gaps. When ye go back again into the World, I pray ye do me the favour to own that you have seen me, and to justifie me for one that never did, and never will either speak or write any thing, whatever some Tatling Ideots may pretend. When they bring me into *Quarrels* and *Brawls*, I am call'd forsooth, *A certain Person*: In their *Intrigues*, *I know not who*; and in the Pulpit, *A certain Author*: and all this to make a Mystery of my Name, and lay all their Fooleries at my door. Wherefore I beseech ye help me; which I promis'd to do.

And

And so this Vision withdrew to make place for another.

And that was the most frightful piece of *Antiquity*, that ever eye beheld in the shape of an *Old Woman*. She came *nodding* towards me, and in a Hollow, Rattling Tone (for she spoke more with her *Chops*, than her *Tongue*) *Pray'e* (says she) *Is there not some body come lately hither from the other World?* This Apparition, (thought I) is undoubtedly one of the *Devils Scare-Crows*. Her *Eyes* were so sunk in their *Sockets*, that they lookt like a pair of *Dice* in the bottom of a couple of *Red-boxes*. Her *Cheeks* and the *Soles* of her *Feet*, were of the same *Complexion*. Her *mouth* was *pale*, and *open* too; the better to receive the *Distillations* of her *Nose*. Her *Chin* was cover'd with a kind of *Goose down*, as *Toothless* as a *Lamprey*; and the *Flaps* of her *Cheeks* were like an *Apes Bag*; her *Head danc'd*, and her *Voice* at every word *kept time* to't. Her *Body* was vail'd, or rather wrapt up in a shroud of *Crepe*. She had a *Crutch* in one hand, which serv'd her for a *Supporter*: and a *Rosary* in t'other,

of

of such a length, that as she was stooping over it, a man would have thought she had been fishing for *Deaths Heads*. When I had done gaping upon this *Epitome of past Ages*; *Hola! Grannam* (quoth I, good lustily in her Ear, taking for granted that she was deaf) what's your pleasure with me? With that she gave a Grunt, and being much in wrath to be called *Grannam*; clapt a pair of Spectacles upon her *Nose*, and pinking through them; I am, quoth she, neither *Deaf* nor *Grannam*; but may be call'd by my Name as well as my Neighbours, (giving to understand, that Women will take it ill to be called Old, even in their very Graves.) As she spake, she came still nearer me, with her Eyes dropping, and the smell about her perfectly of a dead Body. I begg'd her pardon for what was past, and for the future her Name, that I might be sure to keep my self within the Bounds of Respect. I am call'd (says she) *Donegna*, or *Madam the Gouvernante*. How's that? quoth I, in a great amazement. Have ye any of those Cattle in this Country?

Let

Let the Inhabitants pray heartily for Peace then; and all little enough to keep them quiet. But to see my mistake now. I thought the *Women* had *dyed*, when they came to be *Gouvernantes*, and that for the punishment of a wicked World, the *Gouvernantes* had been *immortal*. But I am now better inform'd, and very glad truly to meet with a person I have heard so much talk of. For with us, Who but *Madam the Gouvernante* at every turn? Do ye see that *Mumping Hag*, cry one? Come here, ye *Damn'd Jade*, cry's another. That *Old Bawd*, says a third, has forgotten, I warrant ye, that ever she was a *Whore*, and now see if we do not remember ye: You do so, and I'm in your debt for your remembrance, the *Great Devil* be your *Paymaster*, ye Son of a Whore, you; Are there no more *Gouvernantes* than my self? Sure there are, and you may have your choice, without affronting me. Well, well, (said I) have a little patience, and at my return I'le try if I can put things in better order. But in the mean time, what business have you here?

here? Her *Reverence* upon this was a little Qualified, and told me, that she had now been *eight hundred years in Hell*, upon a design to erect an Order of the *Gouvernantes*; but the Right *Worshipful the Devil-Commissioners*, are not as yet come to any Resolution upon the Point. For, say they, if your *Gouvernantes* should come once to settle here, there would need no other Tormentors, and we should be but so many *Jacks out of Office*. And besides, we should be perpetually at *Daggers Drawing* about the *Brands* and *Candle-Ends* which they would still be filching, and laying out of the way; and for us to have our Fuel to seek, would be very inconvenient. I have been in *Purgatory* too (said she) upon the same Project, but there so soon as ever they set eye on me, all the Souls cry'd out unanimously, *Libera nos*, &c. As for *Heaven* That's no place for *Quarrels*, *Slanders*, *Disquiets*, *Heart-burnings*, and consequently none for *Me*. The *Dead* are none of my Friends neither, for they grumble, and bid me let them alone as they do me; and be gone into the World

World again if I please, and there (they tell me) I may play the *Gouvernante in secula seculorum.* But truly I had rather be here at my ease, than spend my life crumpling, and brooding over a Carpet at a Bed-side, like a thing of Clouts, to secure the Poultry of the Family from strange Cocks, which would now and then have a Brush with a Virgin Pullet, but for the care of the *Gouvernantes.* And yet 'tis she, good Woman, bears all the blame, in case of any miscarriage: The *Gouvernante* was presently of the Plot, she *had a Feeling in her Cause, a Finger in the Pye.* And 'tis she, in fine, that must answer for all. Let but a Sock, an old Handkercher, the Greasie Lining of a Masque or any such Frippery piece of busines be missing; Ask the *Gouvernante* for this or for that. And in short they take us certainly for so many *Storks* and *Ducks*, to gather up all the filth about the house. The *Servants* look upon us as *Spies* and *Tell-Tales*: My *Cousin* forsooth, and t'others *Aunt* dares not come to the house, for fear of the *Gouvernante.* And indeed I have

have made many of them *Croſs* themſelves, that took me for a Ghoſt. Our *Maſters* they curſe us too, for Embroiling the Family. So that I have rather choſen to take up here, betwixt the *Dead* and the *Living*, than to return again to my Charge of a *Douegna*, the very ſound of the Name being more Terrible than a Gibbet. As appears by one that was lately Travelling from *Madrid*, to *Vailladolid*, and asking where he might lodge that night; Anſwer was made at a ſmall Village call'd *Douegnas*. But is there no other place (quoth he) within ſome reaſonable Diſtance either ſhort or beyond it? They told him no, unleſs it were at a *Gallows*. That ſhall be my *Quarter* then (quoth he) for a *thouſand* Gibbets are not ſo bad to me as one *Douegna*. Now ye ſee how we are abus'd (quoth the *Gouvernante*) I hope you'l do us ſome Right when it lies in your Power.

She would have talkt me to Death, if I had not given her the ſlip upon the removing of her Spectacles; but I could not ſcape ſo neither, for looking about me for a Guide to carry me home

again; I was arrested by one of the *Dead*: a good proper Fellow, only he had a pair of *Rams-horns* on his head, and I was about to salute him for *Aries* in the *Zodiac*: but when I saw him plant himself, just before me, with his *best Leg* forward, stretching out his Arms, clutching his Fists, and looking as Sour as if he would have *Eaten* me without *Mustard*; Doubtless, (said I) *the Devil is Dead and This is He.* No, No, cry'd a By-stander, This is a *man*: Why then (said I) he's Drunk, I perceive, and *Quarrelsome in his Ale*, for here's no body has touched him. With that as he was just ready to fall on, I stood to my Guard, and we were arm'd at all points alike, only he had the Odds of the Head-piece. Now, Sirrah, (says he) *have at ye*, slave that you are to make a Trade of Defaming Persons of Honour. By the Death that Commands here, I'll ha' my Revenge, and *turn your Skin over your Ears*: This Insolent Language stir'd my Choler I confess, and so I call'd to him; *Come, come on, Sirrah; a little nearer yet, and if ye have a mind to be twice kill'd,*

I'le

I'll do your business; who the Devil brought this Cornuto *hither to trouble me?* The word was no sooner out, but we were immediately at it, Tooth and Nail, and if his Horns had not been flatted to his head, I might have had the worst on't. But the whole Ring presently came in to part us, and did me a singular kindness in't, for my Adversary had a Fork, and I had none. As they were *staving and Tayling*, You might have had more manners (cry'd one) than to give such language to your betters, and to call *Don Diego Moreno Cuckold.* And is this that *Diego Moreno* then, said I? Rascal that he is to charge me with abusing persons of Honour. A Scoundrel (said I) that 'tis a shame for Death to be seen in's Company, and was never fit for any thing in his whole life but to furnish matter for a Farce. And that's my Grievance, Gentlemen, (quoth *Don Diego*) for which with your Leave he shall give me satisfaction. I do not stand upon the matter of being a Cuckold, for there's many a brave fellow lives in *Cuckolds-Row.* But why does he not name *others* as well as

me? As if the Horn grew upon no bodies Head but mine: I'm ſure there are others that a thouſand times better deſerve it. I hope he cannot ſay, that ever I gor'd any of my Superiours; or that my being *Cornuted* has rais'd the Price of *Poſt-horns*, *Lanthorns*, or *Pocket Ink-horns*. Are not *Shooing-horns*, and *Knife handles* as cheap now as ever? Why muſt I walk the ſtage then more than my Neighbours? Beyond queſtion there never liv'd a more peaceable Wretch upon the face of the Earth all things conſidered than my ſelf. Never was man freer from *Jealouſie*, or more careful to ſtep aſide at the time of Viſit: For I was ever againſt the ſpoiling of ſport when I could make None my ſelf. I confeſs I was not ſo charitable to the poor as I might have been; The truth of't is, I watcht them as a Cat would do a Mouſe, for I did not love them. But then in Requital, I could have out-ſnorted the ſeven ſleepers, when any of the better ſort came to have a word in private with my Wife. The ſhort on't is, We agreed bleſſedly well together, ſhe and I: for I did whatever

ever she would have me: and she would say a thousand and a thousand times: *Long live my poor Diego, the best Conditioned, the most complaisant Husband in the World: whatever I do is well done, and he never so much as opens his mouth good or bad.* But by her leave that was little to my Credit, and the Jade when she said it, was besides the Cushion. For many and many a time have I said, *This is Well* and *That's Ill.* When there came any *Poets* to our House, *Fidlers* or *Morrice-Dancers*, I would say *This is not well.* But when the *Rich Merchants* came; *Oh very good*, would I say, *This is as well as well can be.* Sometime we had the hap to be visited by some *Pennyless Courtier*, or *Low-Country Officer* perchance; then should I take her aside, and Rattle her to some Tune: *Sweet heart*, would I say, *Pray'e what ha' we to do with these Frippery Fellows, and Damne Boyes, shake them off, I'd advise ye, and take this for a warning.* But when any came that had to do with the *Mint* or *Chequer*, and spent freely, (for lightly come, lightly go) *I marry, my Dear* (quoth I) *there's*

nothing to be loſt by keeping ſuch Company. And what hurt in all this now? Nay, on the contrary, my poor Wife enjoy'd her ſelf happily under the Protection of my ſhadow, and being a *Femme Couverte*, not an Officer durſt come near her. Why ſhould then this *Buffoon* of a *Poetaſter* make *me* ſtill the *Ridiculous Entertainment* of all his *Interludes* and *Farces*, and *the Fool in the Play?* By your favour (quoth I) we are not yet upon even terms; And before we part, you ſhall know what 'tis to provoke a *Poet*. If thou wert but now alive, I'd *write* thee to *Death*, as *Archilochus* did *Lycambes*. And I'm reſolv'd to put the Hiſtory of thy Life in a Satyre, as ſharp as Vinegar, and give it the Name of *The Life and Death of Don Diego Moreno*. It ſhall go hard, (quoth he) but I'le prevent that, and ſo We fell to't again, Hand and Foot, till at length the very Fancy of a Scuffle wak'd me, and I found my ſelf as weary, as if it had been a Real Combat. I began then to reflect upon the Particulars of my Dream, and to conſider what Advan-

tage

tage I might draw from it; for the *Dead* are past *fooling*, and *Those are the soundest Counsels, which we receive from such as advise us without either Passion or Interest.*

The end of the second Vision.

THE THIRD VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

HOmer makes *Jupiter* the Author, or Inſpirer of Dreams; eſpecially the Dreams of Princes and Governers; and if the matter of them be pious and important. And it is likewiſe the Judgment of the Learned *Propertius*, that *Good Dreams come from above, have their weight, and ought not to be ſlighted.* And truly I am much of his mind, in the Caſe of a Dream I had the other Night. As I was reading a Diſcourſe touching the *End of the World*, I fell aſleep over the Book, and Dreamt of *The Laſt Judgment.* (A thing which in the Houſe of a Poet is ſcarce admitted ſo much as in a Dream.) This Phanſie minded me of a Paſſage in *Claudian*; *That all Creatures dream*

dream at Night of what they have heard and seen in the Day: as the Hound dreams of hunting the Hare.

Methought I saw a very handsome Youth towring in the Air, and sounding of a Trumpet; but the forcing of his Breath did indeed take off much of his Beauty. The very Marbles, I perceived, and the Dead obey'd his Call; for in the same moment the Earth began to open, and set the Bones at Liberty, to seek their Fellows. The first that appear'd, were *Sword-men*; As *Generals of Armies*, *Captains*, *Lieutenants*, *Common-Souldiers*; who supposing that it had *sounded a Charge*, came out of their Graves, with the same Briskness and Resolution, as if they had been going to an Assault or a Combat. The *Misers* put their Heads out, all Pale and Trembling, for fear of a *Plunder*. The *Cavaliers* and *Good Fellows* believed they had been going to a *Horse-Race*, or a *Hunting-match*. And in fine, though they all heard the *Trumpet*, there was not any Creature knew the meaning of it (for I could read their Thoughts by their Looks and Gestures)

ſtures) After this, there appear'd a great many *Souls*, whereof ſome came up to their *Bodies*, though with much Difficulty and Horrour; Others ſtood wondring at a Diſtance, not daring to come near ſo hideous and frightful a Spectacle. This wanted an Arm, That an Eye, T'other a Head. Upon the whole, though I could not but ſmile at the Proſpect of ſo ſtrange a variety of Figures; yet it was not without juſt matter of Admiration at the *all powerful Providence*, to ſee *Order* drawn out of *Confuſion*, and every part reſtor'd to the right Owner. I Dreamt my ſelf then in a *Church-Yard*; and there me-thought, divers that were loth to appear, were changing of Heads; and an *Attorney* would have *demurr'd* upon pretence that he had got a Soul was none of his Own, and that his Body and Soul were not fellows.

At length, when the whole Congregation came to underſtand that This was *the Day of Judgment*, it was worth the while, to obſerve what ſhifting and ſhuffling there was among the *Wicked*. The *Epicure* and *Whoremaſter* would not

not own his *Eyes*, nor the *Slanderers* his *Tongue*, because they'd be sure to appear in Evidence against them. The *Pick-Pockets* ran away as hard as they could drive from their own *Fingers*. There was one that had been Embalm'd in *Egypt*, and staying for his *Tripes*, an Old Usurer aske him, if the *Bags* were to rise with the *Bodies*? I could have laught at this Question, but I was presently taken up with a Crowd of *Cut-purses*, running full speed from their own Ears (that were offer'd them again) for fear of the sad Stories they expected to hear. I saw all this from a Convenient Standing; and in the instant, There was an Outcry at my Feet, *Withdraw, Withdraw*. The word was no sooner given, but down I came, and immediately a great many *Handsome Ladies* put forth their Heads and call'd me Clown, for not paying them that Respect and Ceremony which belong'd to their Quality (now you must know that the *Women* stand upon their Pantoffles, even in Hell it self) They seem'd at first very Gay and Frolick; and truly, well enough pleas'd to be

seen

seen naked, for they were *clean skin'd* and *well-made*. But when they came to understand that this was *the great Day of Accompt*; Their Consciences took Check, and all the Jollity was dasht in a moment: Whereupon they took to the Valley, miserably Listless, and out of Humour; There was One among the rest, that had had *seven Husbands*, and promis'd every one of them never to marry again, for she could never love any thing else she was sure; This Lady was casting about for Fetches, and Excuses, and what answer she should make to that point. Another that had been as Common as *Ratcliff Highway*, would *neither Lead nor Drive*, and stood *Humming* and *Hawing* a good while, pretending she had forgot her *Night-Gear*, and such Fooleries; but spight of her heart, she was brought at last within sight of the Throne, where she found a World of her old Acquaintance that she had carry'd part of their way to Hell; who had no sooner set Eye on her, but they fell a *Pointing* and *Hooting*, so that she took up her Heels and Herded herself in a Troop of *Serjeants*.

After

After This, I saw a many People driving a *Physician* along the bank of a River, and these were only such as He had unnecessarily dispatcht before their time. They follow'd him, with Cries of *Justice*, *Justice*, and forc'd him on toward the *Judgment-Seat*, where they arriv'd in the end with much ado. While This pass'd, I heard, methought, upon my left hand a *Padling* in the *Water*, as if one had been Swimming, and what should this be, but a *Judge* in the middle of a River, washing and rinsing his hands over and over. I askt him the meaning of it; and he told me, that *in his life time he had been often dawb'd in the Fist, to make the business slip the better, and he would willingly get out the Grease before he came to hold up his hand at the Bar.* There follow'd next a multitude of *Vintners* and *Taylers*, under the Guard of a Legion of *Devils*, arm'd with *Rods*, *Whips*, *Cudgels*, and other Instruments of Correction: and These Counterfeited themselves Deaf, and were very loth to leave their Graves, for fear of a worse lodging. As they were passing on, up

started

flutted a little *Lawyer*, and askt whither they were going; They made answer, that they were going to give an accompt of their Works. With that the *Lawyer* threw himself flat upon his Belly in his hole again: if I am to go downward at last, (says he) I am thus much onward of my way. The *Vintner* sweat as he walkt till one drop follow'd another; That's well done cry'd a *Devil* at's Elbow, to purge out thy Water, that we may have none in our Wine. There was a *Tayler* wrapt up in *Sarcenets, Crook-finger'd* and *Baker-leg'd*, spake not one word all the way he went, but *Alas! Alas!* how can any man be a *Thief* that dies for want of Bread? but his companions gave him a Rebuke for Discrediting his Trade. The next that appeared were a *Band* of *High-way-men*, following upon the Heels one of another, in great Distrust and Jealousie of Thieves among themselves. These were fetcht up by a Party of Devils in the *turning of a hand* and lodg'd with the *Taylers*; for (said one of the Company) your *High-way-man* is but a *Wild Tayler*. They were a little Quarrelsom at

at first, but in the Conclusion, they went down into the Valley, and Kennell'd quietly together. After these came *Folly* with her Gang of *Poets*, *Fidlers*, *Lovers* and *Fencers*: The people of all the World, that Dream the least of a Day of Reckoning; These were disposed of among the *Hang-men*, *Jews*, *Scribes*, and *Philosophers*. There were also a great many *Sollicitors* wondring among themselves, that they should have so much *Conscience* when they were *Dead*, and none at all *Living*. In fine, the *Word* was given *Silence*.

The *Throne* being *Erected* and *the great Day come*: A Day of *Comfort* to the *Good*, and of *Terrour* to the *Wicked*. The Sun and the Stars waited on the Foot-stool; the *Wind* was *still*; the *Water quiet*; the *Earth* in *suspence* and *Anguish* for fear of her *Children*: And in brief, the whole Creation was in Anxiety and Disorder. The *Righteous* they were employed in *Prayers* and *Thanksgivings*; and the Ungodly in framing of *Shifts* and *Evasions*, to *Extenuate* their Pains. The *Guardian Angels* were at hand, on the one side to acquit themselves

selves of their Duties and Commissions. And on the other side, were the *Devils* hunting for more matters of Aggravation and Charge against Offenders. The *Ten Commandments* had the Guard of a *Narrow Gate*, which was so strait that the most mortify'd body could not pass it without leaving a good part of his skin behind him.

On one hand, there were in Multitudes, *Disgraces*, *Misfortunes*, *Plagues*, *Griefs*, and *Troubles*: All in a Clamour against the *Physician*. The *Plague* Confest indeed, that she had struck many; but 'twas the *Doctor* did their business. *Melancholy* and *Disgrace* said the like; and *Misfortunes* of all sorts made open Protestation, that they never brought any man to his Grave, without the Help and Advice of a *Doctor*. So that the *Gentlemen of the Faculty* were call'd to Account for those they had kill'd, They took their Places upon a Scaffold, with Pen, Ink, and Paper about them; and still as the Dead were call'd, some or other of them answered to the Name, and declared the Year and Day when such a Patient passed through his Hand.

They

They began the Inquiry at *Adam*; who, methought, was severely handled about an Apple. Alas! (cry'd *Judas* that was by) if that were such a fault, what will become of me that sold and betray'd my Lord and Master? Next came the *Patriarchs*, and then the *Apostles* who took their places by Saint *Peter*. It was worth the noting, that at this day there was no distinction between *Kings* and *Beggars*, before the *Judgment-Seat*. *Herod* and *Pilate*, so soon as they put out their heads, found it was like to go hard with them. My Judgment is just (quoth *Pilate*) Alack! (cry'd *Herod*) what have I to trust to? *Heaven* is no place for me, and in *Limbo* I should fall among the Innocents I have murder'd; so that without more ado I must e'en take up my Lodging in *Hell*; The common Receptacle of Notorious Malefactors.

There came in immediately upon this, a kind of a sowre rough-hewn Fellow; Look ye (says he) stretching out his arm, here are my Letters. The Company wonder'd at his humour, and askt the Porter what he was; which

he himself over-hearing, I am (quoth he) a *Master of the Noble Science of Defence*; and plucking out several seal'd Parchments, These (said he) are the Attestations of my Exploits. At which words all his Testimonials fell out of his Hand, and a Couple of Devils would fain have whipt them up, to have brought them in Evidence against him at his Tryal; but the Fencer was too nimble for them, and took them up himself. At which time, an Angel offer'd him his hand to help him in; but he, for fear of an *Attaque*, leapt a step backward, and with great agility, *alonging* withal, Now, (says he) if ye think fit, I'le give ye a Taste of my skill. The Company fell a laughing, and this Sentence was past upon him: *That since by his Rules of Art he had accustomed so many Duels and Manthens; He should himself go to the Devil by a perpendicular Line.* He pleaded for himself, that he was no *Mathematician*, and knew no such Line: but while the word was in his mouth a Devil came up to him, gave him a turn and a half, and down he tumbled.

After

After him, came the *Treasurers*, and such a Cry following them, for Cheating and Stealing, that some said, the *Thieves* were coming; Others said No; And the Company was divided upon't. They were much troubled at the word, *Thieves*, and desir'd the benefit of Counsel to plead their Cause. And very good reason (said one of the *Devils*) Here's a *discarded Apostle* that has executed both Offices, Let them take him, where's *Judas*? When the *Treasurers* heard that, they turn'd aside, and by chance, spy'd in a Devil's hand a huge Roll of *Accusations* ready drawn into a formal *Charge* against them. With that, one of the boldest among them, *Away, Away*, (cry'd he) with these *Informations*; We'll rather come to a Fine and Compound, though it were for ten or twenty thousand years in *Purgatory*. Ha! Ha! (quoth the Devil, a cunning Snap that drew up the Charge) if ye are upon those Terms ye are hard put to't. Whereupon the *Treasurers*, being brought to a forc't put, were e'en glad to make the best of a bad Game, and follow the Fencer.

These were no sooner gone, but in came an unlucky *Pastry-man*; They askt him if he would be try'd. That's e'en as't hits; (said he.) At that Word, the Devil that manag'd the Cause against him, prest his Charge, and laid it home to him, that he had put off *Cats* for *Hares*; and filled his *Pyes* with *Bones* instead of *Flesh*; and not only so, but that he had sold *Horse-flesh*, *Dogs*, and *Foxes*, for *Beef* and *Mutton*. Upon the issue, it was prov'd against him, that *Noah* never had so many *Animals* in his *Ark*, as this poor Fellow had put in his *Pyes*, (for we read of no *Rats* and *Mice* there) so that he e'en gave up his Cause, and went away to see if his Oven were hot. Next, came the *Philosophers* with their *Syllogisms*, and it was no ill Entertainment, to hear them *chop Logick*, and put all their *Expostulations*, in *Mood* and *Figure*. But the pleasanteſt people in the World were the *Poets*; who insisted upon it, that they were to be try'd by *Jupiter*: and to the Charge of *Worshipping false Gods*, their answer was, that through *them* they worshipt the *True One*,

One, and were rather mistaken in the *Name*, than in the *Worship*. *Virgil* had much to say for himself, for his *Sicelides Musæ*; But *Orpheus* interrupted him; who being *the Father of the Poets*, desir'd to be heard for them all. What, *He*? (cry'd one of the Devils) Yes; for teaching that *Boyes were better Bed-fellows* than *Wenches*; but the *Women* had comb'd his Coxcomb for him, if they could have catcht him. *Away with him to Hell once again* then they cry'd; *and let him get out now if he can.* So they all fil'd off, and *Orpheus* was their *Guide*, because he had been there once before. So soon as the *Poets* were gone, there knockt at the Gate a Rich *Penurious Chuffe*; but 'twas told him, that the *Ten Commandments* kept it, and that he had not kept them. It is impossible (quoth he) under favour, to prove that ever I broke any one of them. And so he went to justifie himself from point to point: He had done this and that; and he had never done that nor t'other: but in the end, he was delivered over to be rewarded according to his Works. And then came

on a Company of *House-Breakers*, and *Robbers*; so dextrous, some of them, that they sav'd themselves from the very *Ladders*. The *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys*, observing that; Ah! thought they; if we could but pass for *Thieves* now! And yet they set a Face good enough upon the business too: which made *Judas* and *Mahomet*, hope well of themselves; for (said they) if any of these Fellows come off, there's no fear of us; Whereupon they advanc'd boldly, with a resolution to take their Tryal; Which set the *Devils* all a laughing. The *Guardian-Angels* of the *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys*, mov'd that the *Evangelists* might be of their *Counsel*, which the *Devils* oppos'd; for (said they) we shall insist only upon the matter of *Fact*, and leave them without any possibility of *Reply*, or *Excuse*. We might indeed content our selves with the bare proof of what they are; for 'tis Crime enough that they are *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys*. With that, the *Scriveners* deny'd their Trade, alledging that they were *Secretaries*

ries: and the *Attorneys* call'd themselves *Sollicitors*. All was said, in effect, that the Case would bear; but the best part of their Plea was *Church-membership*. And in fine, after several *Replications* and *Rejoynders*, they were all sent to *Old Nick*; save only two or three, that found *Mercy*. Well (cry'd one of the *Scriveners*) *This 'tis to keep lewd Company!* The *Devils* called out then, to clear the Bar, and said they should have occasion for the *Scriveners* themselves, to enter *Protestations* in the Quality of *Publick Notaries*, against Lawless and Disorderly people: but the poor Wretches it seems could not hear on that Ear. To say the Truth, the *Christians* were much more troublesome, than the *Pagans*, which the *Devils* took exceeding ill; but they had this to say for themselves, that they were *Christen'd* when they were *Children*, so that 'twas none of their Fault, and their *Parents* must answer for't. *Judas* and *Mahomet* took such Courage, when they saw two or three of the *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys* say'd, that they were just upon the point of *Challenging their Clergy*.

But they were prevented by the *Doctor* bold ye of; who was set first to the Bar, in Company with an *Apothecary*, and a *Barber*, when a certain *Devil*, with a great bundle of *Evidences* in his hand, inform'd the Court, that the greatest part of the *Dead* there present, were sent thither by the *Doctor* then at the Bar, in Confederacy with his *Apothecary*, and *Barber*, to whom they were to acknowledge their Obligation for that fair Assembly. An *Angel* then interposing for the *Defendant*, recommended the *Apothecary* for a Charitable Person, and one that *Physick'd the Poor for nothing*; No matter for that (cry'd the *Devil*;) for I have him in my Books, and am able to prove, that he has kill'd more people with *two little Boxes*, than the *King of Spain* has done with *two thousand Barrels of Powder*, in the *Low-Country Wars*. All his Medicines are corrupted, and his Compositions hold a perfect intelligence with the Plague: He has utterly unpeopled a couple of his Neighbour Villages in a matter of three weeks time. The *Doctor* he let fly upon the *Pothecary* too, and said he would

maintain

maintain against the whole Colledge, that his *Prescriptions* were according to the *Dispensatory*; and if an *Apothecary* would play the *Knave* or the *Fool*, and put in *This* for *That*, he could not help it. So that without any more words, The *Apothecary* was put to the *Summum Selè*, and the *Doctor* and *Barber* were brought off, at the Intercession of St. *Cosmus* and St. *Damian*.

After these, came a *Dapper Lawyer*, with a tongue steep'd in oyl, and a great Master of his words and actions; a most exquisite *Flatterer*; and no man better skill'd in the Art of moving the passions than himself; or more ready at poking a lucky Precedent at a dead lift; or at making the best of a bad Cause; for he had all the shifts and starting-holes in the Law at his Fingers ends: but all this would not serve, for the Verdict went against him, and he was *Order'd to pay Costs*. In that instant, there was a Discovery made of a Fellow that hid himself in a Corner, and look't like a *Spye*. They askt him what he was? He made answer, an *Empirick*; what (said a *Devil*) my Old Friend *Pontanus*? Alas!

Alas! Alas! Thou hadst ten thousand sinners better be in *Covent-Garden* now, or at *Charing-Cross*; for upon my word thou shalt have nothing to do here, unless, perhaps, for an Ointment for a Burn, or so; and so *Pontius* went his way. The next that appear'd, were a Company of *Vintners*, who were accused for *Adulterating*, and *mingling Water* with their *Wines*. Their Plea was, that in Compensation they had furnish'd the *Hospitals* with *Communion-Wine* that was *Right*, upon *Exercise*; but this Excuse signify'd as little, as that of the *Taylors* there present, who suggested that they had *Clothed* so many *Fryers gratis*; and so they were dispatcht away together. After these, follow'd a Number of *Bankers*, that had turn'd *Bankrupt*, to whom their *Creditors*, who finding there several of their old Correspondents, that they had reduced to a *Morsel of Bread*, began to treat of Composition but one of the Devils presently cry'd out, All the rest have had enough to do to answer for themselves; but these people are to reckon for other mens scores, as well as their own. And hereupon,

they

they were forthwith sent away to *Pluto* with Letters of Exchange; but as it happen'd at that time, the Devil was out of Cash.

After this, enter'd a *Spanish Cavalier*, as *Upright*, as *Justice* it self. He was a matter of a Quarter of an hour in his *Legs*, and *Reverences*, to the Company. We could see no Head he had for his prodigious starcht Ruffe that stood staring up like a *Turkey-Cocks Tail*, and cover'd it. In fine, it was so Phantastick a Figure, that the Porter was gaping at it, a good while, and askt him if it were a *Man*, or No? It is a *Man* (quoth the *Spaniard*) *upon the Honour of a Cavalier*, and his name is *Don Pedro Rhodomontadoso*, &c. He was so long a telling his *Name* and *Titles*, that one of the Devils burst out a laughing in the middle of his Pedigree, and demanded, *What he would be at.* *Glory* (quoth he!) which they taking in the worse sense for *Pride*, sent him away immediately to *Lucifer*. He was a little severe upon his Guides, for disordering his *Mistachoes*, but they help't him presently to a pair

of

of *Beard Irons*, and all was well again.

In the next place, came a Fellow weeping and wailing; But my Masters, (says he) my Cause is never the worse for my *Crying*; for if I would stand upon my Merits, I could tell ye that I have kept as good Company, and had as much to do with the *Saints*, as another Body. What have we here (cry'd one) *Diocletian* or *Nero*? For they had enough to do with the Saints, though 'twere hit to persecute them. But upon Upshot, what was this poor Creature, but a small *Officer*, that swept the Church, and dusted the Images and Pictures. His Charge was for stealing the *Oyl* out of the Lamps, and leaving all in the dark; pretending that the *Owls* and *Jack-Daws* had drunk it up. He had a Trick too of Clothing himself out of the *Church-habits*, which he got new dy'd; and of *Crumming his Pottage with Consecrated Bread*, that he stole every *Sunday*. What he said for himself, I know not; but he had his *Mittimus*, and took the Left-hand-way at parting.

With

to

With that, a voice was heard, *Make way there, Clear the passage*: And this was for a *Bevy* of handsom, buxom, *Bona Roba's*, in their *Caps* and *Feathers*, that came *dancing*, *laughing*, and *singing* of *Ballads* and *Liampoons*, and as merry as the day was long. But they quickly chang'd their Note; for so soon as ever they saw the hideous Looks of the Devils, they fell into violent fits of the Mother; beating their Breasts, and tearing their Hair with all the horrour and fury imaginable. There was an Angel offer'd in their favour, that they had been great Frequenters of *Our Lady's Chappel*; Yes, yes (cry'd a Devil) *lesing her Chappel, and more of her Vertue* would have done well. There was a notable Whipster, among the rest, that confest, the Devil had reason. And then her Tryal came on, for making a Cloak of a *Sacrament*; and only *marrying* that she might play the *Whore* with *Priviledge*, and never want a *Father* for her *Bastards*. It was her fortune alone to be condemn'd; and going along, Well! she cry'd; if I had thought 'twould have come to this, I should ne're have troubled my self with so many Masses.

And

And now, after a long waiting, came *Judas* and *Mahomet* upon the Stage, and to them *Jack of Leyden*: Up comes an Officer, and askt which of the three was *Judas*? I am he, quoth *Jack of Leyden*. Nay, but I am *Judas*, cry'd *Mahomet*. They're a couple of *lying Rascals*, says *Judas* himself, for I am the man; only the Rogues make use of my Name to save their Credit. 'Tis true, I sold my Master once, and the World has ever since been the better for't: But these Villains sell him and themselves too, every hour of the day, and there follows nothing but Misery and Confusion. So they were all three packt away to the Disciples.

The Angel that kept the Book, found that the *Serjeants* and *Remembrancers* were to come on next; whereupon they were call'd, and appear'd: but the Court was not much troubled with them; for they confest Guilty at first word, and so were ty'd up without any more ado.

The next that appear'd was an *Astrologer*, loaden with *Almanacks*, *Globes*,

Globes, *Astrolabes*, &c. making Proclamation as loud as he could bawl, that there must needs be a gross mistake in the reckoning, for *Saturn* had not finisht his Course, and the World could not be yet at an end. One of the Devils that saw how he came provided, and look't upon him as his own already: A provident Slave (quoth he) I warrant him, to bring his firing along with him. But this I must needs tell ye (says he to the *Mathematician*) 'Tis a strange thing, ye should create so many *Heavens* in your *Life*, and go to the *Devil* for want of one after your *Death*. Nay, for Going (cry'd the *Astrologer*) ye shall excuse me; but if you'll *carry me*, *Well and good*. And immediately Order was given to carry him away and pay the Porter.

Hereupon methought, the Court rose, the Throne vanisht; the Shadows and Darkness withdrew; the Air sweeten'd; the Earth was cover'd with Flowers; the Heavens clear: And then I waked; not a little satisfy'd to find that after all this, I was still in my Bed, and among the Living. The Use I made

made of my Dream was this: I betook my self presently to my Prayers, with a firm Resolution of changing my Life, and putting my Soul into such a Frame of Piety and Obedience, that I might attend the coming of the Great Day with Peace and Comfort.

The end of the third Vision.

THE FOURTH VISION OF *LOVING FOOLS.*

ABout four of the Clock in a Cold Frosty Morning, when it was much better being in a *Warm Bed* with a *good Bedfellow*, than upon a *Biere* in the *Church-Yard*; as I lay advising with my Pillow, Tumbling and Tossing a thousand Love-Toys in my Head, I pass'd from one Phancy to another, till at last, I fell into a slumber; and there appear'd the *Genius* of *Disabuse*; Laying before me all the *Follies*, and *Vanities* of *Love*; and supporting her Opinions, with great Authorities, and Reasons. I was carry'd then (methought) I knew not how into a fair Meadow; A Meadow pleasant and agreeable infinitely beyond the very Fictions of your half-witted Poets,

with all their far-fetch'd Gilding, and Enameling; for a Paper of Verses is worth nothing with them, unless they force Nature for't, and rifle both the *Indies*. This Delicious Field was water'd with two *Rivulets*; the *One bitter*, the *Other sweet*; and yet they mingled their Streams with a pretty kind of Murmur, Equal perhaps to the best Musick in the World. The use of these *Waters* was, (as I observ'd) to temper the Darts of *Love*; for while I was upon the Prospect of the Place, I saw several of *Cupid's little Officers*, and Subjects, dipping of *Arrows* there, for their Entertainment, and Ease. Upon this I phansy'd my self in one of the Gardens of *Cyprus*, and that I saw the very *Hive* where the *Bee* liv'd that stung my *Young Master*, and occasioned that Excellent Ode which *Anacreon* has written upon the Subject. The next thing I cast my Eye upon, was a *Palace*, in the midst of the Meadow; a *rare Piece*, as well for the *Structure*, as *Design*. The *Porches*, were of the *Doric Order*, excellently wrought; And the *Pedestals*, *Bases*, *Columns*, *Cornishes*, *Capitals*, *Architraves*,

chitraves, Friezes (and in short, the whole *Front* of the *Fabrick*) was Beautified with imaginary *Trophies*, and *Triumphs* of *Love*, and *Half Relief*, which as they were intermix'd with other Phantastick Works and Conceits, carry'd the face of several little *Histories*, and gave a great Ornament to the Building. Over the *Porch*, there was in Golden Letters, upon Black Marble, This Inscription,

This is call'd *Fools* Paradise,
From the *Loving Fools* that dwell in't:
Where the *Great Fools* rule the *Less*,
The *Rest* Obey, and all do well in't.

The *Finishing* and *Materials* were pleasant to Admiration. The *Portal Junctures*, the *Doors* always *open*, and the *House* free to *all Comers*, which were very many. The *Porter's* Place was supply'd by a *Woman*; Exquisitely handsome, both for *Face* and *Person*; *Tall*, *Delicately shap'd*, and set off with great Advantages of *Dress*, and *Jewels*. She was made up in fine, of Charms, and her *Name* (as I understood) was

Beauty. She would let a man in to see the House for a *Look*; and that was all I paid for my passage. In the first Court, I found a many of both Sexes, but so alter'd in Habit, and Countenance, that they could scarce know one another. They were *sad*, *pensive*; and their Complexions tainted with a yellow *Paleneſs* (which *Ovid* calls *Cupid's Livery*) there was no talk of being *True* to *Friends*; *Loyal* to *Superiours*; and *Dutiful* to *Parents*: But Kindred did the Office of *Procurers*; and *Procurers* were call'd *Couſins*. *Wives* lov'd their *Husbands She-Friends*, and *Husbands* did as much for *Them*, in loving their *Gallants*.

While I was upon the Contemplation of theſe Encounters of Affection, there appear'd a ſtrange *Extravagant Figure*, but in the likeneſs of a *Human Creature*. It was neither perfectly *Man*, nor perfectly *Woman*, but had indeed a Reſemblance of Both. This Perſon I perceiv'd was ever buſie, up and down going and coming; beſet all over with Eyes and Ears, and had one of the Craftieſt Diſtruſtful Looks (*Me*

though

thought) that ever I ſaw. And withal, (as I obſerv'd) no ſmall Authority in the Place, which made me enquire after this Creature's *Name* and *Office*. My *Name* (quoth She) (for now it prov'd to be a *Woman*) is *Jealouſie*, and methinks you and I ſhould be better acquainted, for how came you here elſe? However for your ſatisfaction, you are to underſtand that the greater part of the Diſtemper'd people you ſee here, are of my bringing; and yet I am not their *Phyſician*, but their *Tormentor*; and ſerve only to *Aggravate* and *Embitter* their *Misfortunes*. If you would know any thing further of the *Houſe*, never ask me, for 'tis Forty to One I ſhall tell you a Lye; I have not told you half the Truth even of my ſelf; and to deal plainly with you, I am made up of *Inventions*, *Artifice*, and *Impoſture*: But the Good Old man that walks there is the *Major Domo*, and will tell you all, if you will but bear with his ſlow way of Diſcourſe.

Thereupon I went to the Good Man, whom I preſently knew to be *Time*: and deſir'd him to let me look into the ſe-

veral Quarters and Lodgings of the Houſe, for there were ſome *Fools* of my Acquaintance there I'd fain Viſit; He told me that he was at preſent ſo buſie about making of *Caudles*, *Cock-broths*, and *Gellies* for his Patients, that he could not ſtir; but yet he directed me where I might find all thoſe I enquired for, and gave me the freedom of the Houſe to walk at pleaſure.

I paſt out of the *Firſt Court* into the *Maids Quarter*, which was the very ſtrongeſt part of the whole Building, and ſo't had need; for divers of the *Young Wenches* were ſo extravagant and furious, that no other place would have held them. (The *Wives* and *Widows* were in another Room apart.) Here ye ſhall have *One*, ſobbing and raging with *Jealouſie* of a *Rival*. There *Another*, *Stark mad* for a *Husband*; and inwardly bleeding becauſe She durſt not diſcover it. A *Third* was writing of Letters all *Riddle* and *Myſtery*, Mending and Marring, till at laſt the Paper had more *blots* than *whole words* in it. *Some* were practiſing in the *Glaſs* the *Gracious Smile*, the *Roll* of the *Eye*, the *Velvet-Lip*, &c. *Others* again

again were in a Diet of *Oatmeal, Clay, Chalk, Coal, Hard Wax*, and the like. Some were conditioning with their Servants for a *Ball*, or a *Serenade*, that the whole Town might ring of the *Address*. Yes, yes, they cry'd, *You can go to the* Park *with* This Lady, *and to a* Play *with* That Lady, *and to* Banstead *with* T'other Lady, *and spend whole Nights at* Bestе *or* Ombre *with* my Lady Pen-Tweezel; *but by my Troth I think you are asham'd to be seen in my Company.* Some I saw upon the very Point of *Sealing and Delivering*. *I am Thine* (crys one) *and Thine alone, or let all the Devils in Hell, &c. But be sure you be constant. If I be not* (says he) *let my Soul, &c.* and the silly Jade believes him. In one Corner ye should have them praying for *Husbands*, that they might the better love *at Random*: In another, nothing would please them but to be *Marry'd Mens Wives*, and this Disease was look'd upon as a little Desperate. Some again stood ready furnish'd with *Love-Letters* and *Tickets* to be cast out at the Window, or thrust under the Door, and these were look'd upon not only as *Fools* but *Beasts*.

I had seen as much already as I desir'd, for I had learn'd of Old, that *He that keeps such Company, seldom comes off without a scratch'd face*: but if he misses a *Mistress*, he gets a *Wife*, and stands condemn'd to a *Repentance during Life*, without Redemption, unless One of the Two dyes. For *Women* in this Case are worse than *Pyrates*; a *Gally-Slave* may compound for his *Freedom*, but there is no thought of *Ransom* in Case of *Wedlock*. I had a good mind to a little Chat with some of them, but (thought I) they'll fansie I'm in Love with them. And so I e'en match'd off into the *Marry'd Quarter*,

Where there was such *Ranting*, *Damning*, and *Tearing*, as if *Hell* had been broke loose. And what was all This? but a number of *Women* that had been lock'd up and shackl'd by their *Husbands*, to keep them in Obedience, and had now broken their *Prisons*, and their *Chains*, and were grown ten times madder than before. Some I saw *Caressing* and *Cokesing their Husbands, in the very moment they design'd to betray them.* *Others* were *picking their Husbands Pockets*

Pockets to pay now and then for a By-Blow. Some again were *upon a Religious point, and all upon the Humour (forsooth) of Pilgrimages and Lectures*; when alas! they had no other business with the *Altars* or *Churches*, than a *Sacrifice to Venus*, or a *Love-meeting*. Divers there were that went to the *Bath*; but *Bathing* was the least part of their Errand. Others to *Confession*, that mistook their *Martyr* for their *Confessor*: some to be reveng'd of *Jealous Husbands*, were resolving to do the thing they fear'd; and pay them in their own Coin. Others were for making sure aforehand by way of Advance; for that's the Revenge, they say, that's as sweet as *Muskadine and Eggs*. One was *melancholy* for a *Delay*; Another for a *Defeat*; A Third is preparing to make her Market at a *Play*. There was one among the rest, was never out of her *Coach*; and asking her the Reason, she told me, she lov'd to be jolted. In this Crowd of *Women*, you must know that there were no *Wives* of *Embassadours*, *Souldiers*, or *Merchants* that were abroad upon *Commission*; for such were considered in effect as *single Women*,

Women, and not allow'd to Members of this Common-wealth.

The next Quarter was that of the *Grave* and *Wise*; *the Right Reverend Widows*; *Women* in appearance of *Marvellous severity* and *reserve*, and yet every One of them had her weak side, and ye might read her *Folly* and *Distemper* through her *Disguise*. One of them I saw *crying with one eye for the loss of one Husband*, and *laughing with t'other upon him that was to come next*. Another, with the *Ephesian Matron*, was solacing her self with her *Gallant*, before her *Husband* was thorough *cold in the mouth*; considering that *he that dy'd half an hour ago, is as dead as* William *the Conqueror*. There were several others passing to and again, quite *out of their mourning*, that look'd so demurely (I warrant ye) as if Butter would not have melted in their mouths, and yet *Apostate Widows* (as I was told) and there they were kept as strictly, as if they had been in the *Spanish Inquisition*. Some were laying wagers, whose mourning was most *a-la-mode*, and best made: or whose *Peak* or *Veil* became

became her best; and seating themselves off with a Thousand tricks of *Ornament* and *Dress*. The *Widows* I observ'd that were matching off, with *the mark out of their mouths*, were hugely concern'd to be thought *Young*, and still talking of *Masques*, *Balls*, *Fiddles*, *Treats*, *Chanting* and *Jigging* to every Tune they heard, and all upon the *Hoyty-Toyty* like *mad Wenches of fifteen*. The *Younger*, on the other side, made use of their time and took pleasure while 'twas to be had. There were too of the *Religious strain*, a people much at their *Beads*, and in *private*; and These were there in the Quality of *Love Hereticks*, *or Platonicks*, *and under the Penance of perpetual Abstinence from the Flesh they lov'd best* (which is a Most *Mortifying Lent* of all Other) Some that had skill in *Perspective*, were before the Glass with their *Boxes* of *Patch* and *Paint* about them; *Shadowing*, *Drawing out*, *Refreshing*, and in short, *Covering* and *Palliating* all the *Imperfections* of *Feature* and *Complexion*, every one after her own Humour. Now these Women were

abso-

absolutely insufferable, for they were most of them *Old* and *Head-strong*, having got the better of their *Husbands*, so that they would be taking upon them to *domineer here*, as they had done at *home*; and indeed *they found the Master of the College enough to do.*

When I had tyr'd my self with this Variety of *Folly* and *Madness*, I went to the *Devotes*; where I found a great many *Women* and *Girls* that had *Cloystered* up themselves from the Conversation of the *World*, and yet were not a jot *soberer* than their *Fellows*. These one would have thought might have been easily cur'd, but many of them were in for their Lives, in despight of either *Counsel* or *Physick*. The Room where they were was *Barricado'd* with strong Bars of Iron: and yet when the Toy took them, They'd make now and then a *Sally*: for when the Fit was upon them, they'd owne no *Superiour* but *Love*, come what would on't in the Event. The greater part of these good People, were writing of *Tickets* and *Dispatches*, which had still *the Sign of the Cross at the Top*, and *Satan* at the *Bottom*,

Bottom; concluding with This, or some such *Postscript*: *I commend this Paper to your Discretion.* The *Fools* of *This Province* would be *Twatling* Night and Day: and if it happen'd that any one of them had talk'd her self a weary, (which was very rare) she would presently take upon her very gravely to admonish the Rest, and read a Lecture of *Silence* to the *Company*: There were some that for want of better Entertainment fell in Love with one another; but these were look'd upon as a sort of *Fops* and *Nonnies*, and therefore the more favourably us'd; but they'd have been of another mind, if they had known the Cause of their Distemper.

The Root of all these several Extravagancies was *Idleness*, which (according to *Petrarch's* Observation) never fails to make way for *wantonness*. There was one among the Rest, that had *more Letters of Exchange upon the Credit of her insatiable desires, than a whole Regiment of Banquiers.* Some of them were sick of their *Old Visitor*, and call'd for a *Fresh man.* Others, by intervals, I perceiv'd had their wits about them, and contented

tented themselves discreetly with the *Physician of the House*. In short, It e'en pity'd my heart to see so many poor people in so sad a Condition, and without any hope of Relief, as I gather'd from him that had them in care: for they were still Puddering and Royling their Bodies; and if they got a little Ease for the present, they'd be down again, as soon as they had taken their Medicine.

From thence, I went to the *single Women* (such as made Profession never to marry) which were the least Outragious, and discompos'd of all; for they had a thousand ways to *Lay the Dead*, as well as to *Raise* him. Some of them liv'd like *common High-way-men*, by *Robbing Peter to pay Paul*; and stripping honest men to clothe Rascals, which is (under favour) but a lewd kind of Charity. Others there were, that were absolutely out of their seven senses, and as Mad as *March-Hares* for this *Wit*, and t' *other Poet*; that never fail'd to pay them again in *Rhimes*, and *Madrigals*, with *Ruby Lips*; *Pearly Teeth*: so that to read their Verses, a man would

swear

swear the whole Woman to be directly *Petrify'd.*

Of Saphyr fair, or Crystal clear,
Is the Forehead of my Dear, &c.

I saw One in Consultation with a *Cunning-man* to know her *Fortune*; Another, dealing with a *Conjurer* for a *Philtre*, or *Drink* to make her Belov'd. A third was *daubing* and *patching* up an *Old rain'd Face*, to make it fresh and young again: but She might as well have been *washing of a Blackmoor to make him White.* In fine, a world there were, that with their *borrow'd Hair*, *Teeth*, *Eyes*, *Eye-brows*, look'd like fine Folks at a distance, but would have been left as Ridiculous as *Æsop's Crow*, if every Bird had fetch'd away his own Feather. Deliver me (thought I, smiling and shaking my head) if *This* be *Woman.*

And so I step'd into the *Mens Quarter*, which was but next Door, and only a thick Wall between. Their great Misery was that they were *deaf to good advice*, obstinately *hating*, and *despising* both

both *Physick*, and *Physician*: for if they would have either *quitted*, or *changed*, they might have been *cured*. But they chose rather to dye, and though they saw their Errour, would not mend it. Which minded me of the Old Rhyme:

Where Love's in the Case,
The Doctor's an Ass.

These *Fools male* were all in the same Chamber; and one might perfectly read their *Humour*, and *Distemper* in their *Looks* and *Gestures*. *Oh! how many a gay Lad did I see there, in his Point-Band, and Embroidered Vest, that had not a whole Shirt to his Back! How many Huffs and Highboys, that had nothing else in their Mouths, but the Lives and Fortunes they'd spend in their sweet Ladies service! that would yet have run five miles on your Errand, to have been treated but at a Three-penny Ordinary! How many a poor Devil that wanted Bread, and was yet troubled with the Rebellion of the Flesh!* Some there were that spent much time in setting their

Perruques,

Perruques, ordering the *Mustache*, and dressing up the very face of *Lucifer* himself for a *Beauty*; (The Woman's Priviledge, and in truth an Encroachment, to their prejudice) There were others, that made it their Glory to pass for *Hectors*; *Sons of Priam*; *Brothers of the Blade*; and talk'd of nothing but *Attaques*, *Combats*, *Reverses*, *Stramazons*, *Stoccadoes*: not considering that *a naked Weapon is present Death to a timerous Woman.* Some were taking the Round of their *Ladies Lodgings*, at *Midnight*, and went to Bed again as wise as they rose. Others *fell in Love* by *Contagion*, and merely conversing with the infected. Some again went Post from *Church* to *Chappel*, every *Holyday*, to hunt for a Mistress; and so turn'd a Day of *Rest* into a Day of *Labour.* Ye might see others skipping continually from house to house, like the *Knight* upon a *Chess-board*, without ever catching the (Queen or) *Dame.* *Some, like crafty Beggars, made their Case worse than 'twas: And others, though 'twere n'r so bad, durst not so much as open their Mouths.* Really it griev'd me for

the poor *Mutes*, and I wish'd with all my heart, their *Mistresses* had been *Witches*, that *they might have known their meaning by their Mumping*; but they were lost to all Counsel, so that there was no advising them. There was another sort of *Elevated* and *Conceited Lovers*: and these forsooth, were not to be satisfy'd without the *Seven Liberal Sciences* and the *Four Cardinal Vertues* in the shape of a *Woman*: and their Case was desperate. The next I observ'd, were a Generation of *modest Fools*, that past there under the Notion of people *diffident of themselves*. They were generally men of good Understanding, but for the most part *Younger Brothers*, of *low Fortunes*, and such as for want of wherewithal to go to the price of *higher Amours*, were fain to take up with *ordinary Stuff*, that brought them nothing in the end, but *Beggary* and *Repentance*. The *Husbands*, I perceiv'd were horribly furious, although in *Manacles* and *Shackles*. *Some of them left their own Wives, and fell upon their Neighbours.* Others, to keep the *good Women* in *Awe* and *Obedi-*

ever, would be taking upon them, and playing the *Tyrants*, but upon the Up-shot they found their mistake, and that though they came on as *fierce* as *Lions*, they went off as *tame* as *Muttons*. Some were making Friendships with their *Wives She-Cousins*: and agreeing upon a *Gross-Gossipping* whoever should have the first Child.

The *Widowers*, that had bit of the *Bridle*, pass'd from place to place, where they staid more or less, according to their Entertainment, and so were in effect, *as good as marry'd, for as long, or as little a while as themselves pleas'd.* These liv'd single, and spent their time in Visiting, first one Friend, then another. Here they fell in *Love*; There they kindled a *Jealousie*, which they contracted themselves in one place, and cur'd it in another. But the Miracle was, that they all knew and confess'd themselves a Company of *Mad Fools*, and yet continu'd so. Those that had skill in *Musick*, and could either *Sing* or *Fiddle*, made use of their Gifts, to put the silly Wenches that were but *half Mad* before, directly *out of their Wits*.

They that were *Poetical*, were perpetually hammering upon the Subjects of *Cruelty* and *Disappointment*. One tells *his Good Fortune* to another, that requites him with the Story of *his Bad*. They that had set their Hearts upon *Girls*, were beating the Streets *all day*, to find what *Avenues* to a Lady's Lodgings *at night*. Some were tampering and Caressing the *Chamber-maid*, as the ready way to the *Mistress*. Others chose rather to put it to the push, and attempt the Lady her self. Some were examining their *Pockets*, and taking a view of their Furniture; which consisted much in *Love-Letters*, delicately seal'd up with *perfum'd Wax*, upon *raw Silk*; and a thousand pretty Devices within; all wrap'd up in *Riddle* and *Cypher*. Abundance of *Hair-Bracelets*, *Lockets*, *Pomanders*, *Knots of Ribband*, and the like. There were others that were call'd the *Husbands Friends*, who were ready upon all occasions to do this, and to do that Kindness for the *Husband*. *Their Purse*, *Credit*, *Coach and Horses*, were all at his service; And in the mean time, who but they to *Gal-*

lant

lent the Wife to the Park, the Gardens, at Treat, or a Comedy; where forty to one, by the greatest good luck in the World, they stumble upon an Aunt, an old House-keeper of the Family, or some such Reverend Goer between, that's a Well-Wisher to the Mathematicks; She takes the hint, performs the Good Office, and the Work is done.

Now there were two sorts of Fools for the Widows; The one was Bribed, and the other not. The latter were more tender to be a kind of Voluntary Slaves, for the compassing their ends: but the other were the Happiest; for they were ever at perfect Liberty to do their pleasure; unless some Friend or Child of the House perchance came in, but the mischievous Nicks, and then in Case of a little colour more than ordinary, or a rumbled Handkercher; 'twas but changing the Scene and Struggling for a Paper of Verses or some such business to keep all in Countenance. Some made their Assaults both with Love and Money, and they seldom fail'd, for they came doubly arm'd; and your Spanish Pistols

are in sort of Battery hardly to be resisted.

I came now to reflect upon what I had seen, and as I was walking (in that Meditation) toward another Lodging, I found my self (e're I was aware) in the first Court again; where I enter'd, and in it I observ'd new Wonders. I saw that the Number of the *Mad Fools* encreas'd every moment; Although time (I perceiv'd) did all that was possible to recover them. There was *Jealousie* tormenting even those that were most confident of the Faith of what they loved. There was *Memory* rubbing of *old Sores*. There was *Understanding* lock'd up in a dark Cellar; and *Reason* with both her Eyes out. I made a little pause, the better to observe these Varieties and Disguises. And when I had look'd my self weary, I turn'd about and found a Door, but so narrow, that it was hardly passable; and yet strait as it was, driven there were that *Ingratitude* and *Infidelity* had set at liberty; and made a shift to get through. Upon which opportunity of returning, I made what haste I could to be one of the first at the

Door, and in that instant my Man drew the Curtain of my Bed, and told me the Morning was far gone. Whereupon I *wak'd*, and recollecting my self, found all was but a *Dream*. The very Phancy however of having spent so much time in the Company of Fools and Madmen, gave me some disorder, but with this comfort, that both sleeping and waking, I had experimented *passionate Love* to be nothing else than a mere *Phrensie* and *Folly*.

The End of the fourth Vision.

THE

FIFTH VISION OF THE WORLD.

IT is utterly impoſſible for any thing in this World to fix our *Appetites*, and *Deſires*, but they are ſtill flitting and reſtleſs like *Pilgrims*; delighted and nouriſh'd with *Variety*; which ſhews how much we are miſtaken in the Value and Quality of the things we covet. And hence it is, that what we *purſue* with the greateſt *delight* and *paſſion* imaginable, yields us nothing but *Satiety* and *Repentance* in the *poſſeſſion*; yet ſuch is the power of theſe *Appetites* of ours, that when they *call* and *command*, we *follow* and *obey*; though we find in the end, that what we took for a *Beauty* upon the *Chaſe*, proves but a *Carcaſs* in the *Quarry*; and we are ſick

sick on't as soon as we have it. Now the *World*, that knows our *Palate* and *Inclination*, never fails to feed the humour, and to flatter and entertain us with all sorts of *Change* and *Novelty*; as the most certain Method of gaining upon our Affections.

One would have thought, that these Considerations might have put sober thoughts and resolutions in my Head, but it was my Fate to be taken off, in the very middle of my *Morality* and *Speculations*; and carry'd away from my self by *Vanity* and *Weakness*, into the wide World, where I was for a while after, not much unsatisfy'd with my Condition. As I pass'd from one place to another, several that saw me (I perceiv'd) did but make sport with me; for the further I went, the more I was at a loss in that *Labyrinth* of *Delusions*. One while I was in with the *Sword-men* and *Bravoes*; up to the Ears in *Challenges*, and *Quarrels*; and never without an Arm in a Scarff, or a broken Head. Another Fit, I was never well, but either at the *Fleece-Tavern*; or *Bear* at *Bridge-foot*, stuffing my Guts with *Food*,

and

and *Tipple*, till the Hoops were ready to burst. Beside twenty other Entertainments that I found, every jot as extravagant as these, which to my great trouble and admiration, left me not so much as one moment of Repose.

As I was in one of my unquiet and pensive Moods; some body call'd after me, and pluckt me by the Cloak: which prov'd to be *A Person of a Venerable Age; His Cloaths miserably poor and tatter'd; and his Face just as if he had been trampled upon in the Streets*, which did not yet hinder, but that *he had still the Air and Appearance of one that deserv'd much Honour and Respect*. Good Father, (said I to him) why should you envy me my Enjoyments? Pray'e let me alone, and do not trouble your self with me or my doings. *You've past the pleasure of life your self, and can't endure to see other people merry, that have the World before them.* Consider of it; you are now upon the point of leaving the World, and I am but newly come into't. But 'tis the trick of all Old men to be carping at the actions of their *Juniors*.

One Son,

son (said the Old man, smiling) I shall neither hinder, nor envy thy Delights, but in pure pity I would fain reclaim thee. *Do'st thou know the price of a Day, an Hour, or a Minute?* Did'st ever examine the value of *Time?* If thou had'st, thou would'st employ it better; and not cast away so many blessed opportunities upon trifles; and so easily and insensibly part with so inestimable a Treasure. *What's become of thy past hours? have they made thee a promise to come back again at a Call when thou hast need of them? Or, can'st thou shew me which way they went?* No, No; They are gone without recovery; and in their flight, methinks, Time seems to turn his head, and laugh over his shoulder in derision of those that made no better use of him, when they had him. Do'st thou not know, that all the minutes of our life, are but as so many Links of a Chain, that has Death at the end on't? and every moment brings thee nearer thy expected end, which perchance, while the word is speaking, may be at thy very Door: And doubtless at thy rate of living, it will

be upon thee before thou art aware! *How stupid is he, that dyes while he lives, for fear of dying! How wicked is he that lives, as if he should never dye; and only fears Death when he comes to feel it!* which is too late for comfort, either to Body or Soul. And he is certainly none of the Wiſeſt that ſpends all his days in Lewdneſs and Debauchery; without conſidering that of his whole life, any minute might have been his laſt.

My Good Father (ſaid I) I am beholden to you for your excellent Diſcourſes, for they have deliver'd me out of the power of a thouſand frivolous and vain Affections, that had taken poſſeſſion of me. But who are you, I pray'e? And what is your Buſineſs here? *My Poverty and theſe Rags*, quoth he, *are enough to tell ye that I am an honeſt man; a Friend to Truth, and one that will not be mealy-mouth'd, when he may ſpeak it to purpoſe.* Some call me the *Plain-Dealer*, Others, the *Undeceiver-General*. You ſee me all in *Tatters, Wounds, Scars, Bruiſes*. And what is all this, but the *Requital* the *World* gives

gives me for my *Good Counsel*, and *Kind Visits*? And yet after all this endeavour to get shut of me; they call themselves my *Friends*: though they curse me to the Pit of Hell, as soon as ever I come near them; and had rather be hang'd than spend one Quarter of an hour in my Company. If thou hast a mind to see the *World* I talk of, come along with me, and I'll carry thee into a place where thou shalt have a full Prospect of it; and without any inconvenience, see all that's in't; or in the People that dwell in't, and look it through and through. What's the Name of this place? quoth I. It is call'd, said he, *The Hypocrites Walk*; and it crosses the *World* from one Pole to t'other. It is *large* and *populous*: for I believe there's not any man alive, but has either a House or a Chamber in't. *Some* live in't for *altogether*; *Others* take it only in *Passage*, for there are *Hypocrites* of several sorts; but all Mortals have, more or less, a *Tang* of the *Leaven*. That Fellow there in the Corner came but t'other day from the *Plow-Tayl*, and would now fain be a

Gentleman.

Gentleman. But had not he better pay his Debts, and walk alone, than break his *Promises* to keep a *Lacquey*? There's another *Rascal* that would fain be a *Lord*; and would venture a Voyage to *Venice* for the *Title*, but that he's better at building *Castles* in the *Air*, than upon the *Water*. In the mean time he puts on a *Nobleman's Face* and *Garb*; he *swears* and *drinks* like a *Lord*, and keeps his *Hounds* and *Whores*, which 'tis feared in the end will devour their Master. Mark now that piece of *Gravity* and *Form*; He *walks* ye see, as if he mov'd by *Clock-work*; His words are *few* and *low*; He makes all his Answers by a *Shrug* or a *Nod*. This is the *Hypocrite* of a *Minister of State*; who with all his *Counterfeit* of *Wisdom*, is one of the veriest *Noddies* in Nature.

Face about now, and mind those decrepit Sots there, that can scarce lift a Leg over a threshold, and yet they must be *dying* their *Hair*, *colouring* their *Beards*, and playing the *Young Fools* again, with a thousand *Hobby-horse Tricks* and *Antick Dresses*. On the other side, Ye have a Company of *Silly Boys*, taking

taking upon them to govern the World, under a *Vizor* of *Wisdom* and *Experience*. *What Lord is that* (said I) *in the Rich Cloaths there, and the fine Laces?* That *Lord* (quoth he) is a *Taylor*, in his *Holy-day-Cloaths*; and if he were now upon his *Shop-board*, his own *Scissers* and *Needles* would hardly know him: And you must understand, that *Hipocrisie* is so *Epidemical* a Disease, that it has laid hold of the *Trades* themselves, as well as the *Masters*. The *Cobler* must be saluted Mr *Translator*. The *Groom* names himself *Gentleman of the Horse*. The Fellow that carries *Guts* to the *Bears* writes, *One of his Majesties Officers*. The *Hang-man* calls himself a *Minister of Justice*. The *Mountebank*, an *Able man*. A *common Whore* passes for a *Courtesan*. The *Bawd* acts the *Puritan*. *Gaming Ordinaries* are call'd *Academies*; and *Bawdy-Houses*, Places of Entertainment. The *Page* styles himself the *Child of Honour*; and the *Foot-boy* calls himself my *Lady's Page*. And every *Pick-Thank* names himself a *Courtier*. The *Cuckold-maker* passes for a *fine Gentleman*; and the *Cuckold* himself for *the best-natur'd*

Husband

Husband in the World; and a very *Ass* commences *Master Doctor*. *Hocus Pocus Tricks* are call'd *Slight of Hand*; *Lust*, *Friendship*; *Usury*, *Thrift*; *Cheating* but *Gallantry*; *Lying* wears the Name of *Invention*: *Malice* goes for *Quickness of Apprehension*; *Cowardice*, *Meekness of Nature*; and *Rashness* carries the Countenance of *Valour*. In fine, this is all but *Hypocrisie* and *Knavery* in a *Disguise*; for Nothing is call'd by the right Name. Now there are beside these, certain *general Appellations* taken up, which by long Usage, are almost grown into *Prescription*. Every *little Whore* takes upon her to be a *Great Lady*; Every *Gown-man*, to be a *Counseller*; Every *Huff* to be a *Soldat*; Every *Gay thing* to be a *Cavalier*; Every *Parish Clerk* to be a *Doctor*, and every *Writing-Clerk* in the *Office* must be called Mr *Secretary*.

So that *the whole World*, take it where you will, is but a *meer Juggle*; and you will find that *Wrath*, *Gluttony*, *Pride*, *Avarice*, *Luxury*, *Murder*, and a thousand other Heinous sins, have all of them *Hypocrisie* for their *Source*, and thither,

ther They'l return again. It would be well (said I) if you could prove what you say; But I can hardly see, how so great a *Diversity* of *Waters* should proceed from one *and the same Fountain*. I do not wonder (quoth he) at your Distrust, for you are mistaken in very good Company; to Phansie a *Contrariety* in many things, which are, in effect, so much *alike*. It is agreed upon, both by *Philosophers* and *Divines*, that *all sins are Evil*; and you must allow that *the Will embraces, or pursues, no Evil but under the Resemblance of Good*: Nor does the *Sin* lye in the *Representation*, or *Knowledge* of what is *Evil*, but in the *Consent* to it. Which *Consent* it self is *sinful*, although without any *Subsequent Act*: It's true, the *Execution* serves afterward for an *Aggravation*, and ought to be consider'd under many *Differences* and *Distinctions*. But in fine; evident it is, that the *Will entertains* no *Ill*, but under the shape of some *Good*. What do ye think now of *the Hypocrite, that cuts your Throat, in his Arms; and Murders you, under pretence of Kindness*? What is the Hope of

an *Hypocrite?* says *Job*. He neither has nor can have any: For he is *Wicked* as he is an *Hypocrite*; and even his best Actions are worth nothing, because they are not what they seem to be. So that of all Sinners he has the most to answer for. Other Offenders sin only *against God*, but the Hypocrite sins *with Him*, as well as *against Him*, making use of *his holy Name* as a *Cloak* and *Countenance* for his *Wickedness*. For which reason, our Blessed Saviour, after many *Affirmative Precepts* deliver'd to his Disciples, for their *Instruction*; gave only *This Negative*, *Be not sad as the Hypocrites*: which lays them open in few words; And he might as well have said, *Be not Hypocrites, and ye shall not be wicked.*

We were now come to the Place the Old Man told me of, where I found all according to my Expectation, and took the higher ground, that I might have the better Prospect of what past. The first remarkable thing I saw was a long *Funeral Train* of *Kindred* and *Guests*, following the *Corps* of a Deceas'd Lady, in Company with the Disconsolate

Wi-

Widower; who marcht with his Chin upon his Breast, a sad and a heavy pace; muffled up in a mourning Hood, enough to have stifled him, with at least Ten yards of Cloth upon his Body, and no less in his Train. Alack, Alack! cry'd I, that ever I should live to see so dismal a spectacle! Oh Blessed Woman! How did this Husband love Thee in thy *Life Time*, that follows thee with this Infinite Faith and Affection, even to thy *Grave*! And happy the Husband doubtless, in a Wife that deserv'd this Kindness! and in so many tender Friends, and Relations, to take part with him in his Sorrows. My Good Father, let me entreat you to observe this doleful Encounter. With that (shaking his head and smiling) My Son, quoth he, Thou shalt by and by perceive, that all is nothing in the World but *Vanity*, *Imposture*, and *Constraint*; and I will shew thee the Difference between *Things Themselves*, and their *Appearance*. To see this Abundance of *Torches* with the Magnificence of the *Ceremony* and *Attendance*, One would think there should be some mighty matter in the

buſineſs: but let me aſſure thee, that all this Pudder comes to no more, than *much ado about Nothing*. The *Woman* was *Nothing* (effectually) even while ſhe liv'd: The *Body* now in the *Coffin*, is ſomewhat a leſs *Nothing*: and the *Funeral Honours*, which are now paid her come to juſt *Nothing* too. But the *Dead* it ſeems muſt have their *Vanities*, and their *Holy-Days* as well as the *Living*. Alas! What's a *Carcaſe*? but *the moſt Odious ſort of Putrefaction*? *A Corrupted Earth*; fit neither for *Fruit*, nor *Tillage*. And then for the *ſad Looks* of the *Mourners*; They are only troubled at the *Invitation*; and would not care a pin, if the *Inviter*, and *Body* too were both at the *Devil*. And that you might ſee by their *Behaviour*, and *Diſcourſes*; for when they ſhould have been *Praying for the Dead*, they were prating of her *Pedigree*, *and her laſt Will and Teſtament*. *I'm not ſo near a kin* (ſays one) *but I might have been ſpar'd*; *and I had twenty other things to do*. Another ſhould have met a Company at a *Tavern*; A third, at a *Play*. A fourth mutters that he is not placed according to his *Quality*.

Quality. Another crys out, *A Pox of your meetings where there is nothing stirring but Worms-meat.* Let me tell ye further, that the *Widower Himself* is not griev'd as you imagine for the *Dead Wife*; but for the Damn'd Expence in *Blacks*, and *Scutcheons*, *Tapers*, and *Mourners*: and that she was not fairly laid to *Rest*, without all this ado: for He perswades himself, that *she might have found the way to her Grave without a Candle.* And since she was to *Dye*, 'tis his opinion, that she should have made quicker work on't: For a *Good Wife*, is (like a *Good Christian*) to put her Conscience in order betimes, and get her gone: without lingring in the Hands of *Doctors*, *Pothecaries*, and *Surgeons*, to murder her Husband too. Or (to save Charges) she might have had the Discretion to have dy'd of the *Plague*, which would have stav'd off *Company*. This is the *Second Wife* he has already turn'd over, and (to give the Man his Due) He has had the wit to secure himself of a *Third*, while *This* lay on her *Death-bed.* So that His Case is no more than Chopping of a *Cold Wife* for

a *Warm* one, and He'll recover this Affliction, I warrant ye.

The Good man, methought, ſpoke wonders; and being throughly convinc't of the danger of truſting to *Appearances*, I took up a Reſolution, *never to conclude upon any thing, though never ſo plauſible, without due Examination, and Inquiry.* With that, the *Funeral* Vaniſht, leaving Us behind; and for a *farewel*, *This Sentence: I am gone before; you are to follow; and in the mean time, to accompany others to their Graves, as you have done me; and as I, when time was, have attended many others, with as little Care and Devotion as your ſelves.*

We were taken off from this Meditation, by a Noiſe we heard in a Houſe behind Us; Where we had no ſooner ſet foot over the Threſhold; but we were entertain'd with a Conſort of *Six Voices*, that were *Set* and *Tun'd* to the *Sighs* and *Groans* of a *Woman* newly become a *Widow*. The Paſſion was Added to the Life; but the Dead little the better for't. They would be ever and anon, Clapping and Wringing of their Hands;

Hands; Groaning, and Sighing, as if their Hearts would break. The *Hangings*, *Pictures*, and *Furniture*, were all taken down, and remov'd; The *Rooms* hung with *Black*. And in one of them lay the *poor Disconsolate*, upon a Couch with her Condoling Friends about her. It was as Dark as Pitch, and so much the better, for the Parts they had to play; for there was no discovering of the *Horrid Faces*, and *Strains* they made, to fetch up their *Artificial Tears*, and *Lamentations*. *Madam* (says one) *Tears are but thrown away; and really the Grief to see your Ladyship in this Condition, has made me as lost a woman to all thought of Comfort as your self. I beseech you Madam, chear up*; (crys another, with almost as many *Sighs* as *Words*) *your Husband's e'en happy that he is out of this miserable World. He was a Good man, and now he finds the sweet on't. Patience, Patience, Dear Madam,* (crys a Third) *'Tis the Will of Heaven, and there's no contending.* Do'st talk of *Patience* (says she) and *no contending? Wretched Creature that I am! to outlive that Dear man! Oh that Dear Hus-*

hand of Mine! Oh that I should ever live to see this Day! and then she fell to *Blubbering*, *Sobbing* and *Raving* a thousand times worse than before. *Alas, Alas, who will trouble himself with a poor Widow! I have never a Friend left to look after me; What shall become of me!*

At this pause came in the *Chorus*, with their *Nose-Instruments*; and there was such *Blowing*, *Snobbing*, *Sniveling*, and *throwing Snot about*, that there was no enduring the House. And all this, you must know, serv'd them to a double purpose; that is to say, for *Physick* and for *Complement*: for it past for the *Condoling-Office*, and purg'd their *Heads* of *Ill-humours* all under one. I could not chuse but compassionate the poor *Widow*; a Creature forsaken of all the World; and I told my Guide as much; and that a Charity (as I thought) would be well bestowed upon her. The *Holy Writ* calls them *Mutes*; according to the Import of the *Hebrew*: in regard that they have no body to speak for them. And if at any time they take heart to speak for themselves, They had

had e'en as good hold their tongues, for no body minds them. Is there any thing more frequently given in Charge throughout the whole *Bible*, than to *Protect the Fatherless*, *and Defend the Cause of the Widow*? as the highest and most Necessary point of *Christian Charity*; in regard that they have neither *Power*, nor *Right* to defend themselves. Does not *Job* in the depth of his *Misery*, and *Disgraces*, make Choice to clear himself toward the *Widow*, upon his *Expostulations* with the *Almighty*? [*If I have caus'd the Eyes of the Widow to fail*] (or *consum'd the Eyes of the Widow*; *after the Hebrew*) so that it seems to me, beside the general Duty of *Charity*, We are also bound by the Laws of *Honour*, and *Generosity*, to assist them: for the poor Souls are fain to *plead* with their *Eyes*, and *Beg with their Ears*, for want of Either *Hands* or *Tongues* to help themselves. Indeed you must pardon me (my good Father said I) if I cannot hold any longer from bearing a *part* in this *Mournful Consort*, upon this sad Occasion. And is this (quoth the old man) the fruit of your boasted

Divinity?

Divinity? to sink into *Weakness*, and *Tears*, when you have the greatest Need of your *Resolution* and *Prudence*. Have but a little Patience, and I'll unfold you this Mystery; though (let me tell ye) *'Tis one of the hardest things in Nature, to make any man as wise as he should be, that conceits himself wise enough already.* If this Accident of the *Widow* had not happen'd, we had had none of the fine things, that have been started upon't: for 'tis *Occasion* that awakens both our *Vertue* and *Philosophy*; and 'tis not enough to know the *Mine* where the *Treasure* lies, unless a man has the skill of *Drawing it out*, and making the *best* of what he has in his *Possession*. What are you the better for all the Advantages of *Wit* and *Learning*, without the faculty of reducing what you know, into apt and proper Applications?

Observe me now, and I will shew you, that this *Widow* that looks as if she had nothing in her *Mouth*, but *The Service for the Dead*, and only *Hallelujahs* in her *Soul*; that *This Mortify'd piece of Formality*, has *green Thoughts* under

der her *black Veil*, and *brisk Imaginations* about her, in despight of her *Calamity* and *Misfortune*. The *Chamber* you see is *dark*; and their *faces* are *muffled up* in their *Funeral Dresses*. And what of all This? when *the whole course of their mourning is but a Thorough Cheat*. Their *Weeping* signifies nothing more, than *Crying*, *at so much an hour*; for their *Tears* are *Hackney'd* out, and when they have *wept* out their *stage*, they take up and are quiet. If you would relieve them, leave them to Themselves; and as soon as your back is turn'd, you shall have them *Singing* and *Dancing*, and as merry as *Greeks*; for take away the *Spectators*, their *Hypocrisie* is at an End, and *the play is done*; and now the *Confident Game* begins. *Come, come, Madam 'faith we must be Merry*; (cryes one) *we are to live by the Living, and not by the Dead. For a Bonny young Widow as you are, to lye whimpering away your Opportunities, and lose so many brave Matches! There's you know who, I dare swear, has a Months mind to you; By my Troth I would you were in Bed together, and I'd be hang'd, if you did not find*

find one warm Bed-fellow worth twenty Cold ones. Really Madam (cryes a second) *she gives you good Counsel; and if I were in your Place, I'd follow it, and make use of my Time. 'Tis but One Lost and Ten Found.* Pra'ye tell me, Madam, if I may be so bold; *what's your Opinion of that Cavalier that was here yesterday? Certainly he has a great Deal of Wit; and methinks he's a very handsome, proper Gentleman. Well! If that man has not a strange Passion for you, I'le never believe my Eyes again for his sake; and in good faith, if all parties were agreed, I would you were e'en well in his Arms the night before to morrow. Were it not a burning shame to let such a Beauty lye fallow?* This sets *the Widow a Pinking*, and *Simpering* like a *Frumety-Kettle*; at length she makes up the *pretty little mouth*, and says, *'tis somewhat of the soonest to talk of those affairs; but let it be as Heaven pleases. However, Madam, I am much beholden to you for your Friendly Advice.* You have here the very bottom of her *Sorrow; she has taken a second Husband into her Heart, before her first was in his Grave.*

Grave. I should have told you that *your right Widow Eats, and Drinks more the first day of her Widowhood, than in any other of her whole life:* for there appears not a *Visitant*, but presently out comes the *Groaning Cake*; a *Cold bak't meat*, or some *Restorative Morsel* or other, to *comfort* the *Afflicted*; and the *Cordial Bottle* must not be forgotten neither, for *Sorrow's dry.* So to't they fall, and at every *Bit* or *Gulp*, the *Lady Relict*, fetches ye up a heavy Sigh, pretends to *chew false*, and makes *protestation* that for her part, she can taste nothing; she has quite lost her *Digestion*; and has such an oppression in her stomach, that she dares not eat any more, for fear of over-charging Nature. And (in truth says she) how can it be otherwise; since (Unhappy creature that I am!) He is gone that gave the Relish to all my Enjoyments; but there is no Recalling him from the Grave, and so *no Remedy but Patience.* By this time, you see, (quoth the Old Man) whether your *Exclamations* were *reasonable*, or *no.*

The words were hardly out of his Mouth,

Mouth, when hearing an uproar among the Rabble in the Street, we lookt out to see what was the matter. And there we saw a *Catchpole*, without either *Hat* or *Band*, *out of breath*, and his *Face* all *bloody*, crying out *Help*, *Help*, *in the King's Name*; *stop Thief*, *stop Thief*: and all the while, running as hard as he could drive, after a Thief that made away from him, as if the Devil had been at his Breech. After him, came an *Attorney*, *all dirty*; *a world of papers in his hand*; *an Inkhorn at his Girdle*; *and a Crowd of nasty people about him*; and down he sat himself just before us, to write somewhat upon his Knee. Bless me (thought I) how a Cause prospers in the Hand of one of these fellows, for he had fill'd his Paper in a Trice. These *Catchpoles* (said I) had need to be well paid, for the Hazards they run to secure us in our *Lives* and *Fortunes*; and indeed they deserve it. Look how the poor Wretch is Torn, Bruis'd and Batter'd, and all this for the Good and Benefit of the Publick.

Soft, and fair, quoth the old man; I think

think thou wouldst never leave Talking, if I did not ſtop thy Mouth ſometime. You muſt know, that *He that made the Eſcape, and the Catchpole, are a couple of Antient Friends, and Pot-Companions.* Now the *Catchpole* quarrels the *Thief* for not giving him a ſnip in the laſt Booty; and the *Thief*, after a great ſtruggle, and a good luſty Rubber at Cuffs, has made a ſhift to ſave himſelf. You'l ſay the Rogue had need of Good heels to outrun this *Gallows-Beagle*; for *there's hardly any Beaſt will outſtrip a Bailiff that runs upon the View of a Quarry.* So that there's not the leaſt thought of a *publick Good* in the *Catchpoles* Action; but meerly in proſecution of his own *Profit*, and a ſpight to ſee himſelf chous'd. Now if the *Catchpole* I confeſs, without any *private Intereſt*, had made this Attempt upon the *Thief*, (being his Friend) to bring him to *Juſtice*; It had been well: And yet, take this along with you: *It is as natural to let ſlip a Serjeant at a Pick-pocket, as a Grey-Hound at a Hare.* The *Whip*; The *Pillery*; The *Axe*, and the *Halter* make up the beſt part of this

Catch-

Catchpoles Revenue. These people are of all sorts the most odious to the world; and if men in Revenge would resolve to be Virtuous, though but for a year or two, they might starve them all. It is in fine an unlucky Employment; and *Catchpoles*, as well as the *Devils* themselves, have the *Wages* of *Tormentors.*

I hope said I to my Guide, that the *Attorneys* shall have your good Word too. Yes, yes, ye need not doubt it (said the old man) for *your Attorney* and *your Catchpoles always hunt in Couples.* The *Attorney* draws the *Information*, and has all his forms ready, so that 'tis no more then, but to fill up the *Blanks*, and away to the *Jail* with the *Delinquent*: if there be any thing to be gotten, 'tis not a half penny matter, whether the party be *guilty* or *innocent*: Give but an *Attorney*, *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper*, and let him alone for *Witnesses.* In case of an *Examination*, he has the Grace not to insist too much upon *plain* and *naked Truth*; but to set down only what makes for his purpose, and then when they come to signing, to read over in

the

the Deponents sense (for his Memory is good) what he has written in *his own*: And by this Means, the Cause goes on as He pleases. To prevent this Villany, *it were well, if the Examiners were as well sworn to write the Truth, as the Witnesses are to speak it.* And yet there are some honest men of all sorts, but among the *Attorneys*; the very *Calling*, does by the *honest Cateripoles*, *Marshals men*, and *their Fellows*, as the Sea by the *Dead*: It may Entertain them for a while, but in a very short space it spews them up again.

The Good man would have proceeded, if he had not been taken off by the Rattling of a *Gilt Coach*, wherein was a *Courtier*, that was blown up as big, as *Pride* and *Vanity* could make him. He sate stiff, and Upright, as if He had swallow'd a stake; and made it his Glory to shew himself in that posture. It would have hurt his Eyes, to have exchang'd a Glance with any thing that was Vulgar, and therefore He was very sparing of his Looks. He had a *deep lac'd Ruffe* on, that was right *Spanish*; which He wore *Erect*, and *stiff starcht*,

that a man would have thought He had carry'd his *Head* in a *Paper Lanthorn*. He was a great Studier of *Set faces*, and much affected with looking *Politick* and *Big*. But for his *Arms and Body*, He had utterly loſt or forgotten the uſe of them: For he could neither *Bow*, nor move his *Hat* to any man that ſaluted him: No, not ſo much as turn from One ſide to the Other; but ſate as if He had been *Bord up* like a *Bartlemew Baby*. After this *Magnificent Statue*, follow'd a ſwarm of *Gawdy Butterflie-Lacquais*: and his Lordſhips Company in the Coach, was a *Buffoon* and a *Paraſite*. *Oh bleſſed Prince!* (ſaid I) *to live at this Rate of Eaſe and ſplendor, and to have the World at Will!* What a Glorious Train is that! Beyond all doubt, there never was a great Fortune better beſtowid. With that, the old man took me up, and told me; that the Judgment I had made upon this Occaſion, from one end to the other, was all *Dotage* and *Miſtake*; ſave only when I ſaid he had the World at will: And in that (ſays he) you have reaſon; for what is the *World*, but *Labour*, *Vanity*,

Vanity, and *Folly*, which is likewise the *Composition*, and *Entertainment* of this *Cavalier*.

As for the *Train* that follows him; let it be examin'd, and my life for yours, you shall find more *Creditors* in't, than *Servants*: There are *Banquiers*, *Jewellers*, *Scriv'ners*, *Brokers*, *Mercers*, *Drapers*, *Taylors*, *Vintners*; and these are properly the *Stayes*, and *Supporters* of *this animated Machine*. The *Money*, *Meat*, *Drink*, *Robes*, *Liveries*, *Wages*; All come out of *their Pockets*; They have his *Honour* for their *Security*; and must content themselves with *Promises*, and *fair words* for *full satisfaction*, unless they had rather have a *Footman* with a *Cudgel* for their *Pay-Master*. And after all, if this *Gallant* were taken to *shrift*, or that a man could enter into the *Secrets* of his *Conscience*, I dare undertake, it would appear that *He that digs in a Mine for his Bread*, *lives ten thousand times more at Ease*, *than the other*; *with Beating of his Brains*, *Night and Day for new Shifts*, *Tricks and Projects to keep himself above water*.

Observe his *Companions* now: his

Fool, and his *Flatterer*. They are too hard for him ye ſee; and Eat, Drink, and make Merry at his Expence. *What greater Miſery, or ſhame in the World, than for a man to make a Friendſhip with ſuch Raſcals, and to ſpend his Time, and Eſtate, in ſo Brutal, and Inſipid a Society!* It coſts him more (beſide his Credit) to maintain that Couple of Coxcombs, than would have bought him the Converſation of a Brace of Grave and Learned Philoſophers. But will ye now ſee the Bottom of this Scandalous and Diſhonourable Kindneſs? *My Lord* (ſays the *Buffoon*) *you were moſt infallibly wrapt in your Mother's Smock; for let me be—— if ye have not ſet all the Ladies about the Court agog. The very truth is* (crys the *Paraſite*) *all the reſt of the Nobility look like Corn-Cutters to you; and indeed, wherever you come, you have ſtill the Eyes of the whole Company upon you.* Go to, go to, Gentlemen (ſays my Lord) you muſt not flatter your Friends. This is more your Courteſie than my Deſert; and I have an Obligation to you for your Kindneſs. After this Manner, *theſe*

Aſſes

Asses Knab and Curry one another, and play the Fools by turns.

The old Man had his words yet between his Teeth, when there past just by us a *Lady of Pleasure*, of so Excellent a shape and Garb, that it was impossible to see her without a passion for her, and no less impossible to look upon any thing else, so long as she was to be seen. They that had seen her once, were to see her no more, for she turn'd her face still to *New-Comers*. Her Motion was graceful and free. One while she'd stare ye full in the eyes, under colour of opening her Hood, to set it in better Order. By and by, she'd steal a look at ye with one eye, and a side face, from the Corner of her Vizor; like a *Witch* that's afraid to be known when she comes from a *Catterwaul*. And then out comes the Delicate Hand, and discovers the more Delicious Neck, and Breasts, to adjust the Handkercher or the Scarf; or to remove some other Grievance that made her Ladyship uneasie. Her Hair was most artificially dispos'd into Careless Rings: And the best Red and White in Nature was in

her Cheeks; if that of her Lips and Teeth did not Exceed it. In a word, all she lookt upon was her own; and This was the Vision, for my Money, from all the Rest. As she was marching off, I could not chuse but take up a Resolution to Follow her. But my old man laid a Block in the way, and stopt me at the very starting; which was an Affront to a Man that was both in *Love*, and in *Haste*, that might very well stir his Choler. My Officious Friend (said I) *He that does not love a woman, suckt a Sow.* And questionless, He must be either Blind or Babarous, that's Proof against the Charms of so Divine a Beauty. Nor would any but a Sot, let slip the blessed Opportunity of so fair an Encounter, A Handsome woman! why *what was she made for, but to be loved?* And He that has Her, has all that's Lovely, or Desireable in Nature. For my own part, I would renounce the World for the fellow of her, and never desire any thing either beyond her, or beside her. What Lightning does she carry in her Eyes! What Charms, and Chains in her Looks, and Motions,

for

for the very Souls of her Beholders! Was ever any thing ſo clear as her forehead: Or ſo black as her Eye-brows? One would ſwear, that her Complexion had taken a Tincture of Vermillion and Milk: and that Nature had brought her into the World with Pearl, and Rubies in her Mouth. To ſpeak all in little, ſhe's the Maſter-piece of the Creation, worthy of Infinite Praiſe, and Equal to our largeſt Deſires, and Imaginations.

Here the Old man cut me ſhort, and bad me make an end of my Diſcourſe, for thou art, ſaid He, a Man of *much wonder*, and *ſmall experience*, and deliver'd over to the Spirit of *Folly* and *Blindneſs*, Thou haſt thy Eyes in thy Head, and yet not Brain Enough to know either why they were given Thee, or How to Uſe them, Underſtand then that the *Office* of the *Eye* is to *ſee*, but 'tis the *Priviledge* of the *Soul*, to *diſtinguiſh*, and *Chuſe*: whereas you either do the Contrary, or elſe Nothing, which is worſe. *He that truſts his Eyes, expoſes his Mind to a thouſand Torments and Confuſions*: He ſhall take *Clouds*, for

Mountains; *Streight* for *Crooked*; *One Colour* for *Another*, by reason of an *Undue distance*, or an *indispos'd Medium*. We are not able sometimes to say which way a River runs, till we throw in a twig or straw to find out the Current. And what will you say now, if this Prodigious Beauty, your new Mistress, prove as Gross a Cheat and Imposture, as any of the Rest? She went to Bed last night as Ugly as a Witch; and yet this Morning she comes forth in your Opinion as Glorious as an Angel. The Truth of it is, she Hires all by the Day; and *if you did but see this Puppet taken to pieces, you will find her little else but Paint and Plaister.* To begin her *Anatomy* at the *Head*. You must know that the *Hair* she wears, is borrow'd of a *Tire-Woman*, for her own was blown off by an Unlucky Wind from the Coast of *Naples*. Or if she has any left, she keeps it *private*, as a *Memorial* of her *Antiquity*. She is beholden to the *Pencil* for her *Eye-Brows*, and *Complexion*. And upon the whole matter, she is but an *old Picture refresht*. But the wonder is, to see a *Picture*, with *Life*, and

and *Motion*; unleſs perchance ſhe has got the *Necromancer's Receipt*, that made himſelf young again in his *Glaſs Bottle*. For all that you ſee of her that's *Good*, comes from *Diſtill'd Waters*, *Eſſences*, Powders, and the like; and to ſee the Waſhing of her Face would fright the Devil. She abounds in *Pomanders*, *Sweet-Waters*, *Spaniſh-Pockets*, *Perfum'd-Drawers*; and all little Enough to qualify the *Poyſonous Whiffs* ſhe ſends from her *Toes*, and *Arm-pits*, which would otherwiſe out-ſtink Ten thouſand Pole-Cats. She cannot chuſe but *Kiſs well*, for her *Lips* are perpetually bath'd in *Oyl*, and *Greaſe*. And he that Embraces her, ſhall find the better half of her the Taylors, and only a *ſtuffing of Cotton and Canvas*, *to ſupply the Defects of her Body*. When ſhe goes to Bed, *ſhe puts off one half of her Perſon with her Shoos*. What do you think of your ador'd Beauty now? or have your Eyes betray'd ye? Well, well, confeſs your Errour and mend it: and know that (without more Deſcant upon this woman) 'tis the Deſign and Glory of moſt of the Sex to lead ſilly Men Captive.

Nay

Nay *take the best of them*, *and what with the Trouble of getting them*, *and the Difficulty of pleasing them*, *he that comes off best*, *will find himself a Loser at the foot of the Accompt.* I could recommend you here to other Remedies of Love, inseparable from the very Sex, but what I have said already, I hope, will be sufficient.

The end of the fifth Vision.

THE

THE SIXTH VISION OF HELL.

BEing one *Autumn*, at a Friend's House in the Country, (which was indeed a most delicious Retreat) I took a walk one Moon-light night into the Park: where all my past Visions came fresh into my Head again, and I was well enough pleas'd with the Meditation. At length, the Humour took me to leave the Path, and go further into the Wood: what Impulse carry'd me to this, I know not. Whether I was mov'd by my good Angel, or some higher Power, but so it was, that in half a quarter of an hour, I found my self a great way from home, and in a place where 'twas no longer Night; with the Pleasantest Prospect round about

about me that ever I saw since I was born. The Air was calm and Temperate; and it was no small Advantage to the Beauty of the Place, that it was both Innocent, and Silent. On the one hand, I was entertain'd with the Murmurs of Crystal Rivulets; On the Other, with the whispering of the Trees; the Birds singing all the while either in Emulation, or Requital of the Other Harmonies. And now, to shew the Instability of our Affections, and Desires; I was grown weary even of Tranquillity it self, and in this most agreeable Solitude, began to long for Company.

When in the very instant, (to my great wonder) I discover'd *two Paths* issuing from one and the same Beginning; but dividing themselves forwards, more and more, by Degrees, as if they liked not One Another's Company. That on the *right Hand* was *Narrow*, almost beyond imagination; and being very little frequented, it was so overgrown with *Thorns* and *Brambles*; and so stony withal that a man had all the Trouble in the World to get into't.

One

One might see however, the Prints and Marks of several Passengers, that had rubb'd through, though with exceeding Difficulty; for they had left pieces of Heads, Arms, Legs, Feet, and many of them their whole skins behind them. Some we saw yet upon the way, pressing forward, without ever so much as looking back; and these were all of them *Pale fac'd, Lean, Thin,* and *Miserably Mortify'd.* There was no passing for *Horse-men*; and I was told that St. *Paul Himself* left his Horse, when He went into't. And indeed, there was not the footing of any Beast to be seen. Neither Horse, Nor Mule; Nor the Track of any Coach, or Chariot. Nor could I learn that any had past that way in the memory of man. While I was bethinking my self of what I had seen, I spy'd at length, a *Beggar*, that was Resting himself a little to take Breath; and I ask'd him what Inns or Lodgings they had upon that Road? His Answer was, that there was no stopping there, till they came to their Journey's End. For This (said he) is the way to *Paradise*, and what should they

they do with *Inns* or *Taverns*, where there are so *few Passengers?* Do not you know that in the Course of Nature, to *Dye* is to be *Born*; to *Live* is to *Travel*; and the *World* is but a *great Inn*, after which it is but one stage Either to *Pain* or *Glory*. And with these words he March'd forward, and bad me *God b'wye*; telling me withal, that it was time lost to linger in the way of Virtue, and not safe to entertain such Dialogues as tend rather to Curiosity than Instruction. And so he pursued his Journey, stumbling, tearing his Flesh, and Sighing, and Groaning at every step; and weeping as if he thought to soften the stones with his Tears. This is no way for me, thought I to my self; and no Company Neither; for they are a sort of *Beggarly Morose people*, and will never agree with my Humour. So I drew back and strook off into the left hand way.

And there I found Company Enough, and Room for more. What a World of *Brave Cavaliers! Gilt Coaches, Rich Liveries*, and *Handsome, Lively Lasses*, as Glorious as the Sun! Some *were Singing*

Singing and *Laughing*; Others *tickling One another*, and *Toying*; Some again, at their *Cheese-Cakes*, and *China-Oranges*, or appointed a set at *Cards*: so that taking all together, I durst have sworn I had been at the *Park*. This minded me of the Old saying, *Tell me thy Company, and I'll tell thee thy Manners*: and to save the Credit of my Education, I put my self into the *Noble Mode*, and jogg'd on. And there was I at the first Dash up to the Ears, in *Balls*, *Plays*, *Masquerades*, *Collations*, *Dalliances*, *Amours*, and as full of Joy as my Heart could hold.

I was not here, as upon t'other Rode, where folks went *barefoot*, and *Naked*, for want of *Shoomakers* and *Taylors*: for here were Enow, and to spare: Beside *Mercers*, *Drapers*, *Jewellers*, *Bodyes-makers*, *Perruque-makers*, *Millemers*, and a *French Ordinary* at every other Door. You cannot imagine the Pleasure I took in my New Acquaintance; And yet there was now and then, some Justling and Disorder upon the way: Chiefly between the *Physicians* upon their *Mules*, and the *Infantry* of the *Lawyers*, that

that march'd in great Bodies before the *Judges*; and contested for place. But the *Physicians* carry'd it in favour of their *Charter*, which gives them *Priviledge*, to *Study*, *Practise*, and *Teach* the *Art of Poysoning*; and to read *Lectures* of it in the *Universities*. While this point of Honour was in dispute, I perceiv'd divers crossing from one way to the Other; and changing of parties. Some of them stumbled; and Recover'd: Others fell down-right. But the pleasantest Gambole of all, was that of the *Vintners*. A whole Litter of them tumbled into a Pit together, one over another, but finding they were out of their Element, they got up again as fast as they could. Those that were in the *right-hand way*, which was the way of *Paradise*, or *Vertue*, advanc'd very heavily, and made us Excellent sport. *Prithee look what a Friday-face that fellow makes?* crys one; *Hang Him*, *Prick-Ear'd Cur*, says another; *Dam' me* crys a Third, *if the Rogue be not Drunk with Holy water*; *if the Devil had raked Hell*, *he could not have found such a Pack of Ill look't Rascals*, says Another.

Some

Some of them stopt their Ears, and went on without minding us. Others we put out of Countenance, and they came over to us. And a Third sort came out of pure Love to our Company.

After this, I observ'd a great many People afar off in a *By-Path*, with as much *Contrition*, and *Devotion*, in their *Looks*, and *Gestures*, as ever I saw in Men. They walk'd *shaking their Heads*, and *lifting up their Hands to Heaven*; and they had most of them *large Ears*, and to my thinking *Geneva Bibles*. These thought I, are a People of singular Integrity, and strictness of Life, above their Fellows: but coming nearer, we found them to be *Hypocrites*: and that though they'd none of *our Company* upon the *Road*, They would not fail to *meet us* at our *Journey's End*. *Fasting*, *Repentance*, *Prayer*, *Mortification*, and *other Holy Duties*, which are the *Exercise* of *Good Christians*, in Order to their *Salvation*, are but a kind of *Probation* to *these men*, to fit them for the *Devil*. They were follow'd by a Number of *Devotes*, and *Holy Sisters*,

that kiss the Skirts of their Garments all the way they went, but whether out of *Zeal*, *Spiritual*, or *Natural*, is hard to say; and undoubtedly, *some Womens Kisses*, are worse than *Judas's*. For though *his Kiss* was *Treacherous* in the *Intention*, it was *right* yet in the *Application*: but This was one *Judas Kissing Another*, which makes me think there was more of the *Flesh*, than of the *Spirit* in the Case. Some would be drawing a Thread now and then out of the Holy-man's Garment, to make a Relique of. Others would cut out large Snips as if they had a Mind to see them Naked. *Some again desir'd they would remember them in their Prayers; which was just as much as if they had commended themselves to the Devil by a Third Person.* Some pray'd for *good Matches* for their *Daughters*; *Others*, beg'd *Children* for *themselves*: And *sure the Husband that allows his Wife to ask Children abroad, will be so Civil as to take them Home, when they are given him.* In fine, these *Hypocrites* may for a while perchance impose upon the World, and Delude the Multitude; but no Mask, or Disguise

guise is proof against the all-piercing Eye of the Almighty. There are I must confess many Religious, and Godly men, for whose Persons and Prayers I have a great Esteem. But these are not of the *Hypocrites* Humour, to build their hopes, and Ambition upon Popular applause, and with a Counterfeit Humility, to proclaim their weakness, and unworthiness; their Failings; Yea and their Transgressions in the Market-Place; All which is indeed but a *True Jest*; for they are really what they say, though they would not be thought so.

These went apart, and were look'd upon to be *neither Fish nor Flesh, nor Good Red Herring.* They wore the *Name* of *Christians*; but they had neither the *Wit*, nor the *Honesty* of *Pagans*. For *They* content themselves with the Pleasures of this Life, because they know no better. But the *Hypocrite* that's instructed both in the *Life Temporal* and *Eternal*, lives without either *Comfort* in the *One*, or *Hope* in the *Other*; *and takes more pains to be damn'd, than a Good Christian does to compass his Sal-*

vation. In short, we went on our way in Discourse. The *Rich* follow'd their *Wealth*, and the *Poor* the *Rich*; begging there what Providence had deny'd them. The *Stubborn* and *Obstinate* went a way by *Themselves*, for they would hear no Body that was wiser than themselves, but ran hudling on, and prest still to be foremost. The *Magistrates* drew after them, all the *Sollicitors*, and *Attorneys*. *Corrupt Judges* were carry'd away by *Passion* and *Avarice*. And *Vain* and *Ambitious Princes*, trayl'd along with them *Principalities* and *Commonwealths*. There were a World of *Clergy* upon *this Road* too. And I saw one *full Regiment of Souldiers* there, which would have been brave Fellows indeed, if they had but been half so good at *Praying*, and *Fighting*, as they were at *Swearing*. Their whole discourse was of their Adventures. How Narrowly they came off at such an Assault; What wounds they received upon t'other Breach; and then what a Destruction they made at such a time, of Mutton, and Poultry. But all they said, came in at one Ear, and went out at t'other.

Don't

Don't you remember, Sirrah, says one, *how we claw'd it away at such a place! Yes, ye Damn'd Rogue you,* crys t'other, *when you were so drunk you took your Aunt for the Bawd.* These and such as these were the only Exploits they could truly brag of.

While they were upon these Glorious *Rhodomantades*, certain generous Spirits from the *Right hand way*, that knew what they were by the Boxes of *Pass-Ports*, *Testimonials*, and *Recommendations* they wore at their Girdles, cry'd out to them, as if it had been to an Attacque: *Fall on, Fall on, my Lads, and follow me. This, this is the Path of Honour, and if you were not Poultrons you would not quit it for fear of a Hard March, or an ill Lodging. Courage, Gamerades: and be assur'd, that this Combat well fought, makes all your Fortunes, and Crowns ye for ever. Here, ye shall be sure both of Pay, and Reward, without casting the Issue of all your Hazards and Hopes upon the Empty Promises of Princes. How long will you pursue this Trade of Blood and Rapine? And accustom your Ears, and Tongues to the*

Tragical out-cries of, Burn; No Quarter; Kill, or Dye. *It is not Pay, or Pillage, but Vertue that's a Brave Man's Recompence. Truſt to her, and ſhe'll not deceive ye. If it be the* War *ye Love, Come to Us; Bear Arms on the right ſide, and we'll find you work. Do not you know, that Man's Life is a Warfare? That the* World, *the* Fleſh, *and the* Devil, *are Three Vigilant Enemies? And that it is as much as his Soul is worth, to put himſelf but for one Minute out of his* Guard. *Princes tell ye, that your Bloods, and your Lives are Theirs, and that to ſhed the One, and loſe the Other, in their Service, is no Obligation, but a Duty. You are ſtill however to look to the Cauſe; Wherefore turn head, and come along with us, and be happy.* The *Souldiers* heard all this with Exceeding Patience and Attention: but the Brand of *Cowardiſe* had ſuch an effect upon them, that *without any more ado like men of Honour, they preſently quitted the Road; Drew; and as bold as Lyons, charg'd headlong into a Tavern.*

After this, we ſaw a great Troop of *Women*, upon *the High-way to Hell*, with their

their *Bags*; and their *Fellows*, at their Heels, ever, and anon, hunching, and justling one Another. On the *other side*; A number of *Good people*, that were almost at the End of their Journey, came over into the *wrong Road*; for the *Right-hand-way*, growing *Easier*, and *Wider* towards the *End*, and that on the *left hand*, on the contrary, *Narrower*, they thought they had been out of their way, and so came in to *Us*; As many of *Ours* went over to *Them*, upon the same Mistake. Among the rest, I saw *a great Lady*, without either *Coach*, *Sedan*, or any living Creature with her, foot it all the way to *Hell*, which was to me so great a wonder, considering how she had liv'd in the World, that I presently look'd about for a *Publick Notary*, to make an *Entry* of it. The *Woman* was in a most Miserable Pickle; and I did not know what design she might Drive on, under that Disguise; but finding never a *Notary*, or *Register* at hand, though I mist my particular Aim, yet I was well Enough pleas'd with it, for I took it then for granted that I was in my ready way to *Heaven*.

But when I came afterwards to reflect upon the *Crosses*, *Afflictions*, and *Mortifications*, that Lye in the way to *Paradise*, and to Consider, that there was Nothing of that upon *this Road*: But on the Contrary, *Laughing*, *Singing*, *Frolicking*, and all manner of *Jollity*; This I must confess, gave me a *Qualm*, and made me a little doubtful whither I was going.

But I was quickly deliver'd of that Doubt, by a Gang of *Marry'd Men*, that we overtook with *their Wives in their Hands*, in Evidence of their *Mortifications*: *My Wife's my Witness* (crys one) *that every day since I marry'd her has been a Fasting-Day to me*; *To pamper her with Cock-Broth, and Jellies. And my Wife knows how I have humbled my Body, by Nakedness*; *for I have hardly allow'd my self a Rag to my Back-side*; *or a Shoo to my Foot, to maintain her in her Coach, Pages, Gowns, Petty-Coats, and Jewels.* So that upon the matter, I perceiv'd *an Unlucky bit with a Wife, gives a man as much Right to the Catalogue of Martyrs, as if he had ended his days at the Stake.*

The

The Misery these poor Wretches endur'd, made me think my self in the Right again; till I heard a Cry behind me, *Make way there, make way for the Pothecaries.* Bless me, thought I, If *They* be here, we are certainly going to the *Devil.* And so it prov'd, for we were just then come to a little Door, that was made like a *Mouse-Trap*, where 'twas easie to get in; but there was no getting out again.

It was a strange thing, that scarce any Body so much as Dream'd of *Hell*, all the way we went, and yet every Body knew where they were, as soon as they came there: and cry'd out with one Voice, *Miserable Creatures! We are Damn'd, we are Damn'd.* That Word made my Heart Ake; And is it come to that? said I. Then did I begin with Tears in my Eyes, to reflect upon what I had left in the World. As my *Relations*, *Friends*, *Ladies*, *Mistresses*, and in fine, all my *old Acquaintance*: When with a Heavy Sigh, looking behind me, I saw the greater part of them Posting after me; It gave me, methought, some Comfort, that I should have so good

good Company; vainly imagining that even Hell it self might be Capable of some Relief.

Going further on; I was gotten into a Crowd of *Taylors*, that stood up sneaking in a Corner, for fear of the Devils. At the first Door, there were *Seven Devils* taking the Names of those that came in: and they ask'd me *mine*, and my *Quality*, and so they let me pass. But examining the *Taylors*; *These Fellows* (cry'd one of the Devils) *come in such shoals, as if Hell were made only for Taylors. How many are they?* (said Another) Answer was made, *about a Hundred. About a Hundred? They must be more than a Hundred says t'other, if they be Taylors; for they never come under a Thousand, or Twelve Hundred strong.* And we have so many here already, I do not know where we shall stow them. Say the word, my Masters, *shall's let them in or no?* The poor *Prick-Lice* were damn'dly startl'd at that, for fear they should not get in: but in the End they had the Favour to be admitted. Certainly, said I, these Folks are but in an ill Condition, when 'tis a

Menace

Menace for the Devils themselves to refuse to receive them; Thereupon a Huge, *Over-grown, Club-footed, Crump-shoulder'd Devil*, threw them all into a Deep Hole. Seeing such a Monster of a Devil, I ask'd him, how he came to be so deform'd. And he told me, he had spoil'd his Back with Carrying of *Taylors*: For said he, I have been formerly made use of as a Sumpter to fetch them: but now of late they save me that labour, and come so fast of themselves, that 'tis one Devils work to dispose of them. While the word was yet speaking, there came another Glut of them; and I was fain to make way, that the Devil might have Room to work in, who pil'd them up, and told me they made the best Fewel in Hell.

I pass'd forward then into a little *Dark Alley*, where it made me start to hear one call me by my Name, and with much ado I perceiv'd a Fellow there all wrapt up in *Smoke* and *Flame*. Alas! Sir, says he; *Have you forgotten your old Book-seller in Popes-Head-Alley?* I cry thee Mercy, good *Livewell*, quoth I, What?

What? *art thou here?* Yes, yes, Sir, (says he) *'tis e'en too true.* I never dream'd it would have come to this. He thought I must needs pity him, when I knew him: but truly I reflected rather upon the Justice of his Punishment. For in a word, his Shop was the very Mint of *Heresie*, *Schism*, and *Sedition*. I put on a Face of *Compassion* however, to give him a little Ease, which he took hold of, and vented his Complaint. *Well Sir* (says He) *I would my Father had made me a Hangman when he made me a Stationer*; for we are call'd to Accompt for Other Men's Works, as well as for our Own. And one thing that's cast in our Dish, is the selling of *Translations*, so *Dog-Cheap*, that every *Sot* knows now as much, as would formerly have made a *Passable Doctor*, and every *Nasty Groom*, and *Rogue*y *Laquey* is grown as familiar with *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, as if 'twere *Robin the Devil*; *The Seven Champions*; *or a Piece of George Withers*. He would have talk'd on, if a Devil had not stopt his Mouth with a Whiff from a Rowl of his own Papers, and Choak'd him with the Smoke on't. The Pestilent

Fume

Fume would have dispatch'd me too, if I had not got presently out of the Reach on't. But I went my way, saying this to my self, If the *Book-seller* be thus Criminal, what will become of the *Author?*

I was deliver'd from this Meditation, by the rueful Groans of a great many Souls that were *under the Lash*, and the *Devil* Tyrannizing over them with *Whips* and *Scourges*. I ask'd what they were, and it was told me, that there was a *Plot* among the *Hackney-Coach-men* to exhibit an *Information* against the *Devils*, for taking the *Whip* out of their hands, and *setting up a Trade they had never serv'd to*, (which is directly Contrary to *Quinto Elizabethæ*) Well, said I: but why are these tormented here? With that, an old Sowr-look'd *Coach-man* took the Answer out of the Devil's Mouth, and told me; that it was *because they came to Hell on Horseback*, which they pretended, was a Priviledge that did not belong to Rogues of their Quality. Speak truth and be hang'd, cry'd the Devil; and make an honest Confession here. Say,

Sirrah,

Sirrah, *how many Bawdy Voyages have you made to Hackney? How many Nights have you stood Pimping at Marybone? How many Whores and Knaves have you brought together? And how many Lyes have you told, to keep all private, since you first set up this scandalous Trade?* There was a *Coach-man* by, that had serv'd a *Judge*, and thought 'twas no more for his *Old Master* to fetch a Rascal out of *Hell*, than out of *Newgate*; which made this Fellow stand upon his Points, and ask the Devil how he durst give that Language to so Honourable a Profession: for (says he) *who wears better Cloaths than your Coach-men? Are not we in our Velvets, Embroideries, and Laces? and as Glorious as so many Phaetons? Have not our Masters reason to be good to us, when their Necks are at stake, and their Lives at our Mercy?* Nay, *we govern those, many times, that Govern Kingdoms; and a Prince is almost in as much danger of his Coach-man, as of his Physician. And there are, that understand it too, and Themselves, and Us; and that will not stick to trust their Coach-men as far as they would do their Confessors.*

Confessors. There's no Absurdity in the Comparison: for *if they know some of their Privacies, we know more*; yes, and perhaps more than we'll speak of. What have we here to do? cry'd a Devil that was ready to break his heart with Laughing. A *Coach-man* in his *Tropes* and *Figures?* An *Orator* instead of a *Waggoner?* The Slave has broke his Bridle, and got his head at Liberty, and now he'll never have done. No, why should he? (says another that had serv'd a great Lady more ways than One) is this the best Entertainment you can afford your Servants? your daily Drudges? I'm sure *we bring you good Commodity, well pack'd; well Condition'd; well Perfum'd; Tight, Neat,* and *Clean:* Not like your *City-mare* that comes dirty to you, up to the Hocks; and yet *every daggle Tail'd Wench,* and *Skip-Kennel,* shall be better us'd than *We.* Ah! The Ingratitude of this Place! if we had done as much for some body else, as we have done for you, we should not have been now to seek for our Wages. When you have nothing else to say, you tell me that

I am

I am punish'd for carrying the *Sick*, the *Gouty*, the *Lame*, to *Church*, to *Mass*; or *some straggling Virgins*, back again to their *Cloyster*: Which is a Damn'd Lye; for I am able to prove, that all my Trading lay at the *Play-houses*, *Bawdy-houses*, *Taverns*, *Balls*, *Collations*: Or else at the *Tour a-la-mode*, where there was still appointed some *After-meeting*; to treat of certain affairs, that highly import the Interest and Welfare of your Dominions. I have indeed carry'd my *Mistress* sometime to the *Church-Door*, but it signifi'd no more than if I had carry'd her to a *Conventicle*; for *all her business there, was to meet her Gallant, and to agree when they should meet next; according to the way of Devotion now in Mode.* To conclude; it is most certain, that I never took any Creature (knowingly) into my Coach, that had so much as a *Good Thought*. And this was so well known, that *it was all one, to ask, If a Lady were a Maid; or, If she had ever been in my Coach.* If it appear'd she had; He that marry'd her, knew before hand, what he had to trust to. And after all this,

ye,

ye have made us a fair Regnital. With That the Devil fell a Laughing, and with five or six Twinging Jerks, half fley'd the poor *Coach-man*; so that I was e'en glad to retire, in pity partly to the *Coach-man*, and partly to *my self*; for *the Currying of a Coach-man, is little better than the turning up of a Dunghill.*

My next Adventure was into a *Deep Vault*, where I began immediately to *shudder*, and *my Teeth chatter'd in my head.* I ask'd the meaning of it; and there came up to me a Devil, with *Kib'd Heels*, and his *Toes* all *Mortifi'd*; and told me that That Quarter was allotted to the *Buffoons* and *Drolls*, which are a people (says he) of so starv'd a Conceit, and so cold a Discourse, that we are fain to Chain and Lock them up, for fear they should spoil the Temper of our Fire. I ask'd if a man might see them. The Devil told me Yes, and shew'd me one of the lewdest Kennels in Hell. And there were they at it, pecking at One Another, and nothing but the same fooleries over and over again, that they had practis'd upon

Devil. Among the Buffoons I saw divers that past here in the World for *Men of Honesty*, and *Honour*; which were by all the Devils sent me, for Flattery, and were a sort of *Buffoons*, that goes between *the Bark and the Tree*. But why are they condemn'd? said I. The *other Buffoons* are condemn'd (quoth the Devil) *for want of Favour*; and *Thefe* for having too much and abusing on. You must know, they come upon us, still at Unawares; and yet they find all things in Readiness, the Cloth laid, and the Bed made, as if they were at home. To say the Truth, we have some sort of Kindness for them; for they save us a great deal of Trouble in Tormenting one another.

Do you see him there? That was a *wicked*, and *partial Judge*; and all he has to say for himself, is, that he remembers the Time when he *would have broke the Neck of two Honest Cavaliers*, and *He put them only out of Joynt*. That good Fellow there, was a *Church-Thief*, and him we lodge too with the *Buffoons*. He sold his *Wives Portion*, *Wife and all* to please his Companions, and

and turn'd *both* into an *Annuity*. *That Lady* there (though a great one) is fain to take up too with the *Buffoons*, for they are both of a Humour: What *They* do with their *Talk*, *she* does with her *Body*, and *seasons it to all Appetites*. In a word, you shall find *Buffoons* in all Conditions; and in effect, there are nigh as many, as there are men and women: for the whole World is given to *Jeering*, *Slandering*, *Backbiting*, and there are more *Natural Buffoons*, than *Artificial*.

At my going out of the *Vault*, I saw a matter of a Thousand Devils following a *Drove* of *Pastry-men*, and Breaking their Heads as they pass'd along with *Iron Peels*. Alack! cry'd one of them, that was yet in a whole Skin, it is hard the Sin of the *Flesh* should be laid to our Charge, that never had to do with *Women*. *Impudent*, *Nasty Rascals* (quoth the Devil) *who has deserv'd Hell*, *if they have not?* How many thousand men have these Slovens poyson'd with the *Grease* of their *Heads* and *Tails* instead of *Mutton-Sewet?* with *Snot-Pies* for *Marrow?* and *Flies*

for *Currans*? How many *Stomachs* have they turn'd into *Laystalls*, with the *Dogs-flesh*, *Horse-flesh*, and other *Carrion* that they have put into them? And do these Rogues complain (in the Devil's Name) of their sufferings! Leave your Bawling, ye Whelps, (says he) and know, that the Pain you endure, is nothing to that of your Tormentors. And for your Part (says he, to *me*, with a sowre Look) because you are a Stranger, you may go about your Business; but *we have a Crow to pluck with these Fellows, before we part.*

I went next, down a Pair of Stairs into a huge Cellar, where I saw men burning in unquenchable Fire; and one of them Roaring, Cry'd out, *I never ever sold; I never sold, but at Conscionable Rates, why am I punish'd* thus? I durst have sworn it had been *Judas*, but going nearer to him to see if He had a *Red Head*, I found him to be a Merchant of my Acquaintance, that dy'd not long since. How now, old *Martin*, (said I) art thou there? He was *dogged*, because I did not call him *Sir*, and made no Answer. I saw his Grief, and told him

him how much he was to blame, to cherish that *Vanity* even in *Hell*, that had brought him thither. And what do ye think on't now (said I) *Had not you better have traded in Blacks, than Christians? Had not you better have contented your self with a Little, honestly got, than run the hazard of your Soul for an Estate; and have gone to Heaven a foot, rather than to the Devil on horseback?* My Friend was as mute as a Fish, whether out of Anger, Shame, or Grief, I know not. And then a *Devil in Office* took up the Discourse. *These Pick-Pocket Rogues*, (says he) *Did they think to govern the World with their own Weights and Measures, in Secula Seculorum?* Methinks, the Blinking, and *false lights* of their *Shops*, should have minded them of their *Quarter*, in *the Other World*, aforehand. And 'tis all a Case, with *Jewellers*, *Goldsmiths*, and *Other Trades*, that serve only to *Flatter* and *Bolster* up the World in *Luxury*, and *Folly*. But if people would be wise, these Youths should have little Enough to do. For what's their *Cloth of Gold and Silver*, their *Silks*, their *Diamond*,

and *Pearl* which they sell at their own Price) but matter of meer *Wantonness* and *Superfluity*? These are they that inveigle ye into all sorts of *Extravagant Expences*, and so ruine ye insensibly, under colour of *Kindness*, and *Credit*. For they set every thing at double the Rate; and if you keep not touch at your Day, your Persons are imprison'd; your Goods seiz'd; and your Estates extended. And *they that helpt to make you Princes before, are now the forwardest to put you into the Condition of Beggars.*

The Devil would have talk'd on, if I had given him the hearing, but there was such a Laugh set up on one side of me as if they would all have split; and I went to see what the matter was; for twas a strange thing, methought, to hear them so merry in Hell. The Business was, there were two men upon a Scaffold, in Gentile habits, gaping as loud as they could Bawl. One of them had a great *Parchment* in his hand, display'd with divers Labels hanging at it, and several Seals. I thought at first it might have been *Execution-day*, and took

took the *Waiting* for a *Pardon* or *Reprieve*. At every word they spoke, a matter of Seven or Eight Thousand Devils burst out a Laughing, as they would have crack'd their Sides. And This again made me think, it might be some *Jack-Pudding*, or *Mountebank*, shewing his Tricks, or his Attestations; with his Congregation of Fools about him. But nearer hand, I found my Mistake; and that the Devils Mirth made the Gentlemen angry. At last I perceiv'd that this great Earnestness of theirs was only to make out their *Pedigree*, and get themselves pas'd for *Gentlemen*; the *Parchment* being a *Testimonial* from the *Heralds Office*, to that purpose. My Father (says he with the Writing in's Hand) bore Arms for his Majesty in many Honourable Occasions of *Watching* and *Warding*; and has made many a Tall Fellow speak to the Constable; at all hours of the Night. My Uncle was the first man that ever was of the Order of the *Black-Guard*: and we have had *five brave Commanders* of *our Family*, by my Father's side, that have serv'd the State

in the Quality of *Marshal's Men*, and *Turn-Keys*, and given his Majesty a fair accompt of all the Pris'ners committed to their Charge. And by my Mother's side, it will not be deny'd, but that I am honourably descended: For my *Grandmother* was never without a *Dozen Chamber-maids*, and *Nurses* in Family. It may be 'twas her Trade (quoth the Devil) to procure Services, and Servants, and consequently to deal in that Commodity. Well, well, (said the Cavalier) She was what She was; and I'm sure I tell you nothing but Truth. Her Husband wore a Sword by his Place, for he was a *Deputy-Marshall*; and to prove my self a Man of Honour, I have it here in Black and White, under the Seal of the Office. Why must I then be quarter'd among a Pack of Rascals? My Gentleman-Friend; (quoth the Devil) your *Grandfather* wore a *Sword*, as he was *Usher* to a *Fencing-School*; and we know very well what his Son, and Grandchild can pretend to. But let that pass; you have led a Wicked and Infamous Life, and spent your time in Whoring, Drinking,

Blas-

Blaspheming, and in Lewd Company; and do you tell us now of the *Privileges* of your *Nobility*? Your *Testimonials*, and *the Seal of the Office*? A Fart for your *Privileges, Testimonials, Office* and *all*. *There is no honour, but Vertue.* And if your Children, though they had a Scoundrel to their Father, should come to do honourable and worthy things, we should look upon them as Persons Sacred, and not dare to Meddle with them. But Talking is Time loft; You were ever a Couple of Pitiful Fellows, and your Tayls scarce worth the scalding. *Have at ye*, (says he) and at that word, with a huge Iron Bar He gave him such a Salute over the Buttocks, that He took two or three turns in the Air, Heels over Head, and dropt at last into the Common-shore; where never any man as yet found the Bottom.

When his Companion had seen him Cut that Caper; This Usage (says he) may be well enough for a *Parchment Gentleman*, but for a *Cavalier* of my *Extraction*, and *Profession*, I suppose you'll treat him with somewhat more of

Civility,

Quality, and *Respect*. Cavalier (quoth the Devil) if you have brought no better Plea along with you, than the Antiquity of your House, you may e'en follow your Camerade, for ought I know, for *we find very few ancient Families, that had not some Oppressour or Usurper, for their Founder*: and they are commonly continued by the same means, they were begun. How many are there of our *Titular Nobility*, that write *Noble*, purely upon the Accompt of their *Violence* and *Injustice*? Their Subjects, and Tenants, what with Impositions, hard Services, and Racke Rents, are they not Worse than Slaves? If they happen to have any thing Extraordinary, as a pleasant Fruit; A Handsome Colt; a Good Cow; and that the Landlord, or his Sweet Lady take a liking to it, they must either submit to part with it *Gratis*, or else take their *Pay* in *foul Language*, or *Bastinadoes*. And 'tis well if they 'scape so: For many times when the Sign's in *Gemini*; their Wives and Daughters go to Pot, without any regard of Law either Sacred or Prophane. What

Damn'd

Damn'd Blasphemies and Imprecations do they make use of, to get Credit with a *Mistress* or a *Creditor*, Upon a Faithless Promise! How intolerable is their Pride, and Insolence, even towards many Considerable Officers, both in Church and State! for they behave themselves as if all people below their Quality and Rank in the World, were but as so many Brutes, or Worse; As if Humane Blood were not all of a Colour: As if Nature had not brought them into the World the Common way, or Moulded them of the same Materials with the meanest Wretches upon the Earth. And then for such as have Military Charges and Commands; How many Great Officers are there, that without any Consideration of their Own, or Their Princes Honour, fall to Spoil and Pillage; Couzening the State with false Musters, and the Souldiers of their Pay; and giving them instead of their Due from the Prince, a Liberty of taking what is not their Due from the People; forcing them to take the Bread out of the poor Labourers Mouths, to fill their own Bellies,

now

lies, and protecting them when they have done, in the most Execrable Outrages imaginable. And when the poor Souldier comes at last to be dismiss'd, or disbanded; Lame, Sick, Beggarly, Naked almost, and Enraged with Nothing left him to trust to, but the *High-way* to keep him from starving. What mischief is there in the World, that these men are not the Cause of? How many good Families are utterly ruin'd, and at this Day in the Hospital for trusting to their Oaths and Promises! and becoming bound for them, for vast Summs of Money to maintain them in Tipple, and Whores, and in all sorts of Luxury, and Riot? This Rhetorical Devil would have said a Thousand times more, but that his Companions call'd him off, and told him they had business elsewhere. The Cavalier hearing that, My Friend (said he) your Morals are very Good, but yet with your Favour, all men are not alike. *There's never a Barrel better Herring*, (said the Devil) You are all of ye tainted with *Original Sin*, and if you had been any better than your Fellows,

you

you had never been seen hither. But if you are indeed so Noble as you say, you're worth the *Burning*, if it were but for your *Apes*. And that you may have no Cause of Complaint, you shall see, we'll treat you like a Person of your Condition. And in that Instant, Two Devils presented themselves; the one of them Bridled, and Sadled; and the other doing the Office of the Squire; holding the Stirrup with his left hand, and giving the Gentleman a Lift into the Saddle with the Other. Which was no sooner done, but away he went like an Arrow out of a Bow. I ask'd the Devil then into what Cavalry he carry'd him. And he told me, Not far for 'twas only matter of *Determin*, to send the Nobility to Hell. *Horse-back*, look on that side now, (says he) and so I did; and there I saw the poor Cavaliers in a huge Furnace, with the first Inventors of Nobility, and Arms: as *Cain*; *Cham*; *Nimrod*; *Esau*; *Romulus*; *Tarquin*; *Nero*; *Caligula*; *Domitian*; *Heliogabulus*; and a world of other brave Fellows, that had made themselves famous by Usurpation, and Blood. The word Place

Place was a little too hot for me, and so I retir'd, meditating on what I had heard; and was a little satisfied with the Discourse of so Learned a Devil. Till that time, I took the Devil for a Notorious Liyar; but I find now that He can speak the Truth too, when He pleases; and I would not for all I am worth, but have heard him Preach.

When I was thus far, my Curiosity carry'd me still farther; and within Twenty Yards, I came to a huge Muddy, Stinking Lake, near twice as big as that of *Geneva*; and heard in't so strange a Noise, that I was almost out of my Wits, to know what it was. They told me that the Lake was stor'd with *Dongeas* or *Gouvernantes*, which are turn'd into a kind of Frogs in Hell, and perpetually Drivelling, Spattering, and Croaking. Methought, the Conversion was apt enough; for they are Neither Fish, nor Flesh, no more than Frogs; and only the lower Parts of them are Man's Meat, but their Heads are enough to turn a very good Stomach. I could not but Laugh, to see how

how they gaped, and stretch out their Legs as they swam, and still as we came Near, They'd Scud away and Dive.

This was no place to stay in, there was so Noysome a Vapour; and so I spook off, upon the Left Hand; where I saw a Number of old men, beating their Breasts, and Tearing their Faces; with bitter Groans and Lamentations. It made my Heart ake to see them and I ask'd what they were? Answer was made, that I was now in the Quarter of *the Fathers that Damn'd themselves; viz. their Posterity*; which were called by some, *The Undutiful*. Wretch that I am! (cry'd one of them) The greatest Penitent that ever liv'd, never suffer'd the Mortification I have endur'd; I have Watch'd, I have Fasted; I have scarce had any *Cloaths* to my *Back*; My whole *Life* has been a Restless Course of *Torment*, both of *Body* and *Mind*; and all This to get *Money* for my *Children*; that I might see them well *Marry'd*; *Buy them Places at Court*, or procure them some other Preferment in the World; starving my self in the Confusion, rather than I would lessen the

Provision,

Provision, I had made for my Posterity. And yet, Notwithstanding this my tenderly care, I was scarce sooner Dead than forgotten; and my *Next Heir* bury'd me without *Tears*, or *Mourning*; and indeed without so much as paying of *Legacies*, or *Praying* for my Soul: as if they had already received certain Intelligence of my *Damnation*. And to aggravate my Sorrows, The *Prodigals* are now *squandring* and *consuming* that Estate in *Gaming*, *Whoring*, and *Debauchery* which I had scraped together by so much *Industry*, *Vexation*, and *Oppression*, and for which I suffer at this Instant such *Insupportable Torments*. This (should have been thought on before) cry'd the Devil) for sure you have heard of the Old Saying, *Happy is the Child whose Father goes to the Devil*. At which word the *Old Miser* broke out into fresh Rage, and Lamentation, Tearing their Flesh, with Teeth and Nails in so rueful a manner, that I was no longer able to endure the Spectacle.

A Little further, there was a Dark *Hideous Prison*, where I heard the *Chattering of Chains*, the *Crackling of Flames*;

Flakes; the *Slapping of Whips*; and a confused *outcry* of *Complaints*. I asks what Quarter this was; and they told me it was the Quarter of the *O that I had's!* What are those said I? Answer was made, that they were a Company of Brutish Sots, so absolutely deliver'd up to Vice, that they were damn'd insensibly, and in Hell before they were aware. They are now reflecting upon their Miscarriages, and Omissions, and perpetually crying out; *Oh that I had Examin'd my Conscience! Oh that I had frequented the Sacraments! Oh that I had humbled my self with Fasting, and Prayer! Oh that I had serv'd God as I ought! Oh that I had Visited the Sick, and Reliev'd the Poor! Oh that I had set a Watch before the Door of my Lips!*

I left these *late Repentants*, (as it appear'd) in Exchange for worse, which were shut up in a Base Court, and the Nastiest that ever I saw. These were such as had ever in their Mouths, *God is merciful, and will pardon me.* How can this be (said I) that these people should be *Damn'd*? When *Condemna-*

tion is an Act of *Justice*, not of *Mercy*. I perceive you are simple, (quoth the Devil) for half these you see here, are condemn'd with the *Mercy of God* in their Mouths. And to Explain my self, Consider I pray'e, how many Sinners are there, that go on in their Ways in spight of Reproof, and Good Counsel: and still this is their Answer, *God is merciful, and will not damn a Soul for so small a Matter.* But let them talk of *Mercy* as they please; so long as they persist in a Wicked Life, we are like to have their Company at last. By your Argument (said I) there's no trusting to *Divine Mercy*. You mistake me (quoth the Devil) for *every good Thought, and Work, flows from that Mercy*. But This I say: He that perseveres in his Wickedness, and makes use of the Name of *Mercy*, only for a Countenance to his Impieties, does but Mock the Almighty; and has no Title to that *Mercy*. For 'tis vain to expect *Mercy* from above, without doing any thing in order to it. It properly belongs to the Righteous, and the Penitent; and they that have the most

of

of it upon the *Tongue*, have commonly the least thought of it in their *Heart*; And 'tis a great aggravation of Guilt to Sin the more, in Confidence of an abounding Mercy. It is True that many are receiv'd to *Mercy*, that are utterly unworthy of it, which is no wonder, since No man of himself can deserve it; But men are so Negligent of seeking it betime, that they put that off to the last, which should have been the first part of their business; and many times their Life is at an End, before they begin their Repentance. I did not think so Damn'd a Doctor could have made so good a Sermon. And there I left him.

I came next, to a Noysome Dark hole, and there I saw a Company of *Dyers*, all in *Dirt* and *Smoke*, intermixt with the Devils, and so alike, that it would have posed the subtlest *Inquisitor* in *Spain*, to have said, which were the *Devils*, and which the *Dyers*.

There stood at my Elbow, a strange kind of *Mongrel Devil*, begot betwixt a *Black*, and a *White*; with a Head so bestuck with Little *Horns*, that it lookt

at a Distance like a *Hedg-Hog*. I took the boldness to ask him, where they quarter'd the *Sodomites*, the *Old Women* and the *Cuckolds*. As for the *Cuckolds*, (said he) they are all over Hell, without any Certain Quarter, or Station: and in truth, 'tis no easie matter to know a *Cuckold* from a *Devil*, for (like kind Husbands) they wear their Wives favours still, and the very same Head-pieces in Hell, that they wore living in the World. As to the *Sodomites*, we have no more to do with them, than needs must; but upon all Occasions, we either Fly, or Face them: for if ever we come to give them a Broad side, 'Tis ten to one but we get a Hit betwixt Wind and Water; and yet we fence with our Tayls, as well as we can, and they get now and then a Flap or'e the Mouth into the Bargain. And for the *Old Women*, we make them stand off; for we take as little pleasure in them, as you do: and yet the Jades will be persecuting us with their Passions; and *you shall have a Bawd of five and fifty, do you all the Gamboles of a Girl of fifteen.* And yet after all this, *There's not an Old Woman*

Woman in Hell; for let her be *as old as Paul*; *Bald, Blind, Toothless, Wrinkled, Decrepit*; *This is not long of her Age*, shee'l tell you; *but a terrible fit of sickness last year, that fetcht off her Hair, and brought her so low, that she has not yet recover'd her flesh again. She lost her Eyes by a hot Rheum: utterly spoil'd her* Teeth *with Cracking of Peach-stones, and Eating of Sweet-meats, when she was a Maid.* And when the Weight of her Years has almost brought both Ends together, 'Tis nothing shee'l tell ye but a Crick she has got in her Back; *And though she might recover her Youth again, by confessing her Age, she'l never acknowledge it.*

My next Encounter was, a Number of People making their moan, that they had been taken away *by sudden Death.* That's an Impudent Lye (cry'd a Devil) saving this Gentlemans presence) for *no man dyes suddenly. Death surprizes no man, but gives all men sufficient warning, and Notice.* I was much taken with the Devils Civility, and Discourse; which he pursu'd after this manner. *Do ye Complain* (says he) *of*

sudden Death? that have carry'd Death about ye, ever since you were Born; That have been entertain'd with daily Spectacles of Carkases and Funerals; That have heard so many Sermons upon the subject; and read so many good Books upon the Frailty of Life, and the Certainty of Death. Do ye not know that every Moment ye Live, brings ye nearer to your End? Your Cloaths wear out; Your Woods, and your Houses decay; and yet ye look that your Bodies should be Immortal. What are the Common Accidents and Diseases of Life, but so many warnings to provide your self for a Remove? Ye have Death at the Table, in your Daily Food, and Nourishment; for your Life is maintain'd by the Death of Other Creatures. And you have the Lively Picture of it, every night for your Bedfellow. With what face then can you Charge your Misfortunes upon sudden Death? that have spent your whole Life both at bed, and at Board, among so many Remembrances of your Mortality, No, No; change your stile, and hereafter confess your selves to have been Careless and Incredulous. You Dye, thinking

you

yet are not to Dye yet; and forgetting that Death grows upon you, and goes along with ye from one End of your Life to the Other, without Distinguishing of Persons, or Ages; Sex, or Quality; and whether it finds ye well, or Ill-doing; As the Tree falls, so it lies.

Turning toward my left Hand, I saw a great many Souls that were put up in *Gally-Pots*, with *Assa fœtida*, *Galbanum*, and a Company of *Nasty Oyls* that served them for *Syrrup*. What a Damn'd stink is here (Cry'd I, stopping my Nose) we are now come undoubtedly to *the Devils house of Office*; No, No, (said the Tormentor) which was a kind of a Yellowish Complexion'd Devil) 'Tis a Confection of *Apothecaries*. *A sort of People, that are commonly Damn'd for Compounding the Medicines by which their Patients hope to be saved.* To give them their due; These are your only *True*, and *Chymical Philosophers*; and worth a thousand of *Raymund Lullius*, *Hermes*, *Geber*, *Ruspicella*, *Avicen*, and their Fellows: 'Tis true, they have written fine things of the *Transmutation* of *Metals*; but did they

ever make any *Gold*? Or if they did. We have lost the Secret. Whereas your *Apothecaries* out of a Little *Puddle-water*; *A Bundle of Rotten sticks*; *a Box of Flies*; Nay out of *Toads*, *Vipers*, and a *Sir Reverence it self*, will fetch ye *Gold ready Minted*, and fit for the Market; which is more than all your *Philosophical Projectors* ever pretended to. There is no *Herb* so *Poysonous*, (let it be *Hemlock*) nor any *stone* so *dry*, (suppose the *Punice* it self) but they'l draw *Silver* out of it. And then for *words*, 'tis Impossible to make up any word out of the four and twenty Letters, but they'l shew you a Drug or a Plant of the Name; and turn the *Alphabet* into as good Money as any's in your Pocket. Ask them for an *Eye-Tooth of a flying Toad*; they'l tell ye, yes, ye may have of it; in *powder*; Or if you had rather have the Infusion of *a Teneh of the Mountains*, in a little *Eels-Milk*, 'tis all one to them. If there be but any Money stirring, you shall have what you will, though there be no such thing in Nature. So that it looks as if all the Plants and stones of

the Creation, had their ſeveral powers and Vertues given them, only for the *Apotheraries* ſakes; and as if *Words* themſelves had been only made for their advantage. Ye call them *Apothecaries*; but inſtead of That, I pray'e call them *Armoures*; and their *Shops Arſenals*. Are not their *Medicines* as *Certain Death* as *Swords*, *Daggers*, or *Muſquets*? while their Patients are Purg'd and Blooded into the other World, without any regard either to Diſtemper, Meaſure or Seaſon.

If you will now ſee the Pleaſanteſt ſight you have ſeen yet, walk but up theſe two ſteps, and you ſhall ſee a *Jury* (or Conſpiracy) *of Barber Surgeans, ſitting upon Life and Death.* You muſt think that any Divertiſement there was welcome, ſo that I went up, and found it in Truth a very pleaſant Spectacle. Theſe *Barbers* were moſt of them Chain'd by the Middle; their *Hands* at Liberty; and Every one of them, a *Cittern* about his Neck; and upon his knees a *Cheſs-board*: and ſtill as he reacht to have a Touch at the *Cittern*, the Inſtrument Vaniſht; and

so did the *Chief-Inventor*, when he thought it to have a Game at *Draughts*; which is directly *Tantalizing* the poor Rogues, for a *Cittern is as natural to a Barber, as Milk to a Calf.* Some of them were washing of Asses Brains, and putting them in again; and scouring of *Negroes* to make them *White.*

When I had laught my Fill at these fooleries, my next discovery was of a great many people, Grumbling and Muttering that There was no Body look't after them; No not so much as to torment them; *as if their Tails were not as well worth the Toasting, as their Neighbours.* Answer was made, that being a kind of Devils themselves, they might put in for some sort of Authority in the Place, and Execute the Office of *Tormentors.* This made me ask what they were. And a Devil told me (with Respect) that they were a Company of Ungracious, *Left-handed* Wretches, that could do Nothing aright. And their Grievance was that they were quarter'd by Themselves; but not knowing whether they were Men or no; or indeed what else

to

to make of them, we did not know how to Match them, or in what Company to put them. In the world they are looke upon as *Ill Omens*; and let any man meet one of them, upon a Journy in the Morning, Fasting; 'tis the same thing as if a Hare had crost the way upon him; He presently turns head in a Discontent, and goes to bed again. Ye know that *Scevola*, when he found his Mistake, in killing *Another*, for *Porsenna* (the *Secretary*, for the *Prince*) burnt his *Right-hand* in Revenge of the Miscarriage: Now the severity of the Vengeance, was not so much the Maiming or the Cripling of Himself, but the Condemning of himself to be for ever *Left-handed*. And so 'tis with a Malefactor that suffers Justice; The Shame and Punishment, does not lye so much in the Loss of his *Right-hand*, as that the other is *Left*. And it was the Curse of an old Bawd, to a Fellow that had vex'd her, *That he might go to the Devil by the stroke of a Left-handed Man*. If the Poets speak Truth, (as 'twere a Wonder if they should not) The *Left* is the *Unlucky side*; and there never

never came any good from it. And for my last argument against these Creatures; the *Goats*, and *Reprobates* stand upon the *Left-hand*: and *Left-handed men* are, in Effect, a sort of Creature that's made to do Mischief; Nay whether I should call them Men, or no, I know not.

Hereupon, a Devil beckon'd me to come softly to him; and so I did, without a word speaking, or the least Noise in the World. Now (says he) if you'l see the Daily Exercise of *Ill-favour'd Women*, look through that *Lattice Window*. And there I saw such a Kennel of *Ugly Bitches*, you would have blest your self. Some with their *faces* so *pounced*, and *speckled*, as if they had been *scarify'd*, and newly past the *Cupping-Glass*; with a world of little *Plaisters*, *long*, *round*, *square*; and briefly, cut out into such Variety, that it would have posed a good *Mathematician* to have found out another Figure! and you would have sworn that they had been either at *Cats-play*, or *Cuffs*. Others were *scraping their Faces with pieces of Glass*: *tearing up their Eye-brows*

brows by the Roots, like Mad: And some that had none to tear, were fetching out of their *black-Boxes*, such as they could get, or make. Others were *powd'ring*, and *curling* their *false Locks*; or fast'ning their *new Ivory Teeth*, in the place of their *old Ebony Ones*. Some were *Chewing Lemmon-pill*, or *Cinamon*, to countenance *a foul breath*; and raising themselves upon the *Chopines*, that their View might by the fairer, and their Fall the Deeper. Others were quarrelling with their *Looking Glasses*, for shewing them such *Hags Faces*, and cursing *the State of Venice* for Entertaining no better *workmen*. Some were *stuffing* out their *Bodies* like *Pack-saddles*, to cover secret Deformities: and some again had so many Hoods over their faces, to conceal the Ruines, that I could hardly discern what they were; and These past for *Penitents*. Others, with their Pots of *Hogs Grease*, and *Pomatum*, were *sleeking* and *polishing* their faces, and indeed their *fore-heads* were *bright* and *shining*, though there were neither *Suns*, nor *Stars*, in *That Firmament*. Some there were (in Fine) that would

would have fetcht a man's Guts up at's mouth, to see them with their *Mastives of after Birth*; and with their *Monstrous Slibber Slabbers*, dawbing one another to take away the *Heats*, and *Babes*. Nasty and abominable! I cry'd. Well (quoth the Devil) you see now how far a Womans Wit, and Invention will carry her to her own Destruction. I could not speak one word for astonishment at so horrid a Spectacle; till I had a little recollected my self; and then (said I) if I may deal freely without Offence; I dare Defie all the Devils in Hell, to out-do these Women. But pray'e let's be gone, for the sight of them makes my very Heart ake.

Turn about then, (said the Devil) and there was a *Fellow* sitting in a *Chair*; *all alone*; never a *Devil* near him; No *Fire*, or *Frost*; No *Heat*, or *Cold*; or any thing else, that I could perceive, to torment him: and yet crying and Roaring out the most hideously of any thing I had yet heard in Hell: Tearing his Flesh, and beating his Body, like a Bedlam, and his Heart, all the while, Bleeding at his Eyes. Good Lord, thought

thought I, what ails this Wretch, to yell out thus when no Body Hurts him? So I went up to Him; Friend (said I) what's the meaning of all this Fury, and Transport? for, so far as I can see, there's nothing to trouble you. No, No, (says he with a Horrid Outcry, and with all the Extravagancies of a Man in Rage, and Despair) *you do not see my Tormentors; but the all searching Eye of the Almighty sees my Ruine, as well as my Transgressions, and with a severe, and Implacable Justice, has condemned me to suffer Punishments unsufferable to my Crimes.* Which words he utter'd with redoubled Clamours. *My Executioners are in my Soul, and all the Plagues of Hell in my Conscience. My Memory serves me instead of a Cruel Devil. The Remembrance of the Good I should have done, and Omitted; And of the Ill I should not have done, and did. The Remembrance of the wholesome Counsels I have rejected, and of the Ill examples I have given. And for the Aggrievation of my Misery; where my Memory leaves afflicting me, my Understanding begins; shewing me the Glories,

lyes, and Beatitudes I shou lost, which others enjoy, who have gain'd Heaven, (with less Anxiety and Pain than I have endur'd) to compass my Damnation. Now am I perpetually Meditating on the Comforts, Beauties, Felicities, and Raptures of Paradise, only to inflame, and exasperate my Despair in Hell: begging in Vain, but for one moments Intervall of Ease, without obtaining any; for my Will is also as Inexorable, as either my Memory or my Understanding. And These (my Friends of the other World) are the Three Faculties of my Soul, which Divine Justice, for my Sins, has converted into three Tormentors, that Torture me without Noise; Into three Flames, that burn me without consuming. And if I chance at any time to have the least Remission or Respite; The Worm of my Conscience gnaws my Soul, and finds it, to an Insatiable Hunger, an Immortal Aliment, and Entertainment. At that word, turning towards me with a Hellish Yell; Mortal (says he) learn, and be assured from me, that all those that either bury, or misemploy their Talents, carry a Hell within themselves, and are

Damn'd

Damn'd even above ground; and so He return'd to his Usual Clamours. Upon this, I left him, miserably sad and pensive. Well, thought I, what a weight of sin lies upon this Creatures Conscience! Whereupon the Devil observing me in a muse, told me in my Ear, that this Fellow had been an *Atheist*, and believ'd neither *God*, nor *Devil*. *Deliver me* then said I, *from that Unsanctify'd Wisdom, that serves us only for our further Condemnation.*

I was gone but a step or two aside, and I saw a world of people running after *Burning Chariots*, with a great many Souls in them, and the Devils tearing them with Pincers: and before them, marcht Certain Officers, making *Proclamation* of their *Sentence*, which with much ado I got near enough to hear, and it was to this effect. *Divine Justice hath appointed this punishment to the Scandalous, for giving Ill example to their Neighbours.* And at the same time, several of the Damn'd laid their sins to their Charge, and cry'd out, that *'twas long of them they were thus Tormented.* So that *the Scandalous were*

punish both for their own Sins, and for the Offences of those they had misled to their Destruction. And these are they of whom 'tis said, that *they had better never have been born.*

My very Soul was full of Anguish to see so many Doleful Spectacles; and yet I could not but smile, to see the *Vintners* every where up and down Hell, as free, as if they had been in their *Taverns*, and only *Pris'ners upon Parole.* I askt how they came by that Priviledge; and a Devil told me, there was no need of shackling them, or so much as shutting them up; for there was no fear of their making a 'scape, that took so much pains in the World, and made it their whole business to come thither. Only, says he, if we can keep them from throwing *Water* in the *Fire*, as they do in their *Wines*, we are well enough. But if you would see somewhat worth the while, leave these fellows, and follow me; and I'le shew ye *Judas* and his *Brethren*, the *Stewards* and *Purse-bearers*: so I did as he bad me, and he brought me to *Judas* and *his Companions*, who had no *Faces*, divers

divers of them, and most of them, *no Foreheads.*

I was well enough pleas'd to see him, and to be better inform'd; for I had ever Phantied him to be a kind of *an Olive Colour'd Tawny Complexion'd fellow*, without a *Beard*; and an *Eunuch* in to the Bargain: which perhaps (may probably) He was, for nothing but a *Capon'd*, *a Thing unman'd*, could ever have been guilty of so Sordid, and Treacherous a Villany, as to sell, and betray his Master with a Kiss; and after That so Cowardly as to hang himself in despair, when he had done. I do believe however, what the Church says of him, That He had a *Carrot Beard*, and a *Red head*; but it may be his *Beard* was *burnt*, and as he appear'd to me in Hell, I could not but take him for an *Eunuch*, which to deal freely is my Opinion of all the *Devils*, for they have no Hair; and they are for the most part *wrinkled*, and *Baker-leg'd.*

Judas was beset with a Great many *Money-mongers*, and *Purse-bearers*, that were telling him stories of the Pranks

they had play'd, and the Tricks they had put upon their Masters, after his Example. Coming up to them, I perceiv'd that their Punishment was like that of *Titius*, who had a *Vultur* continually gnawing upon his *Liver*; for there were a Number of *Ravenous Birds* perpetually preying upon them, and tearing off their Flesh; which grew again as fast as they devour'd it; a Devil in the mean time crying out, and the Damn'd filling the whole place with Clamour and Horrour; *Judas*, with his *Purse*, and his *Pot* by his side, bearing a large part in the *Out-cry*, and *Torment*. I had a huge mind (methought) to have a word or two with *Judas*; and so I went to him with this Greeting: *Thou Perfidious, Impudent, Impious Traytor*, (said I) *to sell thy Lord and Master at so base a Price, like an Avaritious Rascal.* If men (said he) were not ungrateful; they would rather pity or commend me, for an Action so much to their Advantage, and done in Order to their Redemption. The Misery is Mine, that am to have no part my self in the Benefit I have procured to others.

Some

Some *Hereticks* there are, (I must confess to my Comfort) that adore me for't. But do you take *me* for the *only Judas*? No, No. There have been many since the Death of my Master, and there are at this day, more wicked and ungrateful, Ten thousand times than my self; that *buy* the Lord of Life, as well as *sell him*, Scourging and Crucifying him daily with more Spite and Ignominy than the *Jews*. The Truth is, I had an Itch to be fingering of Money, and Bartering, from my very Entrance into the *Apostleship*. I began, you know, with the *Pot of Oyntment*, which I would fain have sold, under colour of a *Relief* to the *Poor*. And I went on, to *the selling of my Master*, wherein I did the World a greater good than I intended, to my own irreparable ruine. My *Repentance*, now signifies Nothing. To conclude, *I am the only Steward that's condemn'd for* Selling. *All the rest are damn'd for* Buying: And I must entreat you to have a better Opinion of me, for if you look but a little lower here, you'l find people a Thousand times worse than my self. With-

draw then (said I) for I have had talk enough with *Judas*.

I went down then, some few steps, as *Judas* directed me; and There I saw a world of Devils upon the March, with *Rods*, and *Stirrup Leathers* in their Hands, lashing a Company of *handsom Lasses stark naked*, and driving them out of Hell (which methought was pity, and if I had had some of them in a Corner, I should have treated them better) with the *Stirrup Leathers*, they disciplin'd a *Litter of Bawds*. I could not imagine why these of all others, should be expell'd the place, and askt the Question. Oh, says a Devil, *These* are our *Factresses* in the *World*, and the best we have, so that we send them back again to bring more Grist to the Mill: And indeed, *if it were not for Women, Hell would be but thinly peopled*; for what with the *Art*, the *Beauty*, and the *Allurements* of the *Young Wenches*; and the *Sage Advice* and *Counsel* of the *Bawds*, they do us very good service. Nay; for fear any of our Good Friends should tire upon the Road, they send them to us on *Horseback*, or bring them themselves,

selves, e'en to the very Gates, lest they should miss their way.

Pursuing my journey I saw a good way before me, a large Building, that lookt (methought) like some *Bethlehem Castle*, or the *Picture of Ill luck*: It was all ruinous, the *Chimneys* down, the *Planchers* all to pieces, only the *Bars* of the *Windows* standing: The *Doors* all bedawb'd with dirt, and patcht up with *Barrel heads*, where they had been broken. The *Glass* gone, and here and there a *Quarrel* supply'd with *Paper*. I made no doubt at first but the house was forsaken; but coming nearer, I found it otherwise, by a horrible confusion of tongues and noises within it. As I came just up to the door; one open'd it, and I saw in the house many *Devils*, *Thieves*, and *Whores*. One of the craftiest Jades in the Pack, placed her self prettily upon the Threshold, and made her address to my Guide and Me. Gentlemen, says she, *how comes it to pass, I pray'e, that people are damn'd both for giving and taking?* The *Thief* is condemn'd for *taking* away from another; and *we* are condemn'd for *giving* what

is our own. I do not find, truly, any injustice in our Trade; and if it be lawful to give every one their own, and out of their own; why are we condemn'd? We found it a nice point; and sent the Wench to *Counsel learned in the Law*, for a resolution in the Case. Her mentioning of *Thieves* made me inquire after the *Scriveners* and *Notaries*. Is it possible, (said I) that you should have none of them here? for I do not remember, that I have seen so much as one of them upon the way; and yet I had occasion for a *Scrivener*, and made a search for one. I do believe indeed (quoth the Devil) that you have not found any of them upon the Road. How then? (said I) what are they all fly'd? No, no, (cry'd the Devil) but you must understand, that they do not *foot* it hither, as other Mortals; but come upon the *Wing*, in Troops like *Wild-Geese*, so that 'tis no wonder you see none of them upon the way. We have *millions* of them; but they cut it away in a trice, for they are damn'dly *rank wing'd*, and will make a flight, in the third part of a minute, betwixt *Earth*

and *Hell*. But if there be so many (said I) how comes it we see none of them? For that (quoth the Devil) we change their names, when they come hither once; and call them no longer *Notaries*, or *Scriveners*, but *Cats*: and they are so good *Mousers*, that though this place is large, old, and ruinous; yet you see not so much as a *Rat* or a *Mouse* in *Hell*: how full soever of all other sorts of *Vermine*. Now ye talk of *Vermine* (said I) are there any *Catchpoles* here? No not one (says he) How so (quoth I?) when I dare undertake *there are five hundred Rogues of the Trade for one that's ought*. The reason is (says the Devil) that every *Catchpole* upon *Earth*, carries a *Hell* in's *Bosom*. You have still (said I, crossing my self) an aking tooth at those poor Varlets. Why not (cry'd he) for they are but Devils incarnate, and so damn'dly verst in the art of tormenting, that we live in continual dread of losing our places, and that his Infernal Majesty should take these Rascals into his Service.

I had enough of this, and travelling on, I saw a little way off, a great enclo-

sure,

sure, and a world of Souls shut up in't; some of them weeping and lamenting without measure, others in a profound silence. And this I understood to be the *Lovers Quarter.* It sadn'd me to consider, that Death it self could not kill the lamentations of Lovers. Some of them were discoursing their passions, and teazing themselves with *Fears* and *Jealousies*; casting all their miseries upon their *appetites* and *phancies*, that still made the *Picture* infinitely fairer than the *Person.* They were for the most part troubled with a simple Disease, call'd (as the Devil told me) *I thought.* I askt him what that was, and he answer'd me, it was a Punishment suitable to their offence: for your Lovers, when they fall short of their Expectations, either in the pursuit, or Enjoyment of their Mistresses, they are wont to say, Alas! *I thought* she would have lov'd me: *I thought* she would never have prest me to marry her: *I thought* she would have been a Fortune to me: *I thought* she would have given me all she had: *I thought* she would have cost me nothing: *I thought* she would have

askt

askt me nothing: *I thought* she would have been true to my Bed: *I thought* she would have been dutiful and modest: *I thought* she would never have kept her Gallant. So that all their Pain and Damnation comes from *I thought* This or That, or So, or So.

In the middle of them was *Cupid*, a little beggarly Rogue, and as naked as he was born, only here and there cover'd with an old kind of *Embroidery*; but whether it was the workmanship of the *Itch*, *Pox*, or *Measles*, I could not perfectly discover; and close by him was this Inscription:

Many a good Fortune goes to wrack:
And so does many an able Back;
With following Whores & Cards & Dice,
We're Pox'd and Beggar'd in a trice.

Aha! (said I) by these *Rimes* methinks the *Poets* should not be far off; and the word was hardly out of my mouth, when I discover'd Millions of them through a *Park Pale*, and so I stopt to look upon them. (It seems in Hell they are not call'd *Poets* now, but *Fools*)

Poets) One of them shew'd me the *Women's Quarter* there hard by, and askt me what I thought of it, and of the *handsome Ladies* in it. Is it not true (says he) that a *Buxom Lass* is a kind of *half Chamber-maid* to a *man*? when she has stript him and brought him to Bed, she has done her business, and never troubles her self any further about the helping him up again, and drelling him. How now (said I?) have ye your Quirks and Conceipts in Hell? In troth ye are pleasant: I thought your edge had been taken off. With that, out stept the most miserable Wretch of the whole Company laden with Irons: Ah! (quoth he) I would to God the first Inventor of *Rimes* and *Poetry* were here in my Place, and then he went on with this following and sad Complaint.

A Complaint of the Poets in Hell.

Oh, this damn'd trade of *Versifying*
Has brought us all to Hell for *lying!*
For writing what we do not think;
Meerly to make the Verse cry *clink.*

For

For rather than abuse the meeter,
Black shall be *White*, *Paul* shall be *Peter*.
One time I call'd a *Lady Whore*;
Which in my Soul she was no more
Than I am; a brave Lass, no Beggar,
And *true*, *as ever man laid leg o're*.
Not out of *malice*, *Jove's* my witness,
But meerly for the Verses *sweetness*.
Now we're all made, said I, if *luck hold*,
And then I call'd a fellow *Cuckhold*;
Though the *Wife* was (or I'll be hang'd)
As good a Wench as ever twang'd.
I was once plaguily put to't;
This would not hit, that would not do't;
At last I *circumcis'd* (tis true)
A *Christian*, and *baptiz'd a Jew*.
Nay I've made *Herod innocent*
For Riming to *Long-Parliament*:
Now to conclude, we are all *damn'd* ho,
For nothing but a game at *Cambo*.
And for a little jingling pleasure,
Condemn'd to Torments without measure:
Which is a little hard in my sense,
To fry thus for *Pottick Licence*.
'Tis not for sin of *Thought* or *Deed*,
But for bare *sounds*, and *words* we bleed:

While

While the Cur *Cerberus* lies *growling*
In consort with our *Catterwauling*.

So soon as he had done; There is not in the world (said I) a more ridiculous *phrenſie*, than yours, to be *poetizing* in *Hell*. The humour ſticks cloſe ſure, or the fire would have fetcht it out. Nay (cry'd a Devil) theſe *Verſifiers* are a ſtrange Generation of *Buffoons*. The time that others ſpend in *Tears* and *Groans* for their *ſins* and *follies*, theſe Wretches employ in *Songs* and *Madrigals*; and if they chance to light upon the critical minute, and get a ſnap at a Lady, all's worth nothing, unleſs the whole Kingdom ring of it, in ſome miſerable Sing-Song or other, under the name forſooth of *Phillis*, *Chloris*, *Silvia*, or the like: and the goodly Idol muſt be deckt and dreſt up with *Diamond*, *Pearl*, *Rubies*, *Muſque*, and *Amber*, and both the *Indies* are too little to furniſh *Eyes*, *Lips*, and *Teeth*, for this *Imaginary Goddeſs*. And yet after all this *magnificence* and bounty, it would put the poor Devil's credit upon the ſtretch, to take up

up an *Old Ratty Coat* in *Long Lane*, or a pair of *Caft Shoes*, as the next *Goldney*. Besides; we can give no Account either of their *Country* or *Religion*. They have *Christian Names*, but most *Heretical Souls*. They are *Arabians* in their *Hearts*, and in their *Language*, *Gentiles*; but, to say the Truth, they fall short of the *right Pagans* in their *Manners*. If I stay here a little longer, (said I to my self) This spiteful Devil will hit me over the Thumbs e're I'm aware; for I was half Jealous, that he took me already for a piece of a *Poet*.

For fear of being Discover'd, I went my way, and My Next Visit was to the *Impertinent Devotes*; whose very *Prayers* are made up of *Impiety*, and *Extravagance*. Oh! what *Sighing* was there and *Sobbing*, *Groaning*, and *Whining*! Their *Tongues* were tyed up to a *perpetual silence*; Their *Souls Drooping*, and their *Ears* condemn'd to hear eternally the hideous cryes and Reproaches of a Howling Devil, greeting them after this manner. Oh, Ye Impudent and Profane Abusers of Prayer, and Holy Duties! that treat *the Lord of Heaven*

and

and Earth in His own House, with *less respect* than ye would do a *Merchant* upon the *Change*, sneaking into a Corner with your Execrable Petitions, for fear of being over-heard by your Neighbours; and yet without any scruple at all, ye can Expose, and offer them up to that Eternal Purity! Shameless Wretches that ye are! *Lord* (Cys one) *take the old man, my Father, to thy self, I beseech Thee, that I may have his Office and Estate. Oh, that this Uncle of mine would but march off!* There's a *Fat Bishoprick*, and a good *Deanry*; *I would the Devil had the Incumbent, so I had the Dignity.* Now for a lusty *Pot* of *Guineys*, or a *Luckie hand at Dice* if it be thy pleasure, and then I would not doubt of good Matches for my Children. *Lord make me his Majesties Favourite* and *Thy Servant*; *that I may get what's convenient, and keep what I have gotten. Grant me This, and I do here engage my self, to entertain six Blue-Coats, and bind them out to good Trades; To set up a Lecture for every day of the Week; to give one Third part of my clear gains to Charitable Uses; and*

another towards the Repairing of Paul's; *and to pay all honest Debts, so far as may stand with my Private Convenience.* Blind and Ridiculous Madness! for *Dust and Ashes* thus to *Reason* and *Condition* with the *Almighty*! for *Beggars* to talk of *Giving*, and obtrude their Vain and unprofitable Offerings upon the Inexhaustible Fountain of Riches and Bounty! to pray for Those things as *Blessings*, which are commonly shower'd down upon us for our *Confusion* and Punishment. And when in Case your Wishes take effect, what becomes of all the Sacred Vows and Promises ye made, in *storms*, (perhaps *Sickness* or *Adversity*?) so soon as ye have *gain'd* your *Port*, *recover'd* your *Health*, or *Patch'd up a Broken Fortune*, you shew your selves, all of ye, a pack of Cheats; your *Vows* and *Promises*, are not worth so many *Rushes*: They are forgotten with your Dreams; and *to keep a Promise upon Devotion, that you made out of Necessity, is no Article of your Religion.* Why do ye not ask for *Peace of Conscience*? *Encrease of Grace*? *The Gift of the Blessed Spirit*?

But you are too much taken up with the Things of this World, to attend those Spiritual Advantages and Treasures; and to consider that the most acceptable Sacrifices and Oblations you can make to the Almighty are *Purity of Mind*, *an humble Spirit*, and a *Fervent Charity*. The Almighty takes delight to be often call'd upon, that He may often pour down his Blessings upon his Petitioners. But such is the Corruption of Humane Nature, That Men seldom think of him, unless under affliction; and therefore it is, that they are often Visited; for by *Adversity* they are brought to the Knowledg and Exercise of their *Duty*. I would now have you consider, how little *Reason* there is in your Ordinary *Demands*. Put Case you have your Asking; what are you the better for the Grant; since it fails you at last; because you did not ask aright. When you die, your Estate goes to your Children; and for their parts, you are scarce cold, before you are forgotten. You are not to expect they should bestow much upon Works of Charity; for if nothing went that way

way while you were living. They'l Live after your Example when you are Dead. And beside; there's no Merit in the Case. At this word some of the poor Creatures were about to Reply; but the Devils had put Barnacles upon their Lips that hinder'd them.

From thence, I went to the *Witches* and *Wizards*; such as pretend to cure Man and Beast by *Charms*, *Words*, *Amulets*, *Characters*: and These were all burning alive. These (says a Devil) are a Company of Couzening Rogues: the most accursed Villains in Nature. If they help one man, they kill another, and only remove the Disease from a *Worse* to a *Better*: And yet there's no great Clamour against them neither; for if the Patient recover, he's well enough content, and the Doctor Gets both Reputation and Reward for his Pains. If he dyes, his mouth is stop't, and forty to one the next Heir does him a good turn for the Dispatch. So that *Hit* or *Miss*; All is well at last. If you enter into a Debate with them about their Remedies, They'l tell you, *they learnt the Mystery of a certain Jew*; and

There's the *Original* of the *Secret*. Now to hear these *Quacks* give you the History of their Cures, is beyond all the *Plays* and *Farces* in the World. You shall have a fellow tell you of fifteen people that were run clean through the Body, and glad for a matter of three days to carry their Puddings in their Hands; that in four and twenty hours he made them as whole as Fishes, and not so much as a *Scar* for a Remembrance of the *Orifice*. Ask him *when* and *where*? you'l find it some Twelve Hundred Leagues off, in a *Terra Incognita*, by the Token, that at that time he was *Physician in Ordinary* to a great Prince that dy'd about five and twenty years ago.

Come, Come; (Cry'd a Devil) make an End of this Visit, and you shall see those now, that *Judas* told you were ten times Worse than himself. I went along with him, and he brought me to a passage into a great Hall, where there was a Damn'd smell of Brimstone, and a Company of *Match-makers*, as I thought at first; but they prov'd afterward to be *Alchymists*, and the Devils examining them

them upon *Interrogatories*, who were filthily put to't, to understand their *Gibberish*. Their *Talk* was much of the *Planetary Metals*; *Gold* they call'd *Sol*; *Silver*, *Luna*; *Tin*, *Jupiter*; *Copper*, *Venus*. They had about them, their *Furnaces*, *Crucibles*, *Coals*, *Bellowt*, *Clay*, *Minerals*, *Dung*, *Man's Blood*, *Powders*, and *Alembicks*. Some were *Calcining*; Others *Washing*; Here *Purifying*; There *Separating*. *Fixing* what was *Volatile*, in one place; and *Rarifying* what was *Fixt* in another. Some were upon the Work of *Transmutation*, and *Fixing* of *Mercury* with Monstrous Hammers, upon an Anvile. And after they had *resolv'd* the *Viscous matter*, and sent out the subtler parts, that they came to the *Coppel*, all went away *in Fume*. Some were again in a hot dispute. What *Fuel* was best; and whether *Raymund Lullins* his *Fire*, *and no Fire*, could be any thing else than *Lime*; or otherwise to be understood of the *Light Effective* of *Heat*, and not of the *Effective Heat* of *Fire*. Others were making their Entrance upon *the Great Work*, after the *Hermetical* Method. Here they were

watching the Progress of their Operations, and making their Observations upon *Proportions*, and *Colour*. While all the rest of these blind Oracles lay waiting for the Recovery of the *Materia Prima*, till they brought themselves to the last Cast both of their Lives and Fortunes: and instead of turning Base Metals and Materials into Gold; as they pretended; they made the Contrary Inversion, and were glad at length to take up with *Beggarly Fools*, and *Fulse Coiners*. What a stir was there with crying out, ever and anon! *Look ye, look ye! The old Father is got up again; Down with him, Down with him;* What *Glossing*, and *Commenting* upon the old *Chymical Text*, that says; *Blessed be Heaven, That has order'd the most Excellent thing in Nature out of the Vilest.* If so, (quoth one) let's try, if we can fetch the *Philosophers stone* out of a *Common Strumpet*, which is of all Creatures undoubtedly the Vilest. And the word was no sooner out, but a matter of Three and Twenty Whores went to Pot, but the Flesh was so Curstedly Mawmish and Rotten, that they soon gave

gave over the Thought of that Projection. And then they entred upon a fresh Consultation, and concluded, *Nemine Contradicente*, that the *Mathematicians*, by that rule, were the only fit matter to work upon; as being most damnably dry, (to say nothing of their Divisions, among, and against themselves) so that with one Voice, they call'd for a parcel of *Mathematicians*, to the Furnace, to begin the Experiment. But a Devil came in just in the *God-speed*, and told them; *Gentlemen Philosophers*, (says he) if you would know the Wretched'st, and most contemptible thing in the World; It is an *Alchymist*: and we are of Opinion, that you'l make as Good *Philosophers stones*, as the *Mathematicians*. However, for Curiosity's sake, wee'l try for Once; and so he threw them all together into a great *Caldron*; and to say the Truth, the poor Snakes suffer'd very contentedly; out of a desire I suppose to help on toward the perfecting of the Operation.

On the other side, were a Knot of *Astrologers*, and one among the rest that

had study'd *Chiromancy* or *Palmistry* who took all the Damn'd by the hands one after another. One he told, that it was as plain as the Nose on his Face, that he was to go to the Devil, for he perceiv'd it by the *Mount* of *Saturn*. You (says he to another) have been a *Swindging Whore-master* in your days; I see that by the *Mount* of *Venus* here, and by her *Girdle*; and in short, every Man's Destiny he read in his *Fist*. After him advanced another, Creeping upon all four; with a pair of *Compasses* betwixt his Teeth; his *Spheres* and *Globes* about him; his *Jacobs staffe* before him; and his *Eyes* upon the *Stars*, as if he were taking a *Height*, or making an *Observation*. When he had gaz'd a while, up he starts of a sudden, and wringing his Hands, *Good Lord* (says he) *What an Unluckie Dog was I! If I had come into the World, but one half quarter of an hour sooner, I had been saved*; for just then *Saturn shifted*, and *Mars* was lodg'd in the *house of Life*. One that follow'd him, bad his Tormentors be sure he was *Dead*, for (says he) I am a little doubtful of it

it my self; in regard that I had *Jupiter* for my *Ascendent*, and *Venus* in the *House of Life*, and no *Malevolent Aspect* to cross me. So that by the Rules of *Astrology*, I was to live, precisely, *a Hundred years and one; Two months, Six days, Four hours, and Three Minutes.* The next that came up was a *Geomancer*! one that reduced all his Skill to Certain little *points*, and by them would tell you, as well *things past*, as to *come*: These *points* he bestow'd at a Venture, among several unequal lines; some *long*, others *shorter*, like the Fingers of a Man's Hand; and then with a certain *Ribble-Rabble* of *Mysterious Words*, he proceeds to his *Calculation*, upon *Even* or *Odd*, and challenges the whole world to allow him the most Learned, and Infallible of the Trade.

There were Divers great Masters of the Science that follow'd him. As *Haly*, *Gerrard*, *Bart'lmew* of *Parma*, and one *Tondin*; a Familiar Friend, and Companion of the Great *Cornelius Agrippa*, the famous *Conjurer*, who though he had but *one Soul*, was yet burning in *four Bodies*. (I mean the *four Damnable Books*

Books he left behind him.) There was *Trithemius* too, with his *Polygraphy*, and *Stenography*: that had Devils now, his *Belly full*, though in his Life time his Complaint was, that He could never have enough of their Company. Over against him was *Cardan*; but they could not set their horses together, because of an old Quarrel: whether was the more Impudent of the Two. And there I saw *Alsfeldus*, tearing his Beard, in Rage, to find himself pump't dry; and that he could not fool on, to the end of the Chapter. *Theophrastus* was there too, bewailing himself for the Time he had spent at the *Alchymists Bellows*. There was also the Unknown Author of *Clavicula Solomonis*, and *The Hundred Kings of Spirits*; with the Composer of the Book, *Adversus Omnia pericula Mundi*. *Taysnerus* too, with his Book of *Physiognomy*, and *Chiromancy*; and he was doubly punish't, first for the *Fool* he *was*; and then for *those* he had *made*. Though to give the Man his Due, He knew himself to be a Cheat, and that he that gives a Judgment upon the Lines of a Face, takes

but

but a very uncertain aim. There were *Magicians*, *Necromancers*, *Sorcerers*, and *Enchanters* innumerable, besides divers *private Boxes* that were kept for Lords and Ladies; and other Personages of great quality, that put their trust in these Disciples of the Devil, and go to *Strand-Bridge* or *Billeter Lane*, for resolution in cases of *Death*, *Love* or *Marriage*, and now and then to recover a *Gold Watch* or a *Pearl Neck-lace*.

Not far from these, were a Company of *handsome Women*, that were tormented in the quality of *Witches*; which griev'd my very heart to see it: but to comfort me, What? (says a Devil) Have you so soon forgot the roguery of these Carrions? Have you not had tryal enough yet of them? they are the very poyson of life, and the only dangerous *Magicians* that corrupt all your senses, and disturb the faculties of your Soul; these are they that couzen your *Eyes* with *false appearances*, and set up your *Will* in opposition to your *Understanding* and *Reason*. 'Tis right, said I, and now you mind me of it, I do very well remember, that I have found them

them so; but let's go on and see the rest.

I was scarce gone three steps further, but I was got into so hideous a dark place, that it was e'en a mercy we knew where we were. There was first at the entrance, *Divine Justice*, which was most dreadful to behold; and a little beyond stood *Vice*, with a Countenance of the highest Pride and insolence imaginable; There was *Ingratitude*, *Malice*, *Ignorance*, *obstinate* and *incorrigible Infidelity*, *brutish* and *head-strong Disobedience*, *rash* and *imperious Blasphemy*, with Garments dipt in *Blood*, *Eyes sparkling*, and a *hundred pair of Chops*, *barking at Providence*, *and vomiting rage and poyson*. I went in (I confess) with fear and trembling, and there I saw all the Sects of *Idolaters* and *Heresticks*, that ever yet appear'd upon the stage of the Universe: and at their feet in a glorious array, was lascivious *Barbara*, *second Wife* to the Emperor *Sigismond*, and *the Queen of Harlots*: one that agreed with *Messalina* in This, that *Virginity* was both a *burden* and a *folly*; and that in her whole life she was never either

wearied

married or *satisfy'd*; but herein she went beyond her; in that she held the *mortality* as well of the *Soul* as of the *Body*; but she was now better instructed, and burnt like a bundle of *Matches*.

Passing forward still, I spy'd a fellow in a corner, all alone, with the flames about his ears, gnashing his teeth, and *blaspheming* through *fury* and *despair*. I askt him what he was, and he told me he was *Mahomet*. Why then (said I,) thou art the damn'st Reprobate in Hell, and hast brought more Wretches hither than half the World beside: and *Lucifer* has done well to allot thee a Quarter here by thy self, for certainly thou hast well deserv'd the first place in his Dominions. But since every man chuses to talk of what he loves, I prethee good *Impostor* tell me, What's the reason that thou hast forbidden *Wine* to all thy *Disciples*? Oh (says he) I have made them so drunk with my *Alcoran*, they need no *Tipple*. But why hast thou forbidden them *Swines flesh* too? (said I,) Because (says he) I would not affront the *Jambon*; for *Water* upon

on

on *Gammon*, would be *false Heraldry*. And beside I never lov'd my people well enough to afford them the pleasure, either of the *Grape* or the *Spare-Rib*. Nay, and for fear they should chance to grope out the way to Heaven, I have establisht my power and my Dominion by force of Arms; without subjecting my Laws to idle disputes and discourses of Reason. Indeed there is little of *Reason* in my *Precepts*, and I would have as little in their *Obedience*. A world of Disciples I have, but I think they follow me more out of *Appetite* than *Religion*, or for the *Miracles I work*. I allow them *Liberty of Conscience*; they have as many Women as they please, and do what they list, provided they meddle not with the Government. But look about ye now, and you'l find that there are more Knaves than *Mahomet*.

I did so, and found my self presently surrounded with a Ring of *Heretick*, and *their Adherents*; many of which were ready to tear out the Throats of their *Leaders*. One among the rest was beset with a brace of Devils, and either of them a pair of Bellows, puffing into each

each ear *Fire* instead of *Ale*, which made him a little *hot-headed*. There was another that, as I was told, was a kind of a *Simoniac*, and had taken up his seat in a *Pestilential Chair*; but it was so dark I could not well discern whether it was a *Pope* or a *Presbyter*.

By this time I had enough of Hell, and began to wish my self out again; but as I was looking about for a Retreat, I stumbled upon a *Long Gallery* before I was aware: and there I saw *Lucifer* himself with all his *Nobility* about him *male* and *female*. (For let *marry'd men* say their pleasure, there are *she-Devils* too) I should have been at a damn'd loss what to do, or how to behave my self among so many strange Faces, if one of the *Ushers* had not come to me, and told me, that being a stranger, it was his Majesties pleasure, I should enter and have free liberty of seeing what was there to be seen. We exchanged a couple or two of Complements, and then I began to look about me, but never did I see a Palace so furnisht, nor indeed comparable to it.

Our Furniture at the best is but a

choice

choice collection of *dead* and *dumb Statues*, or *paintings*, without *life*, *sense*, or *motion*: But *there* all the pieces were *animated*, and no trash in the whole Inventory. There was hardly any thing to be seen, but *Emperors* and *Princes*, with some few (perhaps) of their choicest Nobility and *Privados*. The first *Banque* was taken up by the *Ottoman Family*, and after them sate the *Roman Emperors*, in their order; and the *Roman Kings* down to *Tarquin* the *proud*; beside *Highnesses*, and *Graces*, *Lords Spiritual* and *Temporal* innumerable. My *Lungs* began now to call for a little *fresh air*, and I desir'd my Guide to shew me the way out again. Yes, yes, with all my heart (says he) follow me then: and so he carry'd me away by a *back passage* into *Lucifer's house of Office*, where there was I know not how many Tun of Sir *Reverence*, and Bales of *flattering Panegyricks*, not to be numbr'd; all of them *Licens'd*, and *Enter'd according to Order*. I could not but smile at this provision of *Tail-Timber*, and my Guide took notice of it; who was a good kind of a *Damn'd Droll*. But

I call'd still to be gone, and at length he led me to a little hole like the vent of a Vault, and I crept through it as nimbly as if the Devil himself had given me a lift at the crupper; when to my great wonder, I found my self in the *Park* again, where I begun my story: not without an odd medly of passions, partly reflecting upon what others endur'd, and in part upon my own condition of ease and happiness, that had deserv'd, perhaps, the contrary as well as they. This thought put me upon a Resolution of leading such a course of life, for the future, that I might not come to *feel* these torments in *Reality*, which I had now only seen in *Vision*.

And I must here entreat the Reader to follow my example, without making any further experiment; and likewise not to cast an *ill construction* upon *a fair meaning*. My design is to discredit, and discountenance the works of darkness, without scandalizing of Persons; and since I speak only of the *Damn'd*, I'm sure no honest man alive will reckon this discourse a Satyre.

The end of the sixth Vision.

THE SEVENTH VISION OF *HELL REFORM'D.*

THere happen'd lately so terrible an *Uproar*, and *Disorder* in *Hell* that (though it be a place of perpetual *Outrage*, and *Confusion*) the oldest Devil there never knew the Fellow of it; and the Inhabitants expected nothing less than an absolute *Topsy-Turvy*, and *Dissolution of their Empire*. The *Devils* fell upon the *Damn'd*; and the *Damn'd* fell upon the *Devils*, without knowing one from t'other: and all running *helter skelter*, to and again, like Mad; for in fine, it was no other than a general *Revolt*. This *Hurly burly* lasted a good while, before any Mortal could imagine the meaning of it; but at length there came certain intelligence of a *monstrous Talker*; A *Pragmatical Medling Under-*

Undertaker, and an *Old Bawd* of a *Gouvernante*, that had knockt off their Shackles, and made all this Havock: *Which may give the Reader to understand what kind of Cattel these are, that could make Hell it self more Dangerous, and Unquiet.*

Lucifer, in the mean time, went *Telping* up and down, and *Bawling*, for *Chains*, *Hand Cuffes*, *Bolts*, *Manacles*, *Shackles*, *Fetters*, to tye up his Prisoners again; when in the middle of his *Carriere*, He and the *Babler*, or *Talker*, I told ye of, met *full butt*; and after a little staring one another in the Face, upon the Encounter, the *Babler* open'd. Prince mine, (says he) you have a pack of *Lazy*, *Drowsie Devils* in your *Dominions*, that look after Nothing, but sit with their Arms and Legs across, and leave all your affairs at *Six and Seven*. And you have divers abroad too, upon *Commission*, that have staid out their Time, and yet give you no Accompt of their Employment. The *Gouvernante*, who had been blowing the *Coal*, and Whispering *Sedition* from one to another chanc'd to pass by in the *Interim*,

and stopping short, addres'd her self to *Lucifer*; Look to your self; (she cry'd) there is a *Desperate Plot* upon your *Diabolical Crown*, and *Dignity*. There are *Two Tyrants* in't: *Three Parasites*; A world of *Physicians*, and whole *Legions* of *Lawyers*, and *Attorneys*. One word more in your Ear. There is among them, a *mungrel Priest* (a kind of a *Lay-Elder*) that will go near to sit upon your Skirts, if you have not a care of him.

At the very name of *Priest*, and *Lay-Elder*, *Lucifer* look't as Pale as Death: stood stone-still; as mute as a Fish; and in his very looks, discover'd his Apprehensions. After a little pause, he rous'd himself, as out of a Trance; *A Priest* do ye say? a *Lay-Elder*? *Tyrants*, *Lawyers*? *Physicians*? *A Composition to poyson all the Devils in Hell, and purge their very Guts out.* With that away he went to visit the *Avenues*, and set his *Guards*, and who should he meet next, but the *Medler*? in a monstrous hast, and hurry. Nay then (says he) here is *the Forerunner of Ill luck.* But *what's the Mat-*

ter?

ter? The Matter? cry'd the *Medler*; And then with a huge deal of tedious and Impertinent Circumſtance, he up and told him, that a great many of the *Damn'd* had Contriv'd an *Eſcape*; and that there was a Deſign to call in *four* or *five Regiments* of *Hypocrites*, and *Uſurers*, under colour, forſooth, of Eſtabliſhing a better *Intelligence* betwixt *Earth* and *Hell*, with a Hundred other Fopperies; and had gone on till this time, if *Lucifer* would have found Ears. But he had other Fiſh to fry; for Neck and All was now at Stake; and ſo he went about his Buſineſs of putting all in a poſture, and ſtrengthening his Guards. And for the further Security of his Royal Perſon, he enter'd into *his own immediate Regiment*, ſeveral *Reformadoes* of the *Society*, that he particularly knew to be no Flinchers.

He began his Survey in the *Vaults* and *Dungeons*, among his *Jaylers*, and *Priſoners*. The *Make-Bate Babler* March't in the *Van*, breathing an Ayr that kindled, and Enflamed whereever he paſt, without giving any Light (ſet-

ting People together by the Ears, they know not why.) In the second Place the *Gouvernante* as full of *News*, and *Tittle-Tattle* as she could hold, and telling her tale all the way she went. In the Breech of her follow'd the *Medler*, leering as he past along, first on one side, then on the Other, without ever moving his Head, and making fair with every Soul he saw in's way. He gave *One, a Bow; T'other a Kiss; Your most humble Servant*, to a *Third*; *Can I serve you, Sir*, to a *Fourth?* But every Complement was worse to the poor Creatures, than the Fire it self. Ah Traytor! says one; For Pity's sake, away with this new Tormentor! crys another. This Fellow is Hell upon Hell, says a Third. As he trudg'd on, there was a Rabble of Rascals got together; and in the Middle of the Crowd, a most Eminent *Knight of the Post*, (a great Master of his Trade) that was *reading a Lecture to that Venerable Assembly, of the Noble Mystery of Swearing and Lying*; and would have taught any man in one Quarter of an hour, to prove any thing upon Oath, that he never saw,

saw, nor heard of in his life. This Doctor had no sooner cast his Eye upon the *Intermedler*, but up he started in a Fright. How now? says he; *Is that Devil here?* I came hither on purpose to avoid him; and if I could but have dream't, hee'd have been in Hell, beyond all Dispute, I'd have gon my self to Paradise.

As He was speaking, we heard a great, and a confused Noise of *Arms*, *Blows*, and *Out-cryes*; and presently we discover'd several Persons falling one upon Another like lightening; and in short with such a Fury, that 'tis not for any Tongue or Pen to describe the Battel. One of them appear'd to be an *Emperour*; for he was *crown'd* with *Lawrel*, and surrounded with a grave sort of People, that lookt like *Counsellors* or *Senators*; and had all the *Old Statutes*, and *Records* at their Fingers End, by which they endeavour'd to make it out; *That a King might be kill'd in his Personal Capacity, and his Politick Capacity never the worse for't.* And upon this point, were they at *Daggers Drawn* with the *Emperour*. *Lucifer*

came then roundly up to him, and with a Voice that made Hell quake; What are you Sir, (says he) that take upon you thus in my Dominions? I am the Great *Julius Cæsar* (quoth he) that in this general tumult, thought to have reveng'd my self upon *Brutus*, and *Cassius*, for Murdering me in the *Senate*, under colour (forsooth) of asserting the *Common-Liberty*: Whereas these Traytors did it meerly out of *Envy*, *Avarice* and *Ambition*. It was the *Emperour*, not the *Empire* they hated. They pretended to destroy *Me*, for Introducing a *Monarchy*; but did they overthrow the *Monarchy* it self? No, but on the Contrary, they confirm'd it; and did more Mischief, in taking away *my Life*, than I did in dissolving *their Republick*. However, *I dy'd an Emperour, and these Villains carry'd only the Infamy and Brand of Regicides, to their Graves, and the World has ever since, ador'd my Memory and abhorr'd theirs. Tell me* (quoth he) *ye curs'ed Blood Hounds*; (turning towards them) *Whether was your Government better think ye, in the hands of your Senators; a company of talking*

talking Gown-men, that knew not how to keep it; or in the hands of a Souldier, that won it by his Merit? It is not the Drawing of a Charge, or the making of a fine Oration, that fits people for Government; nor will a Crown sit well upon the Head of a Pedant; but let him wear it that deserves it. He is the true Patriot that advances the Glory of his Country, by Actions of Bravery and Honour. Which has more right to Rule think ye, He that only knows the Laws, or he that Maintains them? The one only Studies the Government; The other Protects it. Wretched Republick! Thou call'st it Freedom to obey a Divided Multitude, and slavery to serve a single Person; and when a company of Covetous little Fellows are got together, they must be stil'd Fathers of their Country, forsooth; And shall one Generous Person take up with the Name of Tyrant? Oh! how much better had it been for Rome to have preserv'd that one Son that made her Mistress of the World, than that Multitude of Fathers, who by so many Intestine Wars, render'd her but a Step mother to her own Children. Barbarous, and Cruel that you are! so much

much as to mention the name of a Common-wealth, considering that since the people tasted of Monarchy, they have prefer'd even the worst of Princes, as Nero, Tiberius, Caligula, Heliogabalus, *&c. before your Tribe of Senators.*

This discourse of *Cæsars* strook *Brutus* with exceeding *shame* and *confusion*; but at length with a feeble and trembling voice he deliver'd himself to this effect. 'Gentleman of the Senate (*says he*) do ye not hear *Cæsar*? or will ye 'add sin to sin, and suffer all the blame 'to be cast upon the *Instruments*, when 'you your selves were the *Contrivers* of 'the Villany? Why do ye not answer? 'for *Cæsar* speaks to you, as well as to 'us. *Cassius* and my *self* were but *your* 'Braves, and govern'd by *your perswa-*'*sions and advice*, little dreaming of 'that insatiable ambition that lay lurk-'ing under the gravity of your long 'Beards and Robes. But 'tis the pra-'ctice of you all, to arraign that Ty-'ranny in the Prince, which you would 'exercise your selves: in effect, when 'you have gotten Power, and the co-'lour of Authority in your hands, it is

'more

'more dangerous for a Prince not to 'comply with you, than for a Vassal to 'rebel against his Prince. To what end 'serv'd your perfidious and ungrateful 'Treason? Make answer to *Cæsar*. But 'for our parts, in the conscience of our 'sin, we feel the severity of our Punish-'ment.

At these words a *hollow-Ey'd supercilious Senator* (that had been of the Conspiracy, and was then *blazing* like a *Pitch't Barrel*) rais'd himself, and with a faint voice, askt *Cæsar* what reason he had to complain? 'For *Prince* (*says* 'he) if King *Ptolomy* murther'd *Pom-*'*pey the Great*, upon whose score he 'held his Kingdom: why might not 'the *Senate* as well *kill you*, to recover 'what you had taken from them? 'And in the case betwixt *Cæsar* and '*Pompey*, let the Devils themselves be 'Judges. As for *Achillas* (*who was one* 'of the *Murtherers*) what he did, was 'by *Ptolomy's* command, and then he 'was but a *Free booter* neither, a fellow 'that got his living by Rapine and 'Spoil: but *Cæsar* was undoubtedly 'the more infamous of the Two. 'Tis

'true

'true, you wept at the sight of *Pom-*
'*pey's head*, but such tears as were
'more treacherous than the Steel that
'kill'd him. Ah cruel compassion and
'revengeful piety! that made thee a
'more barbarous Enemy to *Pompey*,
'*dead* than *living*. Oh that ever two
'Hypocrite Eyes should creep into the
'first Head of the World; To con-
'clude, the death of *Cæsar* had been
'the *Recovery* of our *Republick*, if the
'multitude had not call'd in others of
'his Race to the Government, which
'render'd *thy fall* the very *Hydra* of
'the *Empire*.

We had had another skirmish upon these words, if *Lucifer* had not commanded *Cæsar* to his Cell again, upon pain of Death; and there to abide such correction as belong'd to him, for slighting the warnings he had of his Disaster. *Brutus* and *Cassius* too were turn'd over to the *politick Fools*: and the *Senators* were dispatched away to *Minos* and *Radamanthus*, and to sit as *Assistants* in the *Devils Bench*.

After this I heard a murmuring noise, as of people talking at a distance, and

by

by degrees I made it out that they were wrangling and disputing still lowder and lowder, till at length it was but a word and a blow, and the nearer I came the greater was the clamour. This made me mend my pace; but before I could reach them, they were all together by the Ears in *a bloody fray*: They were persons of great quality all of them, as *Emperours*, *Magistrates*, *Generals of Armies*. *Lucifer* to take up the Quarrel, commanded them *Peace* and *Silence*, and they all obey'd, but it vext them to the hearts to be so taken off in the full *carriere* of their *Fury* and *Revenge*. The first that open'd his mouth, was a fellow so martyr'd with wounds and scars, that I took him at first for an *indigent Officer*, but it prov'd to be *Clitus* (as he said himself.) And one at his Elbow told him, he was a saucy Companion, for presuming to speak before his time; and so desir'd Audience of *Lucifer*, for *the high and mighty* Alexander *the Son of* Jupiter, *and the Emperour and Terrour of the World*: He was going on with his *Qualities* and *Titles*; but an Officer gave the word, *Silence*,

Iewce, and bad *Clitus* begin, which he took very kindly and told his ſtory.

'If it may pleaſe your Majeſty (ſays he) I was the firſt Favourite of this Emperour; who was then Lord of all the known World; bare the Title of *the King of Kings*, and boaſted himſelf for the *Son* of *Jupiter Hammon*; and yet after all this Glory and Conqueſt, he was himſelf a ſlave to his Paſſions; He was Raſh, and Cruel, and conſequently, incapable either of Counſel, or Friendſhip. While I liv'd, I was near him, and ſerv'd him faithfully; but it ſeems, He did not Entertain me, ſo much for my Fidelity, as to augment the Number of his Flatterers; But I found my ſelf too honeſt for a Baſe Office; and ſtill as he ran into any foul Exceſſes, I took a Freedom with all poſſible Modeſty, to ſhew him his Miſtakes. One day, as he was talking ſlightly of his Father *Philip* (*that brave Prince*, from whom he receiv'd as well his Honour as his Being) I told him frankly what I thought of that *Ingratitude*, and *Vanity*, and deſir'd him to treat his

'*Dead*

'*Dead Father* with more *Reverence*; 'as a Prince Worthy of Eternal Ho-'nour, and Respect. This Commen-'dation of *Philip*, so enflam'd him, that 'presently he took a Partisan and 'struck me dead in the place with his 'own hand. After this; pray'e where 'was his Divinity, when he gave *Abdo-'lominus*, (a poor Garden-Weeder) 'the Kingdom of *Sidonia*: which 'was not, as the World would have it, 'out of any Consideration of his Ver-'tue, but to Mortifie and take down 'the Pride and Insolence of the *Per-'sians*. Meeting him here just now in '*Hell*, I askt him what was become of '*his Father Jupiter now*; that he lay 'so long by't; and whether he were 'not yet convinc'd that all Flatte-'rers were a Company of Rascals, who 'with their *Incense*, and *Altars*, would 'perswade him that He was of *Divine* '*Extraction*, and *Heir apparent to the* '*Throne and Thunder of Jupiter*. This 'now was the Ground of our Quar-'rel. But Invectives apart; who but a '*Tyrant* would have put *a Loyal Subject* 'to *Death*, only for his *Affection*, and

'*Regards*

'Regards to the *Memory* of his *Dead* 'Father? how barbarously did he treat 'his Favourites *Parmenio*, *Philotas*, *Ca-* 'listhenes, *Antipater*, &c. so that good 'or bad is all a case, for 'tis crime enough 'to be the Favourite of a Tyrant: As 'in the course of humane life, every 'man *dies* because he is *mortal*, and the 'disease is rather the *pretext* of his 'death, than the *cause* of it. You find now, (says *Satan*) that *Tyrants* will shew their *people* many a *Dog trick*, when the humour takes them. The *good* they *hate*, for not being *wicked*; and the *bad*, because they are no *worse*: How many *Favourites* have you ever seen come to a *fair* and *timely end*? Remember the *Emblem* of the *Sponge*, and that's the use that *Princes* make of their *Favourites*, *they let them suck and fill*; *and then squeeze them for their own profit*.

At that word there was heard a lamentable cry, and at the same time a venerable *old man*, as pale as if he had no blood in his veins, came up to *Lucifer*, and told him, that his *Emblem* of the *Sponge* came very pat to his *Case*;

for

For (says he) *I was a great* Favourite, *and a great* Hoarder of Treasure: *a* Spaniard *by* birth, *the* Tutor *and* Confident of *Nero*; *and my* name *is* Seneca. *Indeed his bounties were to excess*, he gave *me without asking, and in* taking *I was never* covetous *but* obedient. *It is in the nature of Princes, and it befits their quality, to be* liberal where they take a liking, both of *Honour* and *Fortunes*: *and 'tis hard for a Subject to refuse, without some reflection upon the generosity or discretion of his Master.* For 'tis not the *Merit*, or *Modesty* of the *Vassal*, but the *Glory* of the *Prince* that is in question: and he is the *best Subject*, that contributes the most to the *Splendor*, and *Reputation* of his *Soveraign*. *Nero* indeed gave me as much as such a Prince could bestow; and I manag'd his Liberalities with all the *moderation* imaginable: yet all too little, to preserve me from the strokes of envious and malicious tongues; which would have it, that my *philosophizing* upon the *contempt of the World*, was nothing else but a meer *imposture*, that with less *danger* and *notice* I might feed and entertain my *Avarice*,

and with the fewer *Competitors*. Finding my credit with my Master declining, it stood me upon to provide some way or other for my quiet, and to withdraw my self from being the *mark* of a *publick envy*. So I went directly to *Nero*, and with all possible respect and humility made him a *Present* back again of his *own bounties*. The truth is, I had so great a *passion* for his *service*, that neither the *severity* of his *Nature*, nor the *debauchery* of his *Manners* could ever deter me from exhorting him to nobler courses, and paying him all the duties of a *Loyal Subject*. Especially in cases of *Cruelty* and *Blood*, I laid it perpetually home to his Conscience, but all to little purpose; for *he put his Mother to death, laid the City of* Rome *in ashes, and indeed depopulated the Empire of honest men*. And this drew on *Piso's Conspiracy*, which was *better laid* than *executed*: for upon the discovery, the prime instruments lost their lives; and by Divine Providence this Prince was preserv'd, in order (as one would have thought) to his repentance and change of life. But upon the issue, the *Conspiracy*

racy was *prevented*, and *Nero* never the *better*. At the same time he put *Lucan* to *death*, only *for being a better Poet than himself*. And if he gave me my *choice* what death to dye, it was rather *cruelty* than *pity*; for in *the very deliberation which Death to chuse, I suffer'd all even in the terrour and apprehension that made me refuse the rest*. The election I made, was to *bleed to Death in a Bath*, and I finisht my own dispatches hither; where to my further affliction, I have again encountred this Infamous Prince, studying new cruelties, and instructing the very Devils themselves in the Art of tormenting.

At that word *Nero* advanc'd, with his *ill favour'd Face*, and *shrill Voice*. 'It 'is very well (*says he*) for a Princes 'Favourite, or Tutor to be wiser than 'his Master; but let him manage that 'advantage then with respect, and not 'like a rash and insolent Fool make 'proclamation presently to the World, 'that he's the wiser of the two. While '*Seneca* kept himself within those 'bounds, I lodg'd him in my bosome, 'and the love I had for that man was

'the Glory of my Government; but 'when he came to publish once (what 'he should have dissembled or con-'ceal'd) that it was not *Nero*, but *Sene-'ca* that rul'd the Empire, nothing 'less than his Blood could make satis-'faction for so intolerable a scandal, 'and from that hour I resolv'd his ru-'ine. And I had rather suffer what I 'do, a hundred times over, than enter-'tain a Favourite that should raise his 'credit upon my Dishonour. Whether 'I have reason on my side or no, I ap-'peal to all this Princely assembly: 'Draw near I beseech ye, as many as 'are here, and speak freely, my Royal 'Brethren; Did ye ever suffer any Fa-'vourite to scape unpunisht, that had 'the Impudence to write [*I and my 'King*] to make a *Stale of Majesty*, and 'to publish himself a *better States man* 'than his *Master*? No, no, (they cry'd out all with one voice) it never was, and never shall be endured, while the world lasts: For we have left our Suc-cessors under an Oath, to have a care on't: 'Tis true, *a Wise Counsellour at a Princes Elbow, is a Treasure, and ought*

to

to be so esteem'd, while he makes it his business to cry up the abilities and justice of his Soveraign: but in the instant that his vanity transports him to the contrary; *away with him to the dogs*, and *down with him*, for there's no enduring of it.

'All this (*cry'd Sejanus*) does not 'yet concern me; for though I had indeed more brains than *Tiberius*, yet I 'so order'd it, that he had the credit 'in publick of all my private Advices. 'and so sensible he was of my services, 'that he made me his Partner and 'Companion in the Empire: he caus'd 'my Statues to be erected, and invested 'them with sacred Priviledges. *Let Sejanus Live*, was the daily cry of the 'People; and in truth, my well being 'was the joy of the Empire; and far 'and near there were publick Prayers 'and Vows offer'd up for my health. 'But what was the end of all? when I 'thought my self surest in my Master's 'Arms and favour, he let me fall, nay he 'threw me down, caus'd me to be cut 'in pieces, delivering me up to the fu'ry of a barbarous and enraged Multi-

'tude, that drag'd me along the Streets, 'and happy was he that could get a 'piece of my flesh to carry upon a 'Javelins point in triumph. And it had 'been well if this inhumane cruelty 'had stopt here; but it extended to 'my poor *Children*, who, though un-'concern'd in my *crimes*, were yet to 'partake in my *fate*. A Daughter I had, 'whom the very Law exempted from 'the stroke of *Justice*, because of her '*Virginity*; but to clear that scruple, 'she was condemn'd first to be *ravisht* 'by the *Hangman*, and then to be *be-'headed*, and treated as her Father. 'My first failing was upon temerity and 'pride; I would out-run my destiny; 'defie Fortune: and for *Divine Provi-'dence* I lookt upon it as a *ridiculous 'thing*. When I was once out of the 'way, I thought doing worse was some-'what in order to being better; and 'then I began to fortifie my self by vio-'lence, against craft and malice. Some 'were put to *death*, others *banisht*, till 'in fine, all the Powers of Heaven and 'Earth, declar'd themselves against me. 'I had recourse to all sorts of ill peo-

'ple, and means. I had my *Physician* 'for *poysoning*; my *Assassine* for *revenge*. 'I had my *false Witnesses* and *corrupt* '*Judges*; and in truth, what Instru-'ments of wickedness had I not? And 'all this not upon choice or inclination; 'but purely out of the necessity of my 'condition. When ever I should come 'to fall, I was sure to be forsaken both 'of good and bad; and therefore I 'shun'd the *better sort*, as those that 'would only serve to accuse me; but 'the *lewd* and *vicious* I frequented, to 'encrease the number of my *Complices*, 'and make my *party* the *stronger*. But 'after all: if *Tiberius* was a *Tyrant*, I'l 'swear he was never so by my advice: 'But on the contrary; I have suffer'd 'more from him for *plain dealing* and 'disswading him, than the very subjects 'of his severity have commonly suffer'd 'by him. I know, 'tis charg'd upon me, 'that I stir'd him up to *cruelty*, to ren-'der him *odious*, and to ingratiate my 'self to the people. But who was his 'Adviser I pray'e, in this butcherly pro-'ceeding against me! Oh *Lucifer*, *Lu-'cifer*! You know very well that 'tis

'the practice of Tyrants, when they 'do amiss themselves, and set their peo-'ple a grumbling, to lay all the blame '(and punishment too) upon the In-'strument; and hang up the Minister 'for the Masters fault. This is the end 'of all Favourites, *cryes one*; Not a 'half penny matter if they were all 'serv'd so, *says another*. And every '*Historian* has his *saying* upon this *Ca-'tastrophe*, and sets up a *Buoy* to warn af-'ter ages of the *Rock* of *Court favours*. 'The greatness of a Favourite *I must 'confess*, proclaims the greatness of his 'Maker; and the Prince that maintains 'what he has once rais'd, does but ju-'stifie the prudence of his own choice: 'and when ever he comes to undo what 'he has done, publishes himself to be 'light and unconstant, and does as 'good as declare himself (*even against 'himself*) of the Enemies party.

Up stept *Plautian* then, (*Severus* his *Favorite*) he that was tois'd out of a *Garret Window* to make the people sport. *My condition in the* World (says he) *was perfectly like that of a* Rocket *or* Fire-work: *I was carry'd up to a* Prodigious

digious Height *in a moment, and all peoples Eyes were upon me, as* a Star of the first Magnitude; *but my* Glory *was very* short-liv'd; and *down I fell into* Obscurity, *and* Ashes. After him, appear'd a number of *other Favourites*; and all of them hearkning to *Belisarius* the *Favourite* of *Justinian*; who Blind as he was, had already knockt twice with his staff, and shaking his Head, with a weak and complaining Voice, desir'd *Audience*; which was at length granted him, *Silence* commanded; And he said, as follows.

'Princes (said he) before they destroy 'the Creatures they have rais'd, and 'chosen, should do well to consider, that '*Cruelty* and *Inconstancy* is much a greater *Infamy* to a *Prince*, than the *Worst* 'effects of it can be to a *Favorite*. For my 'own part, I serv'd an *Emperour*, that 'was both a *Christian*, and a great Lover, and Promoter of *Justice*. And yet 'after all the services I had done him, in 'several *Battels* and *Adventures*, (insomuch that he was effectually become 'my Debtor, for the very glory of his 'Empire) My *Reward* in the End, was

'to

'to have *my Eyes put out*, and (with a 'Dog and a Bell) to be turn'd a begging 'from Door to Door. Thus was that 'Belizarius treated, whose very *Name* 'formerly was worth an *Army*, and he 'was the *Soul* of his *Friends*, as well as 'the *Terrour* of his *Enemies*. But a *Prin-* 'ces Favour, is like Quick-silver, Restless, 'and Slippery, never to be fixed; never 'secured. Force it, and it spends it self 'in Fumes: Sublime it, and 'tis a Mor-'tal Poyson. Handle it only, and it works 'it self into the very Bones; and all 'that have to do with it, Live and Dye 'Pale and Trembling.

At these Words, the whole Band of *Favorites*, set up a Hideous and a Heavy *Grone*, trembling like Aspen-leaves, and at the same time, reciting several passages out of the Prophet *Habakkuk*, against *Careless* and *Wicked Governours*, By which Threatning is given to understand, that *the Almighty, when he has a mind to destroy a Wicked Ruler, does not always punish one Potentate by Another, and bring his Ends about by a Tryal of Arms, or the Event of a Battel: but many times makes use of things the*

most

most Abject, and Vile, to Confound the Vanity and Arrogance of the Mighty; and makes even Worms, Flies, Caterpillers, and Lice to serve him as the Ministers of his Terrible Justice: Nay, *the Stone in the Wall, and the Beam in the House, shall rise in Judgment against them.*

This Discourse might have gone further, but that the Company presently parted, to know the meaning of a sudden Noise and Clatter they heard, that half deafn'd the Auditory. And what was it at last? but a *scuffle* between the *Gown men*, and *the Brothers of the Blade.* And there were Persons of great *Honour* and *Learning*, *Young* and *Old*, engag'd in the *Fray*: *The men of War* were at it dashing with their *Swords*, and *the Gentlemen of the long Robe*, *Fencing*, some with *Tostatus*; Others with huge *Pandects*, that with their old *Wainscot Covers*, were as good as *Bucklers*, and would now and then give the Foe a Heavy Rebuke, over and above. The *Combate* had certainly been very *Bloody*, if one of *Lucifer's Constables* had not *commanded* them *in the Kings*

name

name to keep the Peace; which made it a drawn Battel. And with That, one of the *Combatants*, with the best face he had, said aloud: if Ye knew (Gentlemen) either *Us*, or our *Quarrel*, you'd say we had reason, and perhaps side with us. At that instant, there appear'd, *Domitian*, *Commodus*, *Caracalla*. *Phalaris*, *Heliogabalus*, *Alcetes*, *Andronicus*; *Busiris*, and *Old Oliver*, with a World of great Parsonages more; which when *Lucifer* saw, he dispos'd himself to treat that Majestical Appearance, as much to their satisfaction as was possible. And then came up a grave *Ancient man*, with a *great Train* at his Heels, that were all *Bloody*, and full of the Marks they had receiv'd under the Persecution of these *Tyrants*.

'You have here before you, (quoth 'the Old Man) *Solon*; and these are 'the *Seven Sages*, *Natives* of *Greece*, but 'renown'd throughout the *Universe*. 'He there in the *Mortar* is that *Anaxar-'chus* that was pounded to Death 'by Command of *Nicocreon*. He with 'the *Flat Nose*, is *Socrates*; The little 'Crump shoulder'd Wretch, was the Fa-

'mous

'mous *Ariſtotle*: and T'other there, '*the Divine Plato*. Thoſe in the *Corner*, 'are all of the ſame Profeſſion too; 'Grave and Learned *Philoſophers*; that 'have diſpleas'd *Tyrants* with their '*Writings*: and in fine, *the World* is 'ſtor'd with their *Works*, and *Hell* with 'the *Authors*. To come to the Point, '(moſt mighty *Lucifer*) we are all of 'us Dealers in *Politicks*; Great *Writers*, 'and *Deep-read men* in the Maxims of '*State* and *Government*. We have di-'geſted *Policy* into a *Method*, and laid 'down Certain *Rules*, by which Prin-'ces may make themſelves *Great*, and '*Belov'd*. We have adviſ'd them, Im-'partially to adminiſter *Juſtice*; To re-'ward *Vertue*, as well *Military*, as *Ci-'vil*; to Employ *Able-men*, Baniſh '*Flatterers*; To put men of *Wiſdom*, 'and *Integrity* in Places of *Truſt*. To '*Reward*, or *Puniſh*, without *Paſſion*; 'and according to the Merits of the 'Cauſe, as *God's Vicegerents*. And 'This now is our offence. We name no 'Body; we deſign no Body; but '*tis* '*Crime enough to wiſh well to the way*, '*and to the Lovers of Vertue*. With

'that

'that, turning towards the *Tyrants*, Oh 'most unjust Princes; (said he) Those 'Glorious *Kings*, and *Emperours* from 'whom we took the *Model* of our *Laws* 'and *Institutions*, are now in a state of '*Rest*, and *Comfort*, while *you* are *tor-* 'mented. *Numa* is now a *Star* in the *Fir-* 'mament, and *Tarquin* a *Fire-brand* in 'Hell. And the *Memory* of *Augustus* and 'Trajan is still fresh and fragrant, when 'the *Names* of *Nero*, and *Sardanapalus* 'are more *Putrid* and *Odious*, than their 'Bodies.

When *Dionysius* the *Tyrant* heard this, (with his Companions about him) Flesh and Blood could hold no longer; and he cry'd out in a Rage, '*That Roguy Philo-* 'sopher has told a Thousand Lies. *Legis-* 'lators, with a Pox! Yes, yes, they are 'sweet *Legislators*, and Princes have ma- 'ny a fair Obligation to them. No, no 'Sirrah, (says he to *Solon*) You are all of 'you a Company of *Quacks*; Ye prate, 'and speculate of things ye don't under- 'stand; and with your *damn'd Morali-* 'ties set the People agog upon *Liberty*; 'cry up the Doctrine of *Free-born* 'Subjects, and then our *Portion* is *per-* 'secution

'ſecution in *one World*, and *Infamy* in 'tother.

'We ſhall have a fine time on't, my 'moſt Gracious Prince (cry'd *Julian 'the Apoſtate*, ſtaring *Lucifer* in the face) 'when theſe *Dung-hill Pedants*, a Com-'pany of *Cock-brain'd*, *Ridiculous*, '*Mortify'd*, *illbred*, *Beggarly Tatter-'demallions*, ſhall come to erect *a Com-'mittee for Politicks*, and paſs *Sentence* 'upon *Governours*, and *Governments*; 'ſtiling themſelves (forſooth) the *Sup-'porters* of both; without any more 'skill than my Horſe in what belongs to 'either. Tell me (ſays he) if a Brave 'Prince had not better be Damn'd, 'than ſubject himſelf to hear one of 'theſe *Turdy Facy Paty Naſty Louſie 'Fartical Raſcals*, with a *Scabb'd Head*, 'and a *Plantation* of *Lice* in his *Beard*; 'and his *Eyes* crept into the Nape of 'his *Neck*, pronouncing for an *Apho-'riſm*; That *A Prince that looks only 'to One, is a Tyrant*; and that *a True 'King is the Shepherd, and Servant of 'his People.* Ah, Raſh, and beſotted 'Coxcombs! If *a King looks only to 'others, who ſhall look to him?* As if

'Princes

'Princes had not Enemies enough 'abroad, without being so to them-'selves too. But you may write your 'Hearts out, and never the nearer. 'Where's our *Soveraignty*? if we have 'not our Subjects *Lives*, and *Estates* at 'our *Mercy*. And where's our absolute 'Power? if we submit to the Coun-'sels of our Vassals, If we have not 'to satisfie our Appetites, Avarice and 'Revenge, we want Power to dis-'charge the Noblest Ends of Govern-'ment. These *Contemplative Idiots* 'would make us make choice of *Good* '*Officers*, to keep the *Bad* in *Order*: 'which were a Madness in our Con-'dition. Let them be *Complaisant*, and 'no Matter for any other Merit, or '*Vertue. A Parcel of Good Offices, hand-'somly dispos'd among a Pack of Cheats,* '*and Atheists, will make us a party* '*another Day*; whereas all is lost, that's 'bestow'd upon honest men; for they're 'our Enemies; Speak Truth then all 'of ye, and shame the Devil, for *the* '*Butcher fats his sheep only for the* '*Shambles.*

I have said enough, I suppose, to stop your

your Mouths, but here's an Orator will read you another-gates Lecture of *Politicks*, than any you have had yet if you'l give him the hearing. *Photinus* advance (said *Julian*) and speak your Mind; whereupon there appear'd a *Brazen fac'd* fellow, with a *hanging look*, and twenty other marks of a *Desperate Villain*: who with a *Hellish Tell*, and *three or four wry mouths for a Prologue*, brake into his Discourse.

The Wicked Advice of one of Ptolomey's *Courtiers about the Killing of* Pompey: *taken out of* Lucan's Pharsalia. *Lib.* 8.

'METhinks, under Favour, (most Renowned *Ptolomy*) we are 'now slipt into a debate, a little beside 'the business. The question is, *whether* 'Pompey *should be delivered up to* Cæsar, *or no*; that is to say, whether *in reason of State*, it ought to be done; 'and we are formalizing the matter, 'whether in point of *equity* and *justice* 'it *may* be done. *Bodies Politick have no souls and never did any great Prince*

'turn a *Council of state into a Court of* 'Conscience, *but he repented it. King-* 'doms are to be govern'd by *Politicians*, 'not by *Casuists*; and there is nothing 'more contrary to the true interest of 'Crowns and *Empires*, than in *publick* 'cases, to make a scruple of *private du-* 'ties. The Argument is this; *Pompey* is 'in *distress*: and *Ptolomy* under an *Ob-* 'ligation; so that it were a violation of 'Faith and *Hospitality*, not to relieve 'him. Now give me leave to reason 'in the other way. *Pompey* is forsaken, 'and *persecuted* by the *Gods*; *Cæsar* up- 'on the Heels of him with *victory* and 'success. Shall *Ptolomy* now *ruine him-* 'self, to *protect a Fugitive*, against both 'Heaven, and *Cæsar*! I must confess, 'where *honesty*, and *profit* are both of 'a side, 'tis well; but where they disa- 'gree, the Prince that doth not quit his 'Religion, for his *convenience*, falls into 'a direct conspiracy against himself. He 'shall lose the *Hearts* of his *Souldiery*, 'and the *reputation* of his *power*. Where- 'as on the contrary, the most hateful 'Tyrant in the world shall be able to 'keep his head above water, let him

'but

'but give a general Licence to commit 'all sort of Wickedness: you'l say 'tis 'Impious: but I say what if it be? who 'shall call you to accompt? These deli- 'berations are only for *Subjects*, that 'are under *Command*; and not for *Sove- 'raign Princes*, whose *will* is a *Law*.

Exeat Aulâ
Qui volet esse pius.

He was never cut out
For a Court that's devout.

'In fine, since either *Pompey* or *Pto- 'lomy* must suffer, I am absolutely for 'the saving of *Ptolomy*, and the present- 'ing of *Pompey's head*, without any 'more ado, to *Cæsar*. *A Dead Dog will 'never bite.*

Photinus had no sooner made an end, but *Domitian* appear'd in a monstrous *Rage*, and lugging of poor *Suetonius* after him *like a Bear to the Stake*. 'There 'is not in nature (says he) so damn'd a 'Generation of *Scribling Rogues*, as 'these *Historians*. We can neither be 'quiet for them, *Living*, *nor Dead*; for

'they haunt us in our very *Graves*; and 'when they have vented the *Humour*, 'and *Caprice* of their own Brains, that 'forsooth must be called, *The life of such* 'an *Emperour*. And for an instance, I'll 'shew ye what this *Impertinent Chronicler* says of *my self*, *He had squander'd* 'away his treasure (says he) *in expensive* 'Buildings, *Comedies*, and *Donatives to* 'the *Souldiers*.

Now would I fain know which way it could have been better imployed.

'In another place, he says, that *Do-* 'mitian had some thoughts of easing him 'self in his Military Charges, by reducing 'the number; but that he durst not do; 'for fear some of his Neighbours should 'put an affront upon him. So that to lick 'himself whole, he fell to raking and scra- 'ping whatever he could get, either from 'Dead or Living; and any Rascals Testi- 'mony was proof enough for a Confisca- 'tion; for there needed no more to undo 'an honest man, than to tell a tale at 'Court that such a one had spoken ill of 'the Prince.

'Is this the way of treating *Majesty*? 'what could this *impudent Pedant* have 'said

'said worse, if he had been speaking of 'a *Pick Pocket* or a *Pyrate*? But *Princes* 'and *Thieves* are all one to them.

'He says further, that *Domitian made* 'seisure of several Estates, without any 'sort of Right whatsoever; and there 'went no more to his Title, than for a 'false witness to depose, that he heard the 'Defunct declare, before he dy'd, that he 'made Cæsar his Heir. He set such a Tax 'upon the Jews, that many of them deny'd 'their Religion to avoid it; and I re-'member that when I was a young Fellow, 'I saw an old man of fourscore and ten 'taken upon suspicion by one of Domiti-'an's spies, and turn'd up in a publick 'Assembly, to see if he were circumcised.

'Be ye now Judges, *Gentlemen of the* 'Black Guard, if this be not a most in-'tolerable indignity. Am I to answer 'for the actions of my inferiour Officers? 'It amazes me that my Successors should 'ever endure these scandalous reports 'to be published, especially against a 'Prince that had laid out so much Mo-'ney in repairing the Libraries that 'were burnt.

It is very true (said *Suetonius* in a doleful tone) and I have not forgotten to make mention of it to your Honour. But what will you say, if I shew you in a Warrant under your Hand, this *execrable* and *impious Blasphemy? It is the command of your Lord and God.* And in fine, if I speak nothing but truth, where's your cause of complaint? I have written the Lives too of the great *Julius Cæsar*, and the divine *Augustus*, and the world will not say but I have done them right. But for your self, and such as you, that are effectually but so many *incarnate* and *crowned Plagues*, what fault have I committed in setting before your eyes those *Tyrannies*, which Heaven and Earth cannot but look upon with *Dread* and *Horror*?

This discourse of *Suetonius* was interrupted by the *Babler*, or *Bouteseau*, that rounded *Lucifer* in the Ear, and told him, 'Look ye, Sir, (*says he, pointing with his finger*) that limping Devil 'there, that looks as if he were surbated with beating the Hoof, has 'been abroad in the world this twenty 'years, and is but just now come back

'again,

'again. Come hither Sirrah, crys *Lucifer*; and so the poor Cur went wrigling and glotting up toward his Prince. 'You are a fine Rogue to be sent of an 'Errand, are ye not? (says *Lucifer*) to 'stay twenty years out, and come back 'again e'en as wise as ye went: What 'souls have ye brought now? or what 'news from t'other world? *Ha!* Your Highness (quoth the Devil) has too much honour and justice to condemn me unheard. Wherefore be pleased to remember that at my going out, you gave me charge of a certain Merchant; *It cost me the first ten years of my time to make him a Thief, and ten more to keep him from turning honest again, and restoring what he had stolen.* A fine fetch for a Devil this, is it not? cry'd *Lucifer*. But *Hell is no more the Hell it was when I knew it first, than Chalk is Cheese*: And *the Devils now adays are so damn'dly insipid and dry, they're hardly worth the roasting.* A senseless Puppy to come back to me *with a story of* Waltham's *Calf, that went nine mile to suck a Bull.* But he's not Master of his Trade yet; and with that *Lucifer* bad one of his

Officers take him away and put him to School again; for I perceive he's a Rascal, says he, and *he has e'en been rogueing at a* Play-house, *when he should have been at* Church.

In that instant, from behind a little hill, a great many *Men* came running as hard as they could drive after a company of *Women*; The *Men* crying out, *Stop, Stop*; and the *Women* crying for *Help*. *Lucifer* commanded them all to be seiz'd, and askt what was the matter. Alas, alas! (cry'd one of the men, quite out of breath) *These Carrions have made us Fathers, though we never had Children.* Govern your Tongue, Sirrah (cry'd *a Devil of Honour*, out of respect to the Ladies), and speak truth; for 'tis utterly impossible you should be *Fathers* without *Children*. Pardon me, said the Fellow, we were *marry'd men*, and *honest men*, and *good house-keepers*, and have born Offices in the *Parish*, and have *Children* that call us *Fathers*; But 'tis a strange thing, we have been *abroad* some of us by the *seven years together*; Others as long *Bed rid*; and so impotent that the *Civilians* would have put us

inter

inter frigidos & maleficiatos: and yet our Wives have brought us every year a *Child*, which we were such Fools as to keep and bring up, and give our selves to the Devil at last to get them Estates; out of a charitable perswasion (forsooth) they might yet be our own, though for a Twelve month together (perhaps) we never so much as examin'd whether our *Wives* were *Fish* or *Flesh*. But now since the *Mothers* are *Dead*, and the *Children grown up*, we have found the Tools that made them. One has the *Coach-man's Nose*, another the *Gentleman Usher's Legs*; a third a *Cousin German's Eyes*. And some we are to presume, conceiv'd purely by strength of *imagination*, or else by the *Ears* like *Weazels*.

Thereupon appear'd *a little Remnant of a man*; a dapper *Spaniard* with a kind of a *Besome Beard*, and a *Voice* not unlike the *Yapping* of a *foysting Cur*. As he came near the Company he set up his Throat, and call'd out: Ah Jade, says he, I shall now take you to task, ye Whore you, for making me *Father* my *Negro's Bastard*, and for the *Estate* I setled

setled upon him, I did never misdoubt foul play, but should never have dreamt of *That Ugly Toad*, when there was such choice of *handsome, lusty young Fellows* about us; but it may be she had them too. I curst the *Monks* many and many a time, I remember, to the Pit of Hell, Heaven forgive me for't: for the Strumpet would be perpetually gadding abroad, under colour of going to Confession, and in sooth I was never any great Friend to *Penance* and *Mortification*. And then would I be easing my mind ever and anon to this *curst Moor*. I cannot imagine (said I) where this Mistress of thine should commit all the sins that she goes every hour of the day to *confess* at yonder *Monastery*. And then would this *Dog-Moor* answer me, Alas good Lady! I would t'en venture my Soul with hers with all my heart; she spends all her time you see in holy Duties. I was at that time so innocent, that I suspected nothing more than a pure Respect and Civility to my *Wife*; but I have learnt better since, and that effectually his Soul and hers were commonly ventur'd in the same

same Bottom; yes, and their Bodies too, as I perceive by their *Magpy Issue*, for the *Bastards* take after both *Father* and *Mother*.

So that at this rate, cry'd the *adopted Fathers*, the *Husband* of a *Whore* has a pleasant time on't. First he's subjected to all the *Pukings*, *Longings*, and *peevish importunities*, that a *breeding Woman* gives those about her till she's *Laid*; and then comes the *squalling* of the *Child*, and the *Twittle-twattle-Gossippings* of the *Nurse* and *Midwife*, that must be well treated too, well lodg'd, and well paid. *A sweet Baby*, says one (to the Jade the Mother on't) *'tis e'en as like the Father as if he had spit it out on's mouth*: It has the very *Lips*, the very *Eyes* of him, when 'tis no more *like him, than an apple is like an Oyster*. And in conclusion, when we have born all this, and twenty times more in t'other World with a Christian Patience, we are hurry'd away to Hell, and here we lie a *Company of Damn'd Cuckolds* of us; and here we are like to lie, for ought I see, in *Sæcula Sæculorum*: which is very hard, and in truth out of all reason.

I cut this Visit short, to see what new in a *deep Vault* near at hand, where we heard a great *bustle* and *contest* betwixt divers *Souls* and the *Devils*. There were the *Presumptuous*, the *Revengeful* and the *Envious*, gaping and crying out as they would break their hearts. *Oh that I could be born again*! says one; *Oh, that I might go back into the World again*! says another; *Oh, that I were but to dye once more*! crys a third. Insomuch that they put the Devils out of all Patience, with their impertinent and unprofitable Wishes and Exclamations. Hang your selves cry'd they, for a *pack of cozening, bawling Rascals*: *You live again*? *and be born again*? and what if you might do't a thousand times over? You would only dye at last a thousand times greater Villains, than now you are, and there would be no clearing Hell of you with a Dog-whip. However, to try you, and make you know your selves; we have commission to let you *Live again* and *Return*. *Up then ye Varlets, go, be born again*: *Get ye into the World again*. *Away*, cry'd the Devils, with a lusty lash at every word, and

and thrust hard to have got them out. But *the poor Rogues hung on Arse*, and were struck with such a *Terrour*, to hear of *Living again*, and *Returning*, that they slunk into a Corner, and lay as quiet upon't, as Lambs.

At length, one of the Company that seem'd to have somewhat more Brain, and Resolution than his Fellows, enter'd very gravely upon the *Debate*, *whether they should go out or no.* 'If I 'should now, says he, *at my* Second Birth, 'come into the World a *Bastard*; The 'shame would be *mine*, though my *Parents* committed the *fault*: and I 'should carry the *Scandal*, and the *Infamy* of it to my *Grave*. Now put 'Case, my *Mother* should be *honest*, (for 'that's not impossible) and that I came 'into the World, *Legitimate*; how many *Follies*, *Vices*, and *Diseases* are there 'that run in a *Blood*! who knows, but 'I should be *Mad*, or *Simple*? *Swear*, 'Lye, *Cheat*, *Whore*? Nay if I came off 'with a Little *Mortification* of my *Carcass*, as the *Stone*, the *Scurvy*, or *the* 'Noble *Pox*, I were a happy Man. But 'oh the *Lodging*, the *Diet*, and the

'*Cookery*

'*Cookery* that I am to expect for a mat-
'ter of *Nine Months* in my *Mother's*
'*belly*: and then the *Butter* and *Beer*
'that must be spent to sweeten me
'when I change my Quarter. I must
'come *Crying* into the *World*, and live
'in ignorance even of what Life is, till I
'dye; and then as ignorant of Death
'too, till 'tis past. I Phansie my *Swad-*
'*ling Clouts* and *Blankets* to be worse
'than my *Winding-sheet*; My *Cradle*
'represents my *Tomb*. And then who
'knows, whether my *Nurse* shall be
'*found*, or No? Shee'l over-lay me
'perhaps; leave me some four and
'twenty hours, it may be, without clean
'Clouts, and a Pin or two all the
'while perchance up to the Hilts in my
'backside. And then follows *Breeding*
'of *Teeth*, and *Worms*; with all the
'*Gripes*, and *Disorders* that are caus'd
'by *Unwholesome Milk*. These Miseries
'are Certain, and why should I run
'them over again?

'If it happen that I pass the state of
'*Infancy*, without the *Pox*, or *Measils*:
'I must be then pack't away to *School*,
'to get the *Itch*, a *Scald Head*, or a

'pair

'pair of *Kib'd Heels*. In Winter, 'tis ten 'to one you find me with a Snotty 'Nose; and perpetually under the Lash 'if I either miss my Lesson, or go late 'to School. So that *Hang him for my 'part that would be born again*; for any 'thing I see yet.

'When I come up toward *Man*; the '*Women* will have me *as sure as a Gun*, 'for they have a Thousand Ginns, and 'Devices to catch Wood-cocks; and 'if ever I come to set eye upon a Lass 'that understands *Dress* and *Raillery*, '*I'm gone, if there were no more Lads 'in Christendom.* But for my part, I am '*as sick as a Dog*, of *Powdering*, *Curling*, 'and playing the *Lady Bird*. I would 'not for all the world be in the *Shoema-kers stocks*, and Choak my self over-'again in a *strait Doublet*; only to have 'the Ladys say, *Look*, *what a delicate 'shape, and Foot that Gentleman has.* 'And I would take as little pleasure to 'spend six hours of the four and twen-'ty, in picking Grey hairs out of my 'Head or Beard, or turning white in-'to Black. To stand half ravisht in the 'contemplation of my own shadow:

'To

'To dress fine, and go to *Church* only to 'see handsome Ladies: to correct the 'midnight Air with ardent sighs, and 'Ejaculations; and to keep company 'with Owls, and Batts, like a Bird of '*Evil Omen*: To walk the round of a 'Mistress Lodging and play at *Bo-peep* 'at the corner of every street; to adore 'her imperfections, (or as the Song 'says ----*for her Vglineſs, and for her* '*want of Coin*) To make Bracelets of 'her Locks, and truck a Pearl Neck-'lace for a Shoo-string. At this rate, 'I say, Curſed again and again be he, 'for my part, that would live over a-'gain so Wretched a life.

'Being come now to write *full Man*, 'If I have an *Eſtate*, how many *Cares*, '*Suits* and *Wrangles* go along with it! 'If I have *None*, what *Murmuring*, and '*Regret*, at my *Misfortunes*! By this 'Time, the Sins of my Youth are got-'ten into my Bones; I grow Sowr, and 'Melancholy; Nothing pleaſes me; I 'curſe *old Age* to Ten Thouſand Devils, 'and the *Youth* which I can never reco-'ver in my *Veins*, I endeavour to fetch 'out of the *Barber's Shop*, from *Pe-*

'*ruques*,

'ruques; *Razors*, and *Patches* to con-
'ceal or at least disguise all the Marks
'and Evidences of Nature in her De-
'cay. Nay, when I shall have never an
'*Eye* to see with, nor a *Tooth* left in my
'head; *Gouty Legs*; *Wind-mills* in my
'Crown; my *Nose running like a Tap*,
'and *Gravel in my Reins, by the Bushel*;
'then must I make Oath that all this
'is nothing but meer Accident, gotten
'by Lying in the Field, or the like, and
'out-face the Truth in the very Teeth
'of so many undeniable Witnesses.
'*There is no Plague comparable to this*
'*Hypocrisie of the Members*. To have an
'*Old Fop* shake his heels, when he's
'ready to fall to pieces; and cry, *These*
'*Legs would make a shift yet to play with*
'*the best Legs in the Company*; and then
'with a lusty Thump on's Breast, fetch
'ye up a *Hem*, and cry, *Sound at Heart*
'*Boy*, and a thousand other Fooleries
'of the like Nature. But all this is no-
'thing to the Misery of an Old *Fellow*
'in *Love*; especially if he be put to
'*Gallant* it against a Company of *Young*
'*Gamesters*. Oh the inward shame and
'Vexation, to see himself scarce so

'much as Neglected. It happens some-
'times that a *Jolly Lady*, for want of
'better Entertainment, may content
'her self with one of these *Reverend*
'*Fornicators*, instead of a *Whetstone*;
'but alack, alack! the *poor Man is*
'*weak though willing*; and after a whole
'Night spent, in cold, and frivolous
'Pretences, and Excuses, away he goes
'with Torments of *Rage* and *Confusion*
'about him, not to be expreſt; and
'*many a heavy Curſe is ſent after him for*
'*keeping a poor Lady from her natural*
'*Reſt, to ſo little purpoſe.* How often
'muſt I be put to the Bluſh too, when
'every *Old Toaſt* ſhall be calling me *Old*
'*Acquaintance*, and telling me, *Oh Sir,*
''*tis many a fair Day ſince you and I*
'*knew one another firſt. I think 'twas*
'*in the four and thirtieth of the Queen,*
'*that we were School-fellows. How the*
'*World's alter'd ſince!* &c. And then
'muſt my *head* be turn'd to a *Memento*
'*Mori*; My *fleſh* diſſolv'd into *Rheume*;
'My *Skin Withered* and *Wrinkled*; with
'*a ſtaff in my hand*, knocking the
'Earth at every trembling ſtep, as if I
'call'd upon my Grave to receive me:

'*walking*

'walking like a *Moving Phantasm*, my 'Life little more than a *Dream*; My 'Reins and *Bladder* turn'd into a Per-'fect *Quatry*; and the *Urinal*, or *Piss-'pot* my whole *Study*. My next Heir 'watching, every Minute, for the long-'look't for, and happy hour of my De-'parture; and in the mean time, I'm 'become *the Physician's Revenue*; and 'the *Surgeons practice*, with *an Apothe-'caries Shop in my Guts*; and every 'old Jade calling me *Grandsire*. No, no; 'I'll no more Living again, I thank ye: 'One *Hell* rather than *two Mothers*.

'Let us now consider the Comforts 'of Life: The *Humours*, and the *Man-'ners*. He that would be *Rich*, must 'play the *Thief*, or the *Cheat*: He that 'would rise in the world, must turn Pa-'rasite, *Informer*, or *Projecter*. He that 'Marries, ventures fair for the *Horn*, 'either before, or after. There is no 'Valour, without *Swearing*, *Quarrelling*, 'or *Hectoring*. If ye are *poor*, *No body* 'Owns ye. If *Rich*, *you'l know No body*. 'If you dye *Young*, *what pity it was* '(they'l say) *that he should be cut off* 'thus in the Prime. If *Old*, *he was e'en*

'*past his best*; *there's no great Miss* '*of him*. If you are *Religious*, and fre- 'quent the *Church*, and the *Sacraments*, 'You're an *Hypocrite*; And *without* '*this*, you're an *Atheist*, or an *Heretick*. 'If you are *Gay*, and *pleasant*, you pass 'presently for a *Buffoon*: and if *Pensive*, 'and *reserv'd*, you are taken to be *soure*, 'and *Censorious*. *Courtesie* is call'd *Collo-* '*guing* and *Currying of Favour*: *Down-* '*right Honesty*, and *plain-dealing*, is in- 'terpreted to be *Pride*, and *ill-manners*. '*This is the World*; and for all that's 'in't, I would not have it to go over 'again. If any of ye, My Masters (said 'he to his *Camerades*) be of another 'Opinion, hold up your hands. No, 'No (they cry'd all unanimoully) *No* '*more Generation work*, I beseech ye, '*Better the Devils than the Mid-* '*wives*.

After this, came a *Testator*, *Cursing*, and *Raving*, like a *Bedlam*, that He had made his *last Will and Testament*. Ah '*Villain*! (said he) *for a man to murther* '*himself as I have done*; If I had not '*Seal'd*, I had not *dy'd*. Of all things, next 'a *Physician*, Deliver me from a *Testa-* '*ment*.

'*ment.* It has kill'd more than the *Pe-*
'*stilence.* Oh miserable Mortals; let
'the *Living* take warning by the *Dead*,
'and make no *Testaments*. It was my
'hard luck, first to put my *Life* into
'the *Physicians Power*, and then by ma-
'king my *Will*, to sign the Sentence of
'*Death* upon my self, and *my own Exe-*
'*cution*. *Put your Soul, and your Estate*
'*in Order* (says the Doctor) *for there's*
'*no hope of Life*; And the word was
'no sooner out, but I was so wise and
'devout (forsooth) as to fall immedi-
'ately upon the Prologue of my *Will*,
'with an *In Nomine Domini, Amen*, &c.
'And when I came to dispose of my
'*Goods* and *Chattels*, I pronounc'd these
'Bloody words (*I would I had been*
'*Tongue-ty'd when I did it*) I make and
'Constitute my *Son*, my *Sole Executor*.
'*Item*, to my *Dear Wife*, I give and Be-
'queath all my *Plays* and *Romances*,
'and all the *Furniture* in the *Rooms* up-
'on *the Second Story*. To *my very good*
'*Friend T. B.* my large *Tankard* for a
'*Remembrance*. To *my Foot-boy Robin*,
'*five pound* to bind him *Prentice*: To
'*Betty* that tended me in my sickness,

'my little Candle-Cup. To Mr. Doctor, 'my fair Table Diamond, for his Care 'of me in my Illness. After Signing, 'and Sealing, the Ink was scarce dry 'upon the Paper, but methought the 'Earth open'd as if it had been hungry to 'devour me. My Son and my Legatees 'were presently Casting it up, how 'many hours I might yet hold out. If 'I call'd for the Cordial Julep, or a little 'of Dr. Gilbert's Water; my Son was 'taking Possession of my Estate: My 'Wife so busie about the Beds, and 'Hangings, that she could not intend it. 'The Boy and the Wench could under-'stand Nothing but about their Lega-'cies. My very good Friend's Mind was 'wholly upon his Tankard. My kind Dr. 'I must confess took Occasion now and 'then, to handle my Pulse, and see whe-'ther the Diamond were of the right Black 'Water, or no. If I askt him, what I might 'Eat; his Answer was; Any thing, any 'thing, E'en what you please your self. At 'every Groan I fetcht, they were calling 'for their Legacies; which they could 'not have till I was Dead.

'But if I were to begin the World

again,

again, I think I should make another kind of *Testament*. I would say, 'A *Curse upon him that shall have my Estate when I am Dead*; *And may the first bit of Bread he eats ant en't, choak him. The Devil in Hell take what I cannot carry away, and him too, that struggles for't, if he can Catch him. If I dye, let my Boy* Robin *have the* Strappado, *three hours a day, to be duly paid him during Life. Let my* Wife *dye of the Pip, or the Mother* (not a half penny matter which) *but let her first live long Enough to Plague* the Damn'd Doctor, *and indite him for poysoning her poor Husband.* To speak sincerely, I can never forgive that *Dog-Leach*. Was it not enough to make me *Sick*, when I was *well*, without making me *Dead*, when I was *Sick*? And not to rest there neither, but to persecute me in my *Grave* too? But to say the Truth, this is only *Neighbours fare*; for all those fools that trust in them, are serv'd with the same sawce. A *Vomit* or a *Purge* is as good a *Pass-port* into *the other World*, as a man would wish. And then when our heads are laid; 'tis never to be endured,

dured, the *Scandals* they cast upon our *Bodies*, and *Memories*! *Heaven rest his Soul* (crys one) *He kill'd himself with a Debauch. How is't possible* (says another) *to cure a man that keeps no Diet? He was a Mad-man* (crys a Third) *a meer Sot, and would not be govern'd by his Physician. His Body was as Rotten as a Pear: He had as many Diseases as a Horse: and it was not in the Power of Man to save him.* And *truly 'twas well that his hour was come, for he had better a great deal dye well, than live on as he did.* Thieves and Murtherers that ye are; *You your selves are that* hour *ye talk of.* The *Physician* is only *Death* in a *Disguise*, and brings his Patients *Hour* along with him. Cruel People! Is it not Enough to take away a man's *life*; and like *Common-Hangmen* to be *paid* for't when ye have done: but you must blast the *Honour* too of those you have dispatch't, to excuse your *Ignorance*? *Let but the Living follow my Counsel*, and write *their Testaments* after this *Copy*, they shall live long and happily; and not go out of the World at last, *like a Rat with a straw in his Arse* (as a learned Author has

has it) or be cut off in the flower of their days, by these *Counterfeit Doctors of the faculty* of the Close-stool.

The *dead man* ply'd his Discourse with so much *Gravity* and *Earnestness*, that *Lucifer* began to believe what he said. But because *all Truths are not to be spoken*, especially among the *Devils*, where hardly any are admitted; and for fear of mischief, if the *Doctors* should come to hear what had been said, *Lucifer* presently order'd the Fellow to be *Gagg'd*, or *put in security for his good behaviour*.

His mouth was no sooner stopt, but another was open'd; and one of the damn'd came running cross the Company, and so up and down, back and forward (like a Cur that had lost his Master) bawling as if he had been out of his Wits, and crying out, 'Oh! Where 'am I? Where am I? I am abus'd, I am 'chous'd: What's the meaning of all 'this? Here are *damning Devils*, *tempting Devils*, and *tormenting Devils*; 'but the Devil a Devil can I find of the 'Devils that brought me hither: They 'have gotten away my *Devils*: where

'are

'are they? give me my *Devils* again.

It might well make the Company ſtare, to ſee a Fellow hunting for *Devils* in *Hell*, where they ſwarm in *Legions*. But as he was in his *Hurry*, a *Governante* caught him by the arm, and gave him a *half turn*, and ſtopt him. Old *Luckey bird* (ſays ſhe:) if thou wanteſt *Devils* here, where do'ſt expect to find them? He knew her as ſoon as he ſaw her. And 'Art thou *here* old Beelzebub 'in a Peticoat? *(ſaid he)* the very Pi-'cture of *Satan*; the Coupler of Male 'and Female; The Buckle and Thong 'of Leachery; The Multiplier of ſin, 'and the Guide of Sinners; The Sea-'ſoner of Rotten Mutton; The Inter-'preteſs betwixt Whores and Knaves; 'The Preface to the Remedy of Love, 'and the Prologue to the Critical Mi-'nute. *Speak, and without more ado, 'tell me*; where are the Devils and 'their Dams that brought me hither? 'Theſe are none of them. *No, no*; I 'am not ſuch an Awſe as to be Trepan'd, 'and ſpirited away by *Devils* with *Tails*, 'Horns, *Briſtles*, *Wings*, that ſmell as if 'they had been ſmoakt in a *Chimney-*

'*Corner.*

'*Corner*. The Devils that I look for, are 'worse than these. Where are the *Mothers* that play the *Bawds* to their *own Daughters*? and the *Aunts* that do as 'much for *their Neeces*, and make them 'caper and sparkle like Wild-fire? *The black ey'd Girls*, that carry fire in their 'Eyes, and strike as sure as a *Launce* 'from the *Rest* of a Cavalier? Where 'are the *Flatterers*, that speak nothing 'but *pleasing things*? *The Make-bates and Incendiaries*, that are the very *Canker of Humane Society*? Where are the '*Story-Mongers*? *The Masters of the Faculty of Lying*? *That* Report *more than they* Hear, Affirm *more than they* Know, '*and swear more than they* Believe. *Those slanderous Backbiters*, that like *Vulturs* 'prey only upon *Carrion*? Where are 'the *Hypocrites* that turn *Devotion* into '*Interest*, and make a *Revenue* of a *Commandment*? That pretend *Ecstasie*, 'when they are *drunk*; and utter the '*Fumes* and *Dreams* of their *Luxury* 'and *Tipple* for *Revelations*? That 'make *Chappels* of their *Parlours*; '*Preachments* of their *ordinary Entertainments*: and every thing they do

'is

'is a miracle. They can Divine all 'that's told them; and raise people to 'life again, that counterfeit sick, when 'they should work; and give an honest 'man to the Devil with a *Deo gratias*. 'These are the Devils I would be at: 'These are they that have damn'd me; 'look them out, and find them for me, 'ye impudent Hag, or I shall be so bold 'as to search your French Hood for 'them. And with that word, he fell on upon the poor *Governante*, tore off her *Head Geer*, and laid about him so furiously, that there would have been no getting him off, if *Lucifer* had not made use of his *Absolute Authority* to *quiet* him.

Immediately upon the composing of this Fray, we heard the shooting of *Bars* and *Bolts*, the opening of *Doors* and *Hinges* that creakt for want of Grease, and a strange humming of a great number of *People*. The first that appear'd were a company of *Bold*, *Talkative*, and *painted old Women*; but as *bouny* and *gamesome*, tickling and toying with one another, as if they had never seen *Thirteen*; and carrying it out with

an

an Air of much ſatisfaction and content. The *Babler* was ſomewhat ſcandaliz'd at their Behaviour; and told them how ill they did to be merry in *Hell*: and ſeveral others admir'd it as much, and askt them the reaſon of it, conſidering their *Condition*. With that, one of the Gang that was wretchedly *thin* and *pale*, and rais'd upon a pair of Heels that made her Legs longer than her Body, told *Lucifer*, with great Reſpect: that *at their firſt coming, they were as ſad as it was poſſible for a company of damn'd old Jades to be.* But (ſays ſhe) we were a little comforted, when we heard of no other puniſhment here, than *Weeping* and *Gnaſhing of Teeth*; and in ſome hope to come off upon reaſonable terms: for we have not among us all ſo much as a *drop* of *moiſture* in our *Bodies*, nor a *Tooth* in our *Heads*. *Search them preſently* (cry'd the *Intermedler*) *ſqueeze the* Balls *of their* Eyes, *and let their* Gums *be* examin'd, you'll find *Snaggs, Stumps*, or *Roots*; or enough of ſomewhat or other there to ſpoil the Jeſt. Upon the *Scrutiny*, they were found ſo dry, that they were good for no-

nothing in the world, but to serve for *Tinder* or *Matches*, and so they were dispos'd of into the *Devils Tinder-Boxes*.

While they were *casing* up the *Old Women*, there came on a number of people of *several sorts* and *qualities*, that call'd out to the first they saw; *Pray'e Gentlemen* (said they) *before we go any further, will ye direct us to the* Court of Rewards? How's That (cry'd one of the Company) I was afraid we had been in *Hell*, but since you talk of *Rewards*, I hope 'tis but *Purgatory*: Good, Good, (said the whole Multitude) you'l quickly find where you are: *Purgatory*! (cry'd the *Intermedler*) you have left that up the Hill there, upon the *Right hand*. This is *Hell*, and a place of *Punishment*; Here's no *Registry* of *Rewards*. Then we are mistaken (said he that spake first.) How so? (cry'd the *Intermedler*) You shall hear (said the other) We were in the other world intitled to *the Order of the Squires of the Pad*; and borrow'd now and then a small sum upon *the King's High-way*: we understood somewhat too of the *Cross-bite*, and the use of the *frail Dye*. Some of our conscientious

and

and charitable friends, would fain have drawn us off from the Course we were in; and so give them their due, bestow'd a great deal of good counsel upon us to very little purpose; for we were in a pretty way of Thriving, and had gotten a habit, and could not leave it. We ask them, *What would you have us do?* Money *we have* none, *and* without it there's no living: *should we stay till it were* brought, *or* come alone? *How would ye have a poor* Individuum Vagum *to live? that has neither* Estate, Office, Master, *nor Friend to maintain him: and is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a* Tavern, *a* Bawdy-house, *or a* Gaming Ordinary? *Now, That's the man that* Providence *has appointed to live* by his Wits. Our *Advisers* saw there was no good to be done, and went their way, telling us, that *in the other world we should meet with our Reward.*

They would tell us sometime, how *base* a thing it was to defame the *House*, and abuse the *Bed* of a *Friend*. Our *answer* was ready; 'Well; and had we 'not better do it there where the house 'is open to us, the Master and Lady 'kind;

'kind, the occasion fair and easie; than 'to run a *Caterwawling* into a Family 'where every Servant in the House is a 'Spy, and (perhaps) a Fellow behind 'every Door in the House with a Dag-'ger or Pistol in his hand to entertain us. Upon this our Grave *Counsellors* finding us so resolute, e'en gave us over, and told us as before; that, *In the other World we should meet with our Reward.* Now taking *This* to be the *other World* these honest men told us of, we are inquiring after the *Rewards* they promis'd us.

Abominable Scoundrels! said *an Officer of Justice*, there at Hand; How many of your reprobated Companions, have squandred away their Fortunes upon *Whores* and *Dice*, exposing not only their *Wives* and *Children*, but many a *Noble Family* to a *shameful* and *irreparable Ruine*: and let any man put in a word of wholesome advice, their Answer is, 'Tush, Tush, our Wives and 'Children are in the hands of *Provi-'dence*; and let him provide for the 'Rooks, that feeds the Ravens. Then was it told ye, *you should find your Reward*

in

in the other World; and the time is now come, wherein ye shall receive it: *Up up then ye cursed Spirits, and away with them.* At which word, *a Legion of Devils* fell on upon the miserable Caitiffs, with *Whips* and *Firebrands*, and gave them their long expected *Reward*; And at every lash, a Voice was heard to say, *In the other World you shall receive your Reward.* These Wretches in the mean while, *damning* and *sinking themselves to the pit of Hell*, still as if they had been upon *Earth*, and vomiting their *customary* and *execrable Blasphemies.*

Just as this storm blew over, there drew near a multitude of *Bailiffs, Serjeants, Catchpoles, and other Officers of prey*, with the *Thieves Devil, bound hand and foot*, and a foul *Accusation* against him. Whereupon *Lucifer* with a fell countenance took his seat in a flaming Chair, and call'd his Officers about him. So soon as the Prince had taken his place, a certain Officer began his Report. 'Here is before thee (quoth he) 'a Devil (most mighty *Lucifer*) that 'stands charg'd with Ignorance in his

'Trade; and the shame of his Quality and Profession, instead of *damning* 'men, he has made it his business to *save* them. The word *save*, put the 'Court in such a Rage, that they bit their Lips, till the blood started, and the fire sparkled at their Eyes; and 'Lucifer turning about to his *Attorney*; *who would ever have imagin'd*, said he, *that so treacherous a Rascal could have* 'been harbour'd in my Dominions? It is 'most certain, my gracious Lord, reply'd the *Attorney*, that this *Devil* has 'been very diligent in drawing people 'into *Thefts* and *Pilferies*, and then 'when they come to be discover'd, they 'are clapt up and hang'd, or some mischief or other. But still before *Execution*, the *Ordinary* calls them to shift, 'and many times the toy takes them in 'the head to *confess* and *repent*, and so 'they are *sav'd*. Now this silly Devil 'thinks that when he has brought them 'to *Steal*, *Murder*, *Coin*, and the like, 'he has done his part, and so he leaves 'them: whereas he should stick close to 'them in the Prison; and be tempting 'of them to despair, and make away

'them-

'themſelves. But when they are once 'left to the *Prieſt*, he commonly brings 'them to a ſight of their ſins, and they 'ſcape. Now *this ſimple Devil* was not 'aware, it ſeems, that *many a Soul goes* '*to Heaven from the Gallows*, the *Wheel*, 'and the *Faggot*: and this failing has 'loſt your highneſs many a fair Pur-'chaſe. Here's enough (cry'd the *Pre-'ſident*) and there needs no more Charge 'againſt him. The poor Devil thought 'it was high time to ſpeak now, when 'they were juſt upon the point of paſ-'ſing his Sentence; and ſo he cry'd out, 'My Lord (ſaid he) I beſeech you hear 'me; for though they ſay the Devil is 'deaf, it is not meant of your Greatneſs. So there was a general ſilence, and thus he proceeded.

'I cannot deny (my Lord) but *Tyburn* '*is the way to Paradiſe, and many a man* '*goes to Heaven from the Gallows.* But 'if you will ſet thoſe that are *damn'd for* '*condemning others*, againſt *thoſe that* '*are ſav'd from the Gallows*, *Hell* will be 'found no Loſer by me at the foot of 'the Accompt, How many *Marſhal's-*'*men*, *Turn-Keys*, and *Keepers* have I ſent

'ye for letting a *Coiner* give them the 'slip now and then, with his *false Mo-* 'ney (always provided they leave *better* 'Money* instead on't) How many *false* 'Witnesses*, and *Knights of the Post*, that 'would set their Consciences like *Clocks* 'to go faster or slower according as 'they had *more* or *less weight*, and swear '*ex tempore*, at all *Rates* and *Prices*! 'How many *Sollicitors*, *Attorneys*, and 'Clarks*, that would draw ye up a *Decla-* 'ration* or an *Inditement so fully*, that I 'my self could hardly discover any *Er-* 'rour* in't; and yet when it came to the 'Test*, it was as plain as the Nose on a 'mans face (that is to say again, Pro- 'vided they were well paid for the Fa- 'shion) How many *Jaylors* that would 'wink at an *Escape* for a *Lusty Bribe*? 'And how many *Attorneys* that would 'give ye *dispatch* or *delay* thereafter as 'they were greas'd? Now after all this, 'what does it signifie, if *one Thief of a* 'thousand comes to the Gallows*? he only 'suffers because he was *poor*, that there 'may be the better trading for the *rich*, 'and without any design in the World 'to suppress stealing. Nay, *It often falls*

out,

'out, that they that bring the Malefactor 'to the Gibbet, are the worse Criminals 'of the two. But they are never lookt 'after; or if they should be, they have 'tricks and fetches enough to bring 'themselves off; so that it fares in this 'case, as it did with him that had his 'house troubled with *Rats*, and would 'needs take in a company of *Cats* to 'destroy them: The *Rats* would be 'nibling at his *Cheese*, his *Bacon*, a *Crust 'of Bread*, and now and then a *Candles 'End*: But when the *Cats* came, down 'went a *Milk bowl*, away goes a *Brace of 'Partridges*, or a *couple of Pidgeons*, and 'the poor man must content himself to 'go supperless to bed. In the conclusion, 'the *Rats* were *Troublesom*, but the *Cats* 'were intolerable. *And then there's 'This in't*; suppose *one poor fellow hangs 'and goes to Heaven*; *I do but give him 'in truck for two hundred at least, that 'deserv'd to be hang'd, but 'scape and go to 'Hell at last.* Besides, *a Thief upon a Gib-'bet, is as good as a Roasted Dog in a Pi-'geon-house*; for ye shall immediately '*have two or three thousand Witches a-'bout him*, for snips of his *Halter*, an *Eye-*

'*Tooth*, or a *Collop* of his Fat, which 'is of Soveraign use in many of their 'Charms. But in fine, let me do what 'I will, my services are not understood. 'My Successor it may be, will discharge 'his Duty better, and indeed I am ve'ry well content to lay down my *Com'mission*; for (*to say the Truth*) I am in 'years, and would gladly have a little 'Rest now, in my old age, which I ra'ther propose to my self in the Ser'vice of some *Pretender*, than where 'I am.

Lucifer heard him with great patience, and in the end, gave him all the satisfaction imaginable; strictly charging the *evil Spirits* that had abus'd him, to do so no more, upon hazard of *Paine Corporal and Spiritual*. And they desir'd him too, that he would not lay down his Employment, for he was strong enough yet to do very good service in it. But to think of *Easing himself* by going to a *Pretender*, he'd find himself mistaken, for 'twas a Duty he'd never be able to endure. Well! (says he) e'en what your Highness pleases. But truly I thought a Devil might have liv'd

liv'd very Comfortably in that Condition; for he has no more to do, that I can see, than to *keep his Ears open*, and *knowble Trade*. For put Case it should be some *Pretender* to a *Good Office*, or a *Fat Bishoprick* (though the *Fathers*, and *Councils*, are *against Pretenders*, in *This Case*) I phansie to my self, all the pleasure, and Divertisement that may be. It is as good as going to School, for *these People teach the Devils their A B C*. And all that we have to do, is to *sit still*, and *learn*.

The *Vision* that follow'd this, was the *Demon* of *Tabacco*; which I must confess did not a little surprise me. I have indeed, often *said* to my *self*, *Certainly these Smokers are possest*; but I could never *swear it* till now. I have (said the Devil) by bringing this *Weed* into *Spain*, reveng'd the *Indians* upon the *Spaniards* for all the *Massacres* and *Butcheries* they committed there, and done them more Mischief, than ever *Colon*, *Cortes*, *Almero*, *Pizarro* did in the *Indies*. By how much it is more honourable to dye upon a *Sword's Point*, by *Gunshot*, or at the *Mouth of a Can-*

non; than for a man to *Snivel* and *Sneeze* himself into another World; or to go away in a *Meagrim*, or a *Spotted-Feaver*, perchance; which is the *Ordinary effect of this poysonous Tabaco*. It is with *Tabaconists*, as 'tis with *Demoniacs* under an *Exorcism*; They *Fume*, and *Vapour*, but the *Devil sticks to them still*. Many there are that make a very *Idol* of it, they admire, they adore it, tempting and persecuting all people to take it, and the bare mention of it, puts them into an *Ecstasie*. In the *Smoke*, it is a *Probation* for *Hell*, where another day they must endure *Smoaking*; Taken in *Powder*, at the *Nose*, it draws upon *Youth* the *Incommodities* of old age, in the perpetual *Annoyance* of *Rheum*, and *Drivel*.

The Devil of *Subordination* came next, which was a good complexion'd, and a *well timber'd Devil*; To my great Amazement I must acknowledge, for I had never seen any Devils till now, but what were extreme Ugly. The Air of his face was so familiar to me, that methought I had seen it in a Thousand several places; sometime under a Veil,

sometime

sometime open; now under one shape, and then under another. One while he call'd himself *Childs Play*; Another while, *Kind Entertainment*; Here, *Payment*; there, *Restitution*; and in a third place, *Alms*; but in fine, I could never learn his right Name. I remember in some places I have heard him call'd *Inheritance*, *Profit*, *Good Cheap*, *Patrimony*, *Gratitude*. Here he was call'd *Doctor*, there *Batchelor*; with the *Lawyers*, *Solicitors*, and *Attorneys*, he past under the Name of *Right*; and the *Confessors* call'd him *Charity*.

He was well accompany'd, and stil'd himself *Satans Lieutenant*: but there was a *Devil of consequence* that oppos'd him, might and main: and made This Proclamation of himself, *Be it known* (says he) *that I am the Great Embroyler, and Politick Entangler of Affairs. The Deluder of Princes, the Pretext of the Unworthy, and the Excuse of Tyrants. I can make Black White: and give what Colour I please to the foulest Actions in Nature. If I had a mind to overturn the World, and put all in a general Confusion, I could do it; for I have it in my Power,*

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to Banish Order *and* Reason *out of it*: *To turn* Saucinesſ, *and* Importunity *into* Merit; Example *into* Neceſſity; *To give* Law *to* Succeſs; Authority *to* Infamy; *and* Credit *to* Inſolence. *I have the* Tongues *of all* Counſellers *at my Girdle, and they ſhall ſpeak neither more nor leſs than juſt as I pleaſe.* In ſhort, *That's Eaſie to me, which others account Impoſſible, and while I live, ye need never fear either* Vertue, Juſtice, *or Good Government* in the World. This Devil of *Subordination*, that talks of his *Lieutenancy*, what could he ever have done without me? He's a Raſcal that no Perſon of Quality would admit into his Company, if I did not fit him with *Vizors* and *Diſguiſes*. Let him hold his Tongue then; and know himſelf; and let me hear no more of thoſe Diſputes about the *Lieutenancy* of *Hell*, for *I have Lucifer's broad Seal to ſhew for my Title to't.*

For my part (cry'd another Mutinous Spirit) I am one of thoſe *humble minded Devils* that can content my ſelf to *hold the Door* upon a good Occaſion; or *knock under the Table*, and *play at*

ſmall

small Games rather than stand out. But few words among Friends are best, and when I have spoken three or four, let him come up that lists, I am then (says he) *the Devils Interpreter*, and my business is to *Gloss* upon the *Text*; In which Case, the *Cuckolds* are exceedingly beholden to me; for I have much to say for the Honour of the *Horn. How should a poor fellow that has a handsom Wench to his Wife*, and never a penny to live on, hold up his head in the World, if it were not for that Quality? I have a pretty faculty in doing *good Offices* for *Distressed Ladies*, at a time of *Need*; and I make the whole Sex sensible how great a *Folly* and *Madness* it is to *neglect* those *sweet opportunities*. Among other Secrets, *I have found out a way to establish an Office for Thievery, where the Officers shall be Thieves, and justifie it when they have done.* Here he stopt.

There was a short Silence, and then there appear'd *another Devil of about a foot and a half long.* I am (says he) a *Devil* but of a small size, and perhaps one of the least in *Hell*; and yet the Door opens to me as well as to another;

ther; for I never come *Empty handed Ithy, what have ye brought then?* (says the *Intermedler*) and came up to him; *What have I brought?* (quoth he) *I have brought an* Eternal Talker, *and a* Finical Flatterer: *They are two pieces that were in high Esteem in the Cabinets of two great Princes; and I have brought them for a* Present *to* Lucifer. With That, *Lucifer* cast his Eye upon them, and with a *Damn'd Venjuice-Face*, as if he had bitten a *Crab*, *You do well* (says he) *to say ye had them at Court*; and I think you should do well to carry them thither again; for *I had as live have their Room as their Company.*

After him, followed *another Dwarff Devil*, complaining that he had been a matter of six years about so infamous a Rascal, that there was no good to be done with him, for the *Bad* as well as the *Better sort* were scandaliz'd at his Conversation. *A mighty Piece of Business*, cry'd the *Governante*: *And could you not have gotten him a handsome Office or Employment?* That would have made him good for something, and you might have done his business.

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In the mean time the *Bubler* went *whispering* up and down, and *finding faults*, till at length he came to *a huge bundle of sleeping Devils* in a Corner that were *faggoted* up, and all *mouldy* and full of *Cobwebs*, which he immediately gave notice of, and they cut the Band to give them *Air*. With much ado, they waked them, and askt *what Devils they were; what they did there, and why they were not upon Duty.* They fell a *Yawning*, and said that they were the *Devils* of *Luxury*: But since the *Women* have taken a Phancy to prefer *Gunnies* and *Jacobusses*, before their *Modesty* and *Honour*, there has been no need of a Devil in the case to tempt them; for 'tis but shewing them the *merry Spankers*, they'l *dare*, like *Larks*, and fall down before ye, and then ye may e'en do what you will with them, and take them up in a *Purse-net*. *Gold supplies all imperfections*; it makes an *Angel* of a *Crocodile*; turns a *Fool* into *a Philosopher*; and *a Dressing-Box well lin'd is worth twenty thousand Devils*. So that *there is no temptation like a Present*, and take them from *Top* to *Bottom*, the

the whole Race of Woman is frail, and one Tirth of Pearl will do more with them than a million of fine stories.

Just as this Devil made an end, we heard *another* snorting; and 'twas well he did so, for we had trod upon his belly else: He was laid hold of, upon suspicion that he slept *Dog-sleep*, or rather the *sleep of a contented Cuckold, that would spoil no sport where he made none.* I am, (says he) *the Nun's Devil*, and for want of other imployment, I have been three days asleep here as you found me. My *Mistresses* are now chusing an *Abbess*, and always when they are at that work, I make *Holy Days*: for they are all *Devils themselves then*; There is such *Cavasing, Flattering, Importuning, Cajoling, making of Parties*; and in a word so general a *Confusion*, that a Devil among them would do more hurt than good. Nay, the *Ambitious* make it a point of *Honour* upon such an occasion, to shew that they can out-wit the Devil. And *if ever Hell should be in danger of a Peace, It is my Advice that you presently call in a Convention of Nuns to the Election of an Abbess*; which would most certainly

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reduce it to its ancient state of *Sedition*, *Mutiny*, and *Confusion*, and bring us all in effect to such a pass, that we should hardly know one another.

Lucifer was very well pleas'd with the *Advice*, and order'd it to be enter'd upon the *Register*, as a sure expedient to suppress any disorders that might happen for the future to the disturbance of his Government: after which he commanded the issuing out of a *Summons* to all his *Companies* and *Livery men*, who forthwith appear'd in prodigious Multitudes; and *Lucifer* with a *Hideous* Yell deliver'd himself most graciously as follows.

The Decree of Lucifer.

TO our *Trusty* and *Despairing Legions, and well beloved Subjects*, lying under the Condemnation of *Perpetual darkness*, that liv'd *Pensioners* to *Sin*, and had *Death* for their *Pay-master*, *Greeting.* This is to let you understand, that there are *two Devils* who pretend a claim to the honour of our *Lieutenancy*; but we have absolutely refus'd to gra-

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tine either the One or the Other, in that point, out of a singular Affection and Respect to *Our right trusty and well beloved Cousin*, a certain *She Devil* that deserves it before all others.

At this the whole Assembly fell to *whispering* and *muttering*, and staring one upon another: till at last *Lucifer* observing it, bad them never trouble themselves to guess who it might be, but fetch *Good Fortune* to him, known otherwise by the name of *Madam Prosperity*; who presently appear'd in the tail of the Assembly, and with a proud and disdainful Air, march'd up and planted her self before the *degraded Seraphim*; who lookt her wistly in the face, and then he on in the tone he first began.

It is our *Will and Pleasure*, and *Command*, that next and immediately under *our proper Person*, you pay all Honour and Respect to the *Lady Prosperity*; and *obey* her, as the *most mighty and supreme Governess of these our Dominions*. Which Titles and Qualities, we have conferr'd upon her, as due to her merit, for *she hath damn'd more souls than all* you together. She it is that makes them cast off

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all *fear of God*, and *love of their Neighbour*. She it is that makes men place their *Sovereign good* in *Riches*. That *engages* and *entangles* men's *minds* in *Vanity*; strikes them *blind* in their *Pleasures*; *Loads* them with *Treasure*, and *Buries* them in *sin*. Where's the *Tragedy* that She has not play'd her part in't? where's the *Stability* and *Wisdom* that She has not *Stagger'd*? Where's the *Folly* that She has not *improv'd* and *augmented*? *She takes no Counsel, and fears no Punishment*. She it is that furnishes *matter* for *Scandal*, *Experience* for *Story*, that entertains the *Cruelty* of *Tyrants*, and bathes the *Executioners* in *Innocent Blood*. How many Souls, that liv'd *innocent*, while they were poor, have fallen into *impiety* and *reprobation*, so soon as ever they came to drink of the *inchanted Cup of Prosperity!* Go to then, be *Obedient* to *Her*, we charge ye all as to *Our Self*: and know, that *They that stand their ground against Prosperity are none of your Quarry*. Let them e'en alone; for 'tis but time loft to attempt them. Take example from that *impertinent Devil*, that got leave to tempt *Job*; he persecuted him, beggar'd him,

cover'd him all over with *Scabs* and *Ulcers*. Nor that he was ill: if he had understood his business, he would have gone another way to work, and begg'd leave to have multiply'd *Riches* upon him, and to have possess'd him of *Health* and *Pleasures*. That's the Tryal: and how many are there that when they thrive in the World, turn their backs upon *Heaven*, and never so much as *name* their *Creator*; but in Oaths, and then too, without thinking on him? Their Discourse is all of *Jollities*, *Banquets*, *Comedies*, *Purchases*, and the like. Whereas the *Poor Man* has *God* perpetually both in his *mouth* and *heart*. Lord (says he) *be mindful of me, and have mercy upon me, for all my trust is in thee.* Wherefore (says *Lucifer*, redoubling his accursed clamour) let it be publish'd forthwith throughout all our Territories, that *Calamities*, *Troubles*, and *Persecutions are our mortal Enemies*: for so we have found them upon Experience: they are the *Dispensations* of *Providence*, the *Blessings* of the *Almighty*, to fit Sinners for himself, and they that *suffer* them are enrolled in the *Militia* of *Heaven*.

Item; For the better Administration of our Government, it is our *Will* and *Pleasure*, and *we do strictly charge and command*, That our Devils give constant *attendance* in all *Courts of Judicature*, and they are hereby totally discharged from any further care of *little Petty-Foggers*, *Flatterers*, and *Envious Persons*, for they are so well acquainted with *Hell-Road*, that they'll guide one another, without the help of a Devil to bring them hither.

Item; We do *Ordain* and *Command*, That no *Devil* presume for the future to entertain any *Confident*, but *Profit*; for That's the *Harbinger* that provides *Vice* the most *Commodious Quarter*, even in the *straitest Conscience*.

Item; We do *Ordain* as a matter of great importance to the conservation of our Empire, that in what part soever of our Dominions, *the Devil of Money* shall vouchsafe to appear, *all other Devils* there present, shall *rise*, and with a *low Reverence*, present him the *Chair*, in token of their *submission* to his *Power* and *Authority*.

Item; We do most expectly *charge* and *Command* all our *Officers*, as well Ci-

all as *Military*, to employ their utmost *Diligence* and *Industry*, for the establishing a *General Peace* throughout the World. For that's the time for *wickedness* to *thrive* in, and all sorts of *Vices* to *prosper* and *flourish*, as *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Idleness*, *Lying*, *Slandering*, *Gaming*, and *Whoring*; and in a word, *Sin* is upon the *Encrease*, and *Goodness* in the *Wane*. Whereas in a state of *War*, men are upon the exercise of *Valour* and *Vertue*; calling often upon *Heaven*, in the *Morning*, for fear of being *knocke on the Head after Dinner*: and *honest men* and *actions* are *rewarded*.

Item; We do from this time forward discharge all our *Officers* and *Agents* whatsoever, from giving themselves any further trouble of *tempting Men* and *Women* to sins of *Incontinence*, forasmuch as we find upon *Experience*, that *Adultery* and *Fornication will never be left, till the old Woman scrubbes the Stool for her back side.* And though there may be several *intervals* of *Repentance*, and some *faint Purposes* of giving it over; yet the Humour returns again with the next Tide of *Blood*, and *Concupiscence* is as

Loyal a Subject to us, as any we have in our Dominions.

Item; In consideration of the *Exemption* aforesaid, by which means several poor *Devils* are left without present employment: And *forasmuch as there are many Merchants and Tradesmen in* London, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam, *and elsewhere, up and down the World, that are very charitably disposed to relieve People in want, especially* young Heirs *newly at Age, and* Spend-Thrifts, *that come to borrow money of them; but the times being Dead and little money stirring, all they can do is to furnish them with what the House affords; and if a hundred Pound or two in Commodity will do them any good, 'tis at their service* (they say.) *This the Gallant takes up at an excessive rate, to sell again immediately for what he can get; and the Merchant has his Friend to take it off underhand, at a third part of the value* (which is the way of helping men in distress.) *Now out of a singular Respect to the said* Merchants *and* Tradesmen, *and for their better encouragement; as also to the end that the Devils aforesaid may not run into lewd courses, for want of business:*

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We Will and Require, That a Legion of the said Devils, shall from time to time be continually aiding and assisting to the said Merchants and Tradesmen, *in the quality of Factors, to be relieved monthly by a fresh Legion, or oftener, if occasion shall require.*

Item; *We will and Command that all our Devils of what Degree, or Quality soever, do henceforth entertain a strict Amity and Correspondence with our* Trusty and Well-Beloved, the Usurers, the Revengeful, the Envious, *and all* Pretenders to great Places, *and* Dignities; *and above all others, with the* Hypocrites, *who are the most Powerful Impostors in Nature, and so excellently skill'd in their Trade, That they steal away Peoples Hearts and Souls at the Eyes, and Ears, insensibly, and draw to themselves* Adoration *and* Reward.

Item; We do further *Order*, and *Command*, that all care possible be taken for the maintaining of *Blabs*, *Informers*, *Incendiaries*, and *Parasites*, in all *Courts* and *Palaces*; for thence comes *Our Harvest*.

Item; That the *Bablers*, *Tale-bearers*, *Make-bates*, and *Instruments of Divor-*

ces, and Quarrels, be no longer call'd Fanns, *but* Bellows; *in regard that they* draw, *and* Inflame, *without giving any* Allay, *or* Refreshment.

Item; That the Intermedlers *be hereafter call'd, and reputed the* Devils Body-Lice, *because they fetch Blood of those that feed and nourish them.*

Lucifer then casting a sowre Look over his Shoulder, and espying the *Governante*: I'm of his Mind (quoth he) that said, *Let God dispose of the Douegnas (or Governantes) as he pleases; for I'm in no little Trouble how to dispose of these Confounded Carrions.* Whereupon, *the Damn'd* cry'd out with one Voice: *Oh* Lucifer, *let it never be said, that it rain'd Douegnas in thy Dominions. Are we not miserable enough without this new Plague of being bated by Hags? Ah! Cursed* Lucifer, (cry'd every one to himself) *Show them any where, so they come not near me. And with that they all clapt their Tails between their Legs, and drew in their Horns, for fear of this new Torment. Lucifer* finding how the *Dread* of the *old Women* wrought upon the *Devils*, contented himself, at the present, to let it pass only

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in terrorem; *but withal*, he swore *by the honour of his Imperial Crown, and as he hop'd to be sav'd, that what Devil, Devils Dam, or Reprobate soever, should in time to come be found wanting to his Duty; and in the least degree dischedient to his Laws and Ordinances; All, and every the said Devil, or Devils; their Dams, and Reprobates so offending, should be deliver'd up to the torture of the* Donegna; *and ty'd* Muzzle *to* Muzzle; *so to remain* in Secula Seculorum *without* Relief *or* Appeal; *or any Law, Statute, or Usage to the Contrary Notwithstanding.* But in the mean time, Cast them into that *dry Ditch*, (says he) that they may be ready for use upon any occasion.

Immediately, upon the Pronouncing of this *Solemn Decree*, *Lucifer* retir'd to his *Cell*; The *Weather clear'd* up; and the *Company disperst in a fright*, at so horrible a *Menace*, and so went about their business: When a Voice was heard out of the Clouds, as the Voice of an Angel, saying, *He that rightly comprehends the Morality of this Discourse, shall never repent the Reading of it.*

THE END.